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THE ENGLISH IN LOVE

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A NATIONAL GALLERY
being a collection of English characters
compiled by C.C. and D.G.

BRINAGAR.

THE ENGLISH IN LOVE



*A MUSEUM
OF ILLUSTRATIVE VERSE
AND PROSE PIECES FROM
THE 14TH CENT TO THE 20TH*

ASSEMBLED BY



19⁷³34

LONDON

MARTIN SECKER

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Foreword

THE purpose of this collection is to present for public entertainment and private edification some examples of non-scientific treatment by English writers (poets, dramatists, essayists, divines, novelists) of love within and without the bond of matrimony.

For the reader's convenience the pieces have been grouped under headings roughly indicative of their nature, and each section arranged chronologically. If many of them fail to represent their authors at their best, that is probably because, for reasons that are to be sought in the moral fashions of their time, the authors were seldom at their best on love. More folk-songs and ballads would have been included had their length permitted: their modern equivalents were too nauseating to transcribe. Sparing use has been made of the work of living writers: the reason for this abstention it would be embarrassing to particularize.

While exhibiting the English in love the collectors have found their space invaded by the English *on* love. Often the two conflict, and then it is a nice question whether practice or precept is the truer to the English character as that is popularly conceived. Counsels, even declarations of love, may, sooner than reports of love in action, turn into mere curiosities, or, as far as they have a use, serve as immortelles on graves whose tenants are dust rather than as posies for living lovers. But, sociologically and philosophically, they remain in-

The English in Love

structive and often more interesting, if not more entertaining, than the most piercing *cri-de-coeur*. Time soon hushes the *cri-de-coeur*. Already the *cris* of the Edwardian era have ceased to echo ; the passion of the yellow nineties is more comic than its parodies ; the chastened anguish of the Georgian poets evokes no sympathetic response.

But there are some expressions of love in English which, transcending time and place, have been adopted by generations of English men and women attacked by love. Unliterary lovers are quick to appropriate the written phrase to reinforce their spoken pleas or enrich their vocabulary for love's eloquent soliloquies. Certain great English poets have made generous contributions to the lover's lexicon, but frequently the poignant as well as the characteristically English phrase is found embedded in a second-rate poem or lurking in the naïveté of an inconsiderable prose-writer. Here, perhaps, lovers are better judges than those who, unloving and therefore unbiased, set up to be literary critics. The most skilful pieces of writing on love may survive as literature, but through much that is unskilful shines a sincerity to ensure for it immortality of another kind—its anonymous service to the mortal needs of lovers. It is always possible, one writer has observed, to say something new about love : to do something new about it is impossible. With equal truth it might be suggested that while there is nothing new to be said, what is done is new for every pair of lovers. Love is life's only perennial novelty. The words may be trite, but the tune is always different. And, as *maladroit* intimacies may

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convey more of real passion than is expressed by the most practised of embraces, tenderness in inferior poems and otherwise despicable novels may do more honour to love and have a more immediate appeal to lovers than the impeccable beauties of established masterpieces.

In making their choice from a formidable accumulation of treasures and trash the collectors have given preference to those pieces in either sort which have not been dulled by repetition and best provide a representative diversity. Those who hope to find here the pieces they like to think they know by heart will probably be disappointed. Gems of literature justly famous for their truth and beauty tend to lose their lustre by clumsy juxtaposition, though sometimes a facet may thereby be exposed whose brilliancy has previously been overlooked. Masterpieces which seemed to the collectors to deal with emotions beyond the compass of ordinary mortals have not been prized out of their original settings.

In Victorian England when, on the evidence of literature, extreme propriety and an entire lack of humour were, as the Victorians put it, *de rigueur*, something went wrong with love. For a period there was probably the greatest output of poor love poetry and namby-pamby love in prose that any nation has ever had to digest. But the circumstances favoured the expression of what in this psychoanalytic age is looked upon with scorn—pure, idyllic love; and there flourished a kind of lyric—and a good kind—at its best and most English. Earlier, when the composition of love poems was an exercise proper to the English gentle-

The English in Love

man, even to the English clergyman, the exercises covered a wider range, and many were as charming as they were skilful, if not all as gentlemanly or as clerical as might be, but there are few which a man of to-day could recite with his hand on his heart. The exceptions are obvious. This much may be said for the courtiers—if they lost their heads, hearts, and reputations, they often retained their good spirits. Even their despair, when not delightful, is decorous. England is rich in philosophical lovers; rich, too, in well-bred ones, who understood how difficult it is for the onlooker to take serious love seriously. It must be allowed that the physical sensations of the successful wooer are more easily communicated than the miseries of the disappointed. Yet happy lovers are rarer in literature than their opposites. Had Burton written an *Anatomy of Jollity* he would have been hard put to it to muster for his purpose an amorous procession comparable with that which winds through his *Love-Melancholy*. The literature of yesterday abounds with despairing lovers, disillusioned, betrayed, tragic, dying, distracted lovers. So may life. But contemporary literature suggests otherwise. The student of to-day may discern a tendency, particularly in current novels, to treat love with Restoration lightness or relegate it to the category of a hygienic necessity.

When we look for an answer to the question 'What shall please me in a lover?' we find a reluctance to give a clear specification. Both men and women are better at describing what they do not want than in drawing up a list of desiderata. It appears, however, that women are less definite

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than men in their dislikes, as though they were loth to be thought possessed of inveterate repugnance to any male characteristic. Always numerically at a disadvantage in this matter, they are careful to confine their requirements to the conventional, generally, in short, to what they are most likely to get. Such instinctive realism does not always produce good reading, and accordingly there has been a dearth of interesting examples for this part of the collection.

As for matrimony—"Ce n'est pas sans raison qu'il y a partout un temple de l'Aphrodite Bonne Amie et qu'il n'y a nulle part, dans toute l'Hellade, un seul temple de l'Aphrodite Épouse." In England as in Greece, marriage has seldom been confused with love. Popular Victorian novels ended in the church porch. Where a married couple appeared in the story there were rarely any grounds—children apart—for doubting their conviction that ardour was incompatible with the respectability of the married state. In our own day treatises of which the purpose is to instruct married couples in the art of married love command an impressive sale. The results have yet to be investigated, but they may possibly enable anthologists of the future to find reflected in literature more examples of enjoyable marital relations than are at present available.

For the rest it is hoped that this book will do something towards promoting clear thinking on the important subject of Love, which enters so often into the minds of both women and men.

C. C.

D. G.

*Love is enough : ho ye who seek saving,
Go no further ; come hither ; there have been
who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfilment of
Craving ;
These know the Cup with the roses around it ;
These know the World's wound and the balm
that hath bound it ;
Cry out, the World heedeth not, ' Love, lead us
home ! '*

WILLIAM MORRIS

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AND THIS IS LOVE

Perhaps there is no more sure criticism of refinement in moral character, of the purity of intellectual intention, and of the deep conviction and perfect sense of what our nature really is in all its combinations than the different definitions different men would give to love.

COLERIDGE

*Oh Fate! from whence proceeds the hidden
Cause,
That we at LOVE, that glorious Passion,
pause?
Was it with ADAM's Innocence betray'd,
Or, by his Lapse, a Malefactor made?
Or have our own acquir'd Excesses been
So daring, to determine it a Sin?*

SEDLEY

I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks her possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of his being.

GIBBON

Love is the most subtle form of self-interest.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

*"When all is said, is there a better indoor sport?
Be frank with me; is there?"*

ALDOUS HUXLEY



Wostow nat wel the olde clerkes sawe,
That "who shal yeve a lover any lawe?"
Love is a greater lawe, by my pan,
Than may be yeve to any erthly man.
And therefore positif lawe and swich decree
Is broke al-day for love, in each degree.
A man moot nedes love, maugree his heed.
He may not fleen it, thogh he sholde be deed,
Al be she mayde, or widwe, or elles wyf.

Chaucer

Harke wanton youthes, whome Beawtie maketh
blinde,
And learne of me, what kinde a thing is *Love*;
Love is a *Brainesicke Boy*, and fierce by kinde;
A *Willfull Thought*, which Reason can not
move;

The English in Love

*A Flattring Sycophant; a Murd'ring Thiefe;
A Poysned choaking Bayte; a Tysing Griefe,
A Tyrant in his Lawes; in speach untrue;
A Blindfold Guide; a Feather in the winde;
A right Chameleon for change of hewe;
A Lammelimme Lust; a Tempest of the minde;
A Breach of Chastitie; all vertues Foe;
A Private warre; a Toilsome webbe of woe;
A Fearfull Jealousie; a Vaine Desire;
A Labyrinth; a Pleasing Miserie;
A Shipwracke of mans life; a Smokelesse fire;
A Sea of teares; a lasting Lunacie;
A Heavie servitude; a Dropsie Thurst;
A Hellish Gaile, whose captives are accurst.*

Thomas Watson

Accurst be Love; and they that trust his trains!
He tastes the fruit: whilst others toil.
He brings the lamp: we lend the oil.
He sows distress: we yield him soil.
He wageth war: we bide the foil.

Accurst be Love; and those that trust his trains!
He lays the trap: we seek the snare.
He threat'neth death: we speak him fair.
He coins deceits: we foster care.
He fav'reth pride: we count it rare.

Accurst be Love; and those that trust his trains!
He seemeth blind: yet wounds with art.
He vows content: he pays with smart.
He swears relief: yet kills the heart.
He calls for truth: yet scorns desert.

Accurst be Love; and those that trust his trains!
Whose heaven is hell; whose perfect joys are pains.

Lodge

I tell thee Love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines;
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of Art and Nature,
Are given in vain to men, so without love
All beauties bred in women are in vain;
All virtues born in men lie buried,
For love informs them as the sun doth colours,
And as the sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;
So love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse:
Oh, 'tis the Paradise, the heaven of earth;
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts,
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and think both one thought,
Live both one life, and therein double life;
To see their souls met at an interview
In their bright eyes, at parley in their lips,
Their language, kisses: and to observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all love's most unmatched ceremonies;
Thou wouldst abhor thy tongue for blasphemy.

(Oh! who can comprehend how sweet love tastes
But he that hath been present at his feasts?)

Chapman

The English in Love

Love, Mistress is of many minds;
Yet few know whom they serve!
They reckon least, how little Love
Their service doth deserve!

The Will She robbeth from the Wit,
The Sense from Reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

She shroudeth Vice in Virtue's veil;
Pretendeth good in ill!
She off'reth joy, affordeth grief!
A kiss, where she doth kill!

A honey-shower rains from her lips!
Sweet lights shine in her face!
She hath the blush of virgin mind;
The mind of viper's race. . . .

Plough not the seas! Sow not the sands!
Leave off your idle pain!
Seek other Mistress for your minds!
Love's service is in vain.

Robert Southwell, S.J.

The Stage is more beholding to *Love*, than the Life of Man. For as to the Stage, *Love* is ever matter of Comedies, and now and then of Tragedies: But in Life, it doth much mischief: Sometimes like a *Syren*; Sometimes like a *Fury*. You may observe, that amongst all the great and

And this is Love

worthy Persons (whereof the memory remaineth, either Ancient or Recent), there is not One, that hath been transported, to the mad degree of *Love*: which shewes, that great Spirits, and great Businesse, doe keepe out of this weake Passion. You must except, nevertheless, *Marcus Antonius* the halfe Partner of the Empire of *Rome*; and *Appius Claudius* the *Decemvir*, and Law-giver: Whereof the former, was indeed a Voluptuous Man, and Inordinate; but the latter, was an Austere, and wise man: And therefore it seems (though rarely) that *Love* can finde entrance, not only into an open Heart; but also into a Heart well fortified; if watch be not well kept. . . (It is a strange Thing, to note the Excesse of this Passion; And how it braves, the Nature, and value of things; by this, that the Speaking in a perpetuall *Hyperbole*, is comely in nothing, but in *Love*.) Neither is it meerely in the Phrase; For whereas it hath beene well said, that the Arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty Flatterers have Intelligence, is a Mans Selfe; Certainly, the *Lover* is more. For there was never Proud Man, thought so absurdly well of himselfe, as the *Lover* doth of the Person *loved*: And therefore it was well said; *That it is impossible to love, and to be wise. . .*

Bacon

To live in hell, and heaven to behold;
To welcome life, and die a living death;
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold;
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath;

The English in Love

To tread a maze that never shall have end;
To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears;
To climb a hill, and never to descend;
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears;
To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian trees;
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw;
To live accursed, whom men hold blest to be,
And weep those wrongs which never creature
saw:

If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

Henry Constable

This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will
is infinite and the execution confined, that the
desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Shakespeare

This love is that salt that seasoneth our harsh
and dull labours, and gives a pleasant relish to our
other unsavoury proceedings.

Burton

Love is the blossom, where there blows
Every thing that lives, or grows!
Love doth make the heavens to move;
And the sun doth burn in love!
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by Love, grow tame and mild!

And this is Love

Love no med'cine can appease!
He burns the fishes in the seas.
Not all the skill, his wounds can stench!
Not all the sea, his fire can quench!

Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear;
While in his leaves, there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for Love that sing and play . . .
Giles Fletcher the Younger

| Love's but a running of the fancy,
| A clap of fond extravagancy.
Butler

*Love, what art thou? A vain thought,
In our minds by Fancy wrought!*

Idle Smiles did thee beget;
While fond Wishes made the net,
Which so many fools has caught!

*Love, what art thou? Light, and fair,
Fresh as morning, clear as th' air!*

But, too soon, thy evening change,
Makes thy worth with coldness range;
Still thy joy is mixed with care!

*Love, what art thou? A secret flower,
Once full blown, dead in an hour!*

Dust in wind as staid remains
As thy pleasure, or our gains;
If thy humour change to lower.

The English in Love

*Love, what art thou? Childish, vain,
Firm as bubbles made by rain.*

*Wantonness thy greatest pride!
These foul faults thy virtues hide;
But babes can no staidness gain!*

*Love, what art thou? Causeless curst;
Yet, alas, these not the worst!*

*Much more of thee may be said;
But thy law I once obeyed,
Therefore say no more at first!*

Lady Mary Wroath

As love is the most noble and divine passion of the soul, so it is that to which we may justly attribute all the real satisfactions of life; and without it man is unfinished and unhappy.

There are a thousand things to be said of the advantages this generous passion brings to those whose hearts are capable of receiving its soft impressions; for it is not every one that can be sensible of its tender touches. How many examples, from history and observation, could I give of its wondrous power; nay even to a degree of transmigration! How many idiots has it made wise! How many fools eloquent! How many home-bred squires accomplished! How many cowards brave!

Aphra Behn

*Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind;
The softest Refuge Innocence can find;*

And this is Love

The safe Director of unguided Youth:
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth:
That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down. . .
Rochester

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,
Confirmed by mutual consent
Where two dislike, like, love and hate,
Each to the other's full content:
'Tis the caress of everything;
The turtle dove;
Both birds and beasts do offerings bring
To Mighty Love.

'Tis th' angels' joy; the gods' delight,
man's bliss,
'Tis all in all: without Love nothing is.

Robert Heath

It is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary Effects in so great a Degree: But this may be said for Love, that if you strike it out of the Soul, Life would be insipid, and our Being but half Animated. Human Nature would sink into Deadness and Lethargy, if not quickened with some active Principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to possess the Mind in the Absence of this Passion, it must be allowed that they have greater Pains, without the Compensation of such exquisite Pleasures as those we find in Love. The great Skill is to heighten the Satisfactions, and deaden the Sorrows of it. . . .

Steele

The English in Love

Oft hast thou told me, Dick! in friendly part,
That the usurper Love has seized thy heart,
But thou art young! and, like our sanguine race
In their full vigour, mayst mistake thy case!
For, trust me, Love, that inmate of the mind,
Is very much mistaken by Mankind!
For which, too often, is misunderstood
The sudden rage and madness of the blood.

Thus, every common Rake his flame approves;
And when he's lewd and rampant, thinks he
loves!

But I, who in that study am grown old,
Will to my friend such certain Marks unfold;
By which a real Passion he may prove;
And, without which, he cannot truly love.

How does this tyrant lord it in thy mind?
What symptoms of his empire dost thou find?
Dost thou within perceive the growing wound?
Dost thy soul sicken, while thy body's sound?
Does, in thy thought, some blooming Beauty reign;
Whose strong Idea mingles joy with pain?
When She appears before thee, does She spread
O'er thy pale, fading cheeks, a sudden red?
Press her soft lips, or touch her liliated hand;
Does thy heart flutter? does thy breast expand?
If but her name is mentioned, does it fire
Thy pulses with a quick and fierce desire?
Does every glance, like Jove's vindictive flame,
Shoot through thy veins, and kindle all thy frame?
From hence, a real Passion you may prove!
For he who wants these symptoms does not
love! . . .

And this is Love

Again, my friend, incline thy patient ear!
For thou hast many Questions still to hear.
This chosen Damsel, this triumphant She,
Canst thou no blemish in her person see?
Her temper, shape, her features and her Air
(Though never yet was born a faultless Fair!)
Do they all please? In body, or in mind,
Canst thou no blot, nor imperfection, find?
Does o'er her skin no mole, nor pimple, rise;
Or do e'en these seem beauties in thy eyes?
From hence, a real Passion you may prove!
For if you spy one Fault, you do not love! . .

Still must I touch thee in a tenderer part!
Would not a happy rival stab thy heart?
Couldst thou behold the darling of thy breast
With freedom by another Youth carest?
Say, couldst thou, to thy dearest friend, afford
A kiss, a smile, or one obliging word?
Say, at a Public Hall, or Private Dance,
When the brisk Couples artfully advance,
Couldst thou, unmoved with indignation stand,
If to another She resigned her hand?
Would your heart rest at ease? or would it swell
With all the pains, the sharpest pains, of Hell?
From hence, a real Passion you may prove!
For without Jealousy, you cannot love. . . .

By these Prescriptions judge your inward part!
Put all these questions closely to your heart!
And if, by them, your flame you can approve;
Then will I own, that you sincerely love.

Nicholas Amhurst

The English in Love

It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourselves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philosophers, among many other wonderful discoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no such passion in the human breast. . . .

To avoid, however, all contention, if possible, with these philosophers, if they will be called so; and to show our own dispositions to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we shall here make them some concessions, which may, possibly, put an end to the dispute.

First, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps those of the philosophers, are entirely free from the traces of such a passion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the desire of satisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human flesh, is by no means that passion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and, as no glutton is ashamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to say he *loves* such and such dishes; so may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety say, he *hungers* after such and such women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which, I believe will be a most acceptable concession, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it satisfies itself in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheless seek its own satisfaction as much as the grossest of all our appetites.

And, lastly, that this love when it operates towards one of a different sex, is very apt, towards

its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and which it is so far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree scarce imaginable by those who have never been susceptible of any other emotions, than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all these concessions, I desire of the philosophers to grant, that there is in some (I believe in many) human breasts, a kind and benevolent disposition, which is gratified by contributing to the happiness of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendship, in parental and filial affection, and indeed, in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquisite delight. That if we will not call such disposition love, we have no name for it. That though the pleasures arising from such pure love may be heightened and sweetened by the assistance of amorous desires, yet the former can subsist alone, nor are they destroyed by the intervention of the latter. Lastly, that esteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to desire; and therefore though such desire may naturally cease, when age or sickness overtake its object, yet these can have no effect on love, nor ever shake or remove from a good mind, that sensation or passion which hath gratitude and esteem for its basis.

Fielding

“ A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one

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another. Having little to divert attention, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty."

Samuel Johnson

Thro' all the drama—whether damned or not—
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.
From every rank obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—the world's great stage shall prove it
true.

The Cit—well skilled to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad—but first he'll ask his wife:
John Trot, his friend for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just step home to tell his dame.

The surly Squire—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! madam is a fool!
Convinced at night—the vanquished victor says,
Ah! Kate! you women have such coaxing ways!

The jolly toper chides each tardy blade—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each toast he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloë on the sparkling brim!

Nay, I have heard that statesmen—great and
wise—

Will sometimes counsel with a lady's eyes;
The servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frowns disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is viewed the mistress, or is heard the wife.
The poorest peasant, of the poorest soil,
The child of poverty, and heir to toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to cheer his world of night:
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!
The wand'ring tar—who, not for years, has pressed
The widowed partner of his day of rest,
On the cold deck—far from her arms removed—
Still hums the ditty that his Susan loved:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The soldier, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the triumph of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list her cries,
The lover trembles—and the hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steeled to fear,
Droops on a sigh and quickens at a tear!

Sheridan

... In short I believe, that *Love* (as distinguished both from *Lust* and from that habitual attachment which may include many objects, diversifying itself by *degrees* only), that that *Feeling* (or whatever it may be more aptly called) that specific mode of *Being*, which one object only can possess, and possesses totally, is always the abrupt creation of a moment—tho' years of *Dawning* may have preceded. I say *Dawning*; for often as I have watched the Sun-rising, from the thinning, diluting Blue to the Whitening, to the fawn-coloured, the pink,

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the crimson, the glory; yet still the Sun itself has always *started* up, out of the Horizon! Between the brightest Hues of the Dawn and the first rim of the Sun itself there is a *chasm*—all before were Differences of Degree, passing and dissolving into each other—but there is a difference of *Kind*—a chasm of Kind in a continuity of Time. And as no man, who had never watched for the rise of the Sun, could understand what I mean, so can no man who has not been in Love, understand what Love is, tho' he will be sure to imagine and believe, that he does.

Coleridge

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy—but the
cure
Is bitter still; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest when most
undone.

Few—none—find what they love or could have
loved:

Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god

And this is Love

And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns hope to dust—the dust we all
have trod.

Byron

Love is inevitably consequent upon the perception of loveliness. Love withers under constraint: its very essence is liberty: it is compatible neither with obedience, jealousy, nor fear: it is there most pure, perfect, and unlimited, where its votaries live in confidence, equality, and unreserve. . . . Love is free: to promise for ever to love the same woman is not less absurd than to promise to believe the same creed: such a vow, in both cases, excludes us from all inquiry. The language of the votarist is this: The woman I now love may be infinitely inferior to many others; the creed I now profess may be a mass of errors and absurdities; but I exclude myself from all future information as to the amiability of the one, and the truth of the other, resolving blindly, and in spite of conviction, to adhere to them. Is this the language of delicacy and reason? Is the love of a frigid heart of more worth than its belief?

Shelley

Love is not altogether a delirium . . . yet it has many points in common therewith. I will call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, or the Idea made Real; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demonic,

The English in Love

Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that super-adds itself to sight; on the so petty domain of the Actual plants its Archimedes-lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual.

Carlyle

What is young Passion but a gusty breeze
Ruffling the surface of a shallow flood?
A vernal motion of the vital blood
That sweetly gushes from a heart at ease,
As sugared sap in spicy-budding trees?
And though a wish be born with every morrow,
And fondest dreams full oft are types of sorrow,
Eyes that can smile may weep just when they
 please.

But adult Passion, centred far within,
Hid from the moment's venom and its balm,
Works with the fell inherency of sin,
Nor feels the joy of morn, nor evening calm:
Nor morn nor eve can change that fiery gloom
That glares within the spirit's living tomb.

Hartley Coleridge

Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and as instantaneously to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sigh of love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our flaunty ambition fade away like

And this is Love

a shrivelled gourd before her vision; to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views; to violate in her favour every duty of society; this is a lover, and this is love!

Disraeli

And so it is—a pair of bright eyes with a dozen glances suffice to subdue a man; and inflame him; to make him even forget; they dazzle him so that the past becomes straightway dim to him; and he so prizes them that he would give all his life to possess 'em. What is the fond love of dearest friends compared to this treasure?

Thackeray

Love is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy beath of a summer day;
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside;
It is not a thing to forget or hide.
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me!
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold:
For when all these wishes have died away,
The deep strong love of a brighter day,
Though nourished in secret, consumes the
more,
As the slow rust cuts to the iron's core.

Dickens

The English in Love

For indeed there is no true conqueror of Lust but Love; and in this beautifully scientific day of the British Nation in which you have no God to love any more, but only an omnipotent coagulation and copulation; and in which you have no Law nor King to love any more, but only a competition and a constitution, and the oil of anointing for king and priest used to grease your iron wheels down hill: when you have no country to love any more, but "patriotism is nationally what selfishness is individually," such the eternally-damned modern view of the matter—the moral syphilis of the entire national blood; and, finally, when you have no true bride and groom to love each other any more, but a girl looking out for a carriage and a man for a position, what have you left on earth to take pleasure in, except theft and adultery?

Ruskin

"Esther, do you ever think about love, about love as connected with marriage?"

"Yes, I do sometimes, not often. But when I do think about it I think very deeply, I believe."

"And what do you think? May I have some of your thoughts?"

"I think, Miss Uffadyne, that love, if it be of the right sort, must be the most beautiful thing in the world. There can be nothing like it."

"What do you mean by the right sort?"

"The sort that would give up everything for the sake of the one it loved; that would sacrifice self, and yet think it no sacrifice; that would resign all

earth can give for the one beloved one, and, if need were, go on loving faithfully and silently and apart as long as life should last. It should be a love perfectly constant, yet never vexing with its constancy, such a love that, if it were God's will that the two who loved each other should never marry, they would still love each other wholly and without change, knowing that in the world to come they would still be united, though the union would be purer and higher than any earthly union could be. . . ."

Emma Jane Worboise

Cold Blood now touched on love to Hot Blood.

Cold Blood said: "It is a passion coming in the order of nature, the ripe fruit of our animal being."

Hot Blood felt: "It is a divinity! All that is worth living for in the world."

Cold Blood said: "It is a fever which tests our strength, and too often leads to perdition."

Hot Blood felt: "Lead whither it will, I follow it."

Cold Blood said: "It is a name men and women are much in the habit of employing to sanctify their appetites."

Hot Blood felt: "It is worship; religion; life!"

Meredith

Love to the looker-on may be blind, unwise, unworthily bestowed, a waste, a sacrifice, a crime: yet none the less is love, alone, the one thing that, come weal or woe, is worth the loss of every other

The English in Love

thing; the one supreme and perfect gift of earth, in which all common things of daily life become transfigured and divine. And perhaps of all the many woes that priesthoods have wrought upon humanity, none have been greater than this false teaching, that love can ever be a sin. To the sorrow and the harm of the world, the world's religions have all striven to make men and women shun and deny their one angel as a peril or a shame; but religions cannot strive against nature, and when the lovers see each other's heaven in each other's eyes, they know the supreme truth that one short day together is worth a lifetime's glory.

Ouida

"... Must love be always a sort of pretence, granny, and such a blind, silly, unreasoning feeling when it does exist? If ever I fall in love, shall I set up an assortment of lamentable, ludicrous illusions about some commonplace young man, as Lily does about that pink Arnold? Can't love be real, like hate? Can't people ever look at each other, and see each other as they *are*, and love each other for *what* they are? "

"The Lilies and the Arnolds would not marry if they saw each other as they are, my dear, and they would miss a great deal of happiness if there were no illusions. . . . You are confusing 'being in love' with love itself. . . . The one is common to vulgarity, the other rare, at least between men and women."

Mary Cholmondeley

"People *do* fall in love, fortunately for them. It may be injudicious; and it may turn out badly; but it fills up life in a way that all the barren philosophy and cynicism on earth cannot. Do you think I would not rather have to regret a lost love than to repine because I had been too cautious to love at all? The disappointments of love warm the heart more than the triumphs of insensibility."

Bernard Shaw

". . . Too much light conversation about the Oedipus complex and anal eroticism is taking the edge off love. In a few years, I don't mind prophesying, you young people will be whispering to one another sublime things about angels, sisters of charity and the infinite. You'll be sheathed in Jaeger and pining behind bars. And love, in consequence, will seem incomparably more romantic, more alluring than it does in these days of emancipation." Mr. Cardan spat out the pips of his last grape, pushed the fruit plate away from him, leaned back in his chair and looked about him triumphantly.

"How little you understand women," said Mrs. Aldwinkle. . . .

Aldous Huxley

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TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

A True lover only can know
"what is love?"

A person who have not loved
not be made to understand
neither he can himself understand
or we can say

love can be experienced
not explained

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H. Premi
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S. P. Hall
Lovers of O

*Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted!*

MASSINGER

*Let's love, the sun doth set and rise again,
But when as our short light
Comes once to set, it makes eternal night.*

DANIEL

*Could I, my past time begin;
I would not commit such sin,
To live an hour, and not to love!*

LADY MARY WROATH

*I cannot endure delaying;
I must have her quickly won!
Be She nice, though not denaying;
By her leave, I then have done.*

PATRICK HANNAY

*Ill husbandry in love is such
A scandal to love's power,
We ought not to misspend so much
As one poor short-lived hour.*

CHARLES COTTON

*Youth is the proper time for love,
And age is virtue's season.*

GRANVILLE



Yet what is love? I pray thee say.
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray;
It is a thing will soon away;
Then take the vantage while you may:
And this is love, as I hear say.

Raleigh

Pluck the fruit, and taste the pleasure,
Youthful Lordlings, of delight!
Whilst occasion give you seizure,
Feed your fancies and your sight!
After death, when you are gone,
Joy and pleasure is there none!

The English in Love

Feast it freely with your Lovers!
Blithe and wanton sweets do fade!
Whilst that lovely Cupid hovers
Round about this lovely shade.
Sport it freely one to one!
After Death is Pleasure none! . . .
Lodge

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.
Ben Jonson

Look, Delia, how we esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour,
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose,
That, full of beauty, Time bestows upon her.

To Make Much of Time

List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current; and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
Unsavoury in th' enjoyment of itself.
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.

Milton

Come Love, why stayest thou? The night
Will vanish ere we taste delight:
The Moon obscures herself from sight,
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,
Or we by Morn shall be o'ertane,
Loves Joy's thine own as well as mine,
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

Cowley

Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Through the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Marvell

Come Love

The English in Love

In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If Love you despise!
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise!
Then, use the short blessing
That flies in possessing!
No joys are above
The pleasures of Love!

Dryden

Let us turn usurers of time;
And not misspend an hour!
The present, not the future, 's in our power.
To think to spend what 's not our own, 's a
crime!
He whose soft life 's in mirth possest,
Love and a Muse
Bring use on use!
For Money's but the Slave; the Time, the
Measure;
And Wit, the Handmaid; Love, the Queen of
Pleasure!

Sir Francis Fane

Phillis, for shame! let us improve,
A thousand different ways,
These few short moments snatch'd by
love
From many tedious days.

To Make Much of Time

If you want courage to despise
The censure of the grave,
Tho' Love's a tyrant in your eyes,
Your heart is but a slave.

(My love is full of noble pride;
Nor can it e'er submit
To let that fop, Discretion, ride
In triumph over it.

(False friends I have, as well as you,
Who daily counsel me
Fame and ambition to pursue,
And leave off loving thee.

But when the least regard I show
To fools who thus advise,
May I be dull enough to grow
Most miserably wise?

Sackville

Take heed, my dear, youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, flag their wings, and
die. . . .

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill every sense with soft delights

The English in Love

And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove,
That thou all kindness art, and I all love. . . .
Prior

Foolish creature!
Follow Nature!
Waste not thus your prime!
Youth 's a treasure,
Love 's a pleasure;
Both destroyed by Time!
Granville

Heart's-ease, a herb that sometimes hath been
seen,
In my Love's garden plot, to flourish green,
Is dead and withered with a wind of woe:
And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow.
The cause I find to be, because I did
Neglect the herb called *Time*: which now doth bid
Me never hope; nor look once more again
To gain *Heart's-ease*, to ease my heart of pain.
One hope is this, in this my woeful case,
My *Rue*, though better, may prove *Herb of Grace*.
Anon.

Prithee, Cynthia, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you;

To Make Much of Time

Then, too late, desire will find you,
When the power must forsake you:
Think, O think, o' th' sad condition,
To be past, yet wish fruition!

Congreve

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she is done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider that (as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colouring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it.)

Addison

↑ Florella! when those eyes I see,
So innocently kind and free,
Ever fixed, and fixed on me!

The English in Love

Say, why should I my time misspend,
With idle fears so long attend;
And lose the Lover in the Friend?

A year, or two, I could forbear;
But that some happier Youth, I fear,
May gain thy heart, and triumph there!

Then, dearest Girl, with me retire!
What Age should give, Love shall inspire!
And thou shalt ripen by my fire.

William Harrison

As the snow in valleys lying,
Phoebus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once control'd;
So the nymph if none can move her
Is contemn'd by every lover
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling, and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft caresses, am'rous glances
Are the bless'd effects of love.

To Make Much of Time

Fair ones! while your beauty's blooming,
Employ time, lest age resuming
What your youth profusely lends,
You are robbed of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

Anon.

O blush not so! O blush not so!
Or I shall think you knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
Then maidenheads are going.

There's a blush for won't, and a blush for
shan't,
And a blush for having done it;
There's a blush for thought and a blush
for naught,
And a blush for just begun it.

O sigh not so! O sigh not so!
For it sounds of Eve's sweet pippin;
By these loosen'd lips you have tasted the
pips
And fought in an amorous nipping.

Will you play once more at nice-cut-core,
For it only will last our youth out,
And we have the prime of the kissing time,
We have not one sweet tooth out.

The English in Love

There's a sigh for yes, and a sigh for no,
And a sigh for I can't bear it!
O what can be done, shall we stay or run?
Or cut the sweet apple and share it!

Keats

I love thee by heav'ns, I cannot say more;
Then set not my passions a-cooling.
If thou yield'st not at once I must e'en give thee
o'er,
For I'm but a novice at fooling.

What my love wants in words, it shall make up in
deeds,
Then why should we waste time in stuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a promise exceeds.
A word to the wise is enough, child.

I know how to love, and to make that love known:
But I hate all protesting and arguing;
Had a goddess my heart she should e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to a bargain.

Long courtship's the vice of a phlegmatic fool,
Like the grace of fanatical sinners;
Where the stomachs are lost and the victuals grow
cool
Before men sit down to their dinners.

Anon.

To Make Much of Time

O gather me the rose, the rose,
While yet in flower we find it,
For summer smiles, but summer goes,
And winter waits behind it.

For with the dream foregone, foregone,
The deed forborne for ever,
The worm Regret will canker on,
And time will turn him never.

So were it well to love, my love,
And cheat of any laughter
The fate beneath us and above,
The dark before and after.

The myrtle and the rose, the rose,
The sunshine and the swallow,
The dream that comes, the wish that goes,
The memories that follow!

Henley

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FIRST LOVE

*So they that are to Love inclined,
Swayed by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that 's fair, or kind,
Make a present of their heart!*

WALLER

. . . first Love draws strongest.

VAUGHAN

*Whatever may be the harsher feelings that life
may develop, there is no one, however callous or
constrained he may become, whose brow does not
grow pensive at the memory of FIRST LOVE.*

DISRAELI

*"Nay, noble maid," he answered, "ten times
nay!"*

*This is not love; but love's first flash in youth,
Most common."*

TENNYSON

*Perhaps all early love affairs ought to be
strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens.*

THACKERAY

*Well, Heaven be thank'd, my first-love fail'd,
As, Heaven be thank'd, our first-loves do!*

COVENTRY PATMORE



First Boy:

I wonder, what Alexis ails?
To sigh, and talk of darts!
Of charms, which o'er his soul prevails!
Of flames, and bleeding hearts!
I saw him yesterday, alone,
Walk crossing of his arms,
And, cuckoo-like, was in a tone,
"Ah! Coelis! ah! thy charms!"

Second Boy:

Why, sure, thou'rt not so ignorant
As thou wouldst seem to be!
Alas, the cause of his complaint
Is all our destiny:

First Love

'Tis mighty Love's all pow'rful bow,
Which has Alexis hit.
A pow'rful shaft will hit us too,
E're we're aware of it!

First Boy:

Love! Why, alas! I little thought
There had been such a thing!
Only for rhyme it had been brought,
When Shepherds use to sing.
I'm sure, whate'er they talk of Love;
'Tis but conceit at most!
As fear, in the dark, our fancies move
To think we see a ghost!

Second Boy:

I know not; but the other day,
A wanton girl there were,
Who took my stock-dove's eggs away;
And blackbird's nest did tear.
Had it been thee, my dearest boy!
Revenge I should have took;
But she, my anger did destroy,
With the sweetness of her look.

First Boy:

So, t'other day, a wanton slut,
As I slept on the ground,
A frog into my bosom put;
My hands and feet she bound.
She hung my hook upon a tree;
Then, laughing, bade me wake!
And though she thus abusèd me,
Revenge I cannot take!

First Love

Chorus:

Let's wish these overtures of State
Don't fatal omens prove!
For those who lose the power to hate,
Are soon made slaves to Love.

Jane Barker

I was scarce got half way down the little sort of lane, which led to the cottage, before the wishful regret of what I left behind me, made me stop and look back. Then! then I perceived all the magic of love. I saw now everything with other eyes. That little rustic mansion had assumed a palace air. Turrets, colonnades, jet-d'eaux, gates, gardens, temples, no magnificence was wanting to my imagination in virtue of its fairy powers of transforming real objects into whatever most flatters, or exalts that passion. I should now have looked on every earthly paradise with indifference or contempt, that was not dignified and embellished with the presence of this new sovereign of all the world, to me.

Nor was the transformation I experienced within myself one jot less miraculous. All the desires I had hitherto felt the pungency of, were perfectly constitutional: the suggestions of nature beginning to feel itself. But the desire I was now given up to, had something so distinct, so chaste, and so correct, that its impression carried too much of virtue in it, for my reason to refuse it possession of me. All my natural fierceness was now utterly melted away into diffidence and gentleness. A

The English in Love

voluptuous languor stole its softness into me. And for the first time in my life I found I had a heart, and that heart susceptible of a tenderness, which endeared and ennobled me to myself, and made me place my whole happiness in the hopes of inspiring a return of it to the sweet authoress of this revolution.

John Cleland

How sweet is Love's first gentle sway,
When, crowned with flowers, he softly
 smiles!
His blue eyes fraught with tearful wiles,
Where beams of tender transport play!
Hope leads him on his airy way,
And Faith and Fancy still beguiles:
Faith quickly tangled in her toils;
Fancy! whose magic forms so gay
The fair Deceiver's self deceive.
How sweet is Love's first gentle sway!
Ne'er would that heart he bids to grieve,
From Sorrow's soft enchantment stray!
Ne'er! till the God, exulting in his art,
Relentless frowns, and wings th' envenomed
 dart!

Ann Radcliffe

Yes, sweet is the joy when our blushes impart
The youthful affection that glows in the heart
If prudence, and duty, and reason approve
The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

First Love

But if the fond virgin be destined to feel
A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
Lest parents relentless the flame disapprove;
Where's *then* the delight of the virgin's first
love?

Amelia Opie

*Children of the future age,
Reading this indignant page,
Know that in a former time,
Love, sweet Love, was thought a crime!*

In the Age of Gold,
Free from winter's cold,
Youth and maiden bright
To the holy light,
Naked in the sunny beams delight.

Once a youthful pair,
Fill'd with softest care,
Met in garden bright
Where the holy light
Had just remov'd the curtains of the
night.

There, in rising day,
On the grass they play;
Parents were afar,
Strangers came not near,
And the maiden soon forgot her fear.

Tired with kisses sweet,
They agree to meet

The English in Love

When the silent sleep
Waves o'er heaven's deep,
And the weary tired wanderers weep.

To her father white
Came the maiden bright;
But his loving look,
Like the holy book,
All her tender limbs with terror
shook.

“ Ona, pale and weak!
To thy father speak:
O! the trembling fear,
O! the dismal care,
That shakes the blossoms of my hoary
hair! ”

Blake

Away with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild gleam of the soul-breathing
glance,
Or the rapture which dwells on the first kiss of
love.

.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are
past—
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove—
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.

Byron

First Love

Young Hope scales azure mountain heights to
gaze,
In Love's first golden and delicious dream.
He sees the earth a maze of tempting paths,
For blissful sauntering mid the crowded flowers
And music of the rills. No ambushed wrongs,
Or thwarting storms there baffle and surprise;
But lingering, man treads long an odorous way;
And at the close, with Love clasped hand in hand,
Sets in proud glory: thence to rise anon
With Love beyond the stars and rest in Heaven.
Thomas Woolner

Her tears are all thine own! how blest thou
art!
Thine, too, the blush which no reserve can
bind;
Thy farewell voice was as the stirring wind
That floats the rose-bloom; thou hast won her
heart;
Dear are the hopes it ushers to thy breast;
She speaks not—but she gives her silent bond;
And thou may'st trust it, asking nought
beyond
The promise, which as yet no words attest;
Deep in her bosom sinks the conscious glow,
And deep in thine! and I can well foresee,
If thou shalt feel a lover's jealousy
For her brief absence, what a ruling power
A bygone blush shall prove! until the hour
Of meeting, when thy next love-rose shall
blow.

Charles Tennyson Turner

The English in Love

But who is this that breaks upon me? This is Miss Shepherd whom I love.

Miss Shepherd is a boarder at the Misses Nettingall's establishment. I adore Miss Shepherd. She is a little girl, in a spencer, with a round face and curly flaxen hair. The Misses Nettingall's young ladies come to the Cathedral too. I cannot look upon my book, for I must look upon Miss Shepherd. When the choristers chaunt, I hear Miss Shepherd. In the service I mentally insert Miss Shepherd's name—I put her in among the Royal Family. At home, in my own room, I am sometimes moved to cry out, "Oh, Miss Shepherd!" in a transport of love.

For some time I am doubtful of Miss Shepherd's feelings, but, at length, Fate being propitious, we meet at the dancing-school. I have Miss Shepherd for my partner. I touch Miss Shepherd's glove, and feel a thrill go up the right arm of my jacket, and come out at my hair. I say nothing tender to Miss Shepherd, but we understand each other. Miss Shepherd and I live but to be united.

Why do I secretly give Miss Shepherd twelve Brazil nuts for a present, I wonder? They are not expressions of affection, they are difficult to pack into a parcel of any regular shape, they are hard to crack, even in room doors, and they are oily when cracked; yet I feel that they are appropriate to Miss Shepherd. Soft, seedy biscuits, also, I bestow upon Miss Shepherd; and oranges innumerable. Once, I kiss Miss Shepherd in the cloakroom. Ecstasy! What are my agony and indignation next day, when I hear a flying rumour that the Misses

Nettingall have stood Miss Shepherd in the stocks for turning in her toes!

Miss Shepherd being the one pervading theme and vision of my life, how do I ever come to break with her? I can't conceive. And yet a coolness grows between Miss Shepherd and myself. Whispers reach me of Miss Shepherd having said she wished I wouldn't stare so, and having avowed a preference for Master Jones—for Jones! a boy of no merit whatever! The gulf between me and Miss Shepherd widens. At last, one day, I meet the Misses Nettingalls' establishment out walking. Miss Shepherd makes a face as she goes by, and laughs to her companion. All is over. The devotion of a life—it seems a life, it is all the same—is at an end; Miss Shepherd comes out of the morning service, and the Royal Family know her no more.

Dickens

She left him, and the moonlight night seemed to blacken. But within his young breast all was light, new light. He leaned opposite her window in an Elysian reverie, and let the hours go by. He seemed to have vegetated till then, and lo! true life had dawned. He thought he should love to die for her; and, when he was calmer, he felt he was to live for her, and welcomed his destiny with rapture. He passed the rest of the Oxford term in a soft ecstasy; . . . and counted the days glide by and the happy time draw near, when he should be four months in the same town with his enchantress. This one did not trouble the doctors; he

The English in Love

glowed with a steady fire; no heats and chills, and sad misgivings; for one thing, he was not a woman, a being tied to that stake, Suspense, and compelled to wait and wait for others' actions. To him, life's path seemed paved with roses, and himself to march in eternal sunshine, buoyed by perfumed wings.

Charles Reade

Arthur had laid his hand on the soft arm that was nearest to him, and was stooping towards Hetty with a look of coaxing entreaty. Hetty lifted her long dewy eyelashes, and met the eyes that were bent towards her with a sweet, timid, beseeching look. What a space of time those three moments were, while their eyes met and his arm touched her! Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with ever-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places. While Arthur gazed into Hetty's dark beseeching eyes, it made no difference to him what sort of English she spoke; and even if hoops and powder had been in fashion, he would very likely not have been sensible just then that Hetty wanted those signs of high breeding.

George Eliot

Two young, fair lovers,
Where the warm June wind,
Fresh from the summer fields,
Plays fondly round them,
Stand, tranc'd in joy.

With sweet, join'd voices,
And with eyes brimming—
“ Ah,” they cry, “ Destiny
Prolong the present!
Time! stand still here! ”

The prompt stern Goddess
Shakes her head, frowning.
Time gives his hour-glass
Its due reversal.
Their hour is gone.

Matthew Arnold

Bright thro' the valley gallops the brooklet;
Over the clear sky travels the cloud;
Touch'd by the zephyr, dances the harebell;
Cuckoo sits somewhere, singing so loud;
Two little children, seeing and hearing,
Hand in hand wander, shout, laugh, and
sing;
Lo, in their bosoms, wild with the marvel,
Love, like the crocus, is come ere the Spring.
Young men and women, noble and tender,
Yearn for each other, faith truly plight,
Promise to cherish, comfort, and honour;
Vow that makes duty one with delight.

The English in Love

Oh, but the glory, found in no story,
Radiance of Eden unquench'd by the Fall;
Few may remember, none may reveal it,
This is the first first-love, the first love of all!
Coventry Patmore

When these locks were yellow as gold,
When past days were easily told,
Well I knew the voice of the sea,
Once he spake as a friend to me.
Thunder-roarings carelessly heard,
Once that poor little heart they stirred.
Why, oh, why?
Memory, Memory!
She that I wished to be with was by.

Sick was I in those misanthrope days
Of soft caresses, womanly ways;
Once that maid on the stairs I met,
Lip on brow she suddenly set.
Then flushed up my chivalrous blood
Like Swiss streams in midsummer flood.
Then, oh, then,
Imogen, Imogen!
Hadst thou a lover, whose years were ten.
William Cory

The tide of colour has ebbed from the upper
sky. In the West the sea of sunken fire draws
back; and the stars leap forth, and tremble, and
retire before the advancing moon, who slips the

First Love

silver train of cloud from her shoulder, and, with her foot upon the pine-tops, surveys heaven.

"Lucy, did you ever dream of meeting me?"

"O Richard! yes; for I remembered you."

"Lucy! and did you pray that we might meet?"

"I did!"

Young as when she looked upon the lovers in Paradise, the fair Immortal journeys onward. Fronting her, it is not night but veiled day. Full half the sky is flushed. Not darkness: not day; but the nuptials of the two.

"My own! my own for ever! You are pledged to me? Whisper!"

He hears the delicious music.

"And you are mine?"

A soft beam travels to the fern-covert under the pine-wood where they sit, and for answer he has her eyes; turned to him an instant, timidly fluttering over the depths of his, and then downcast; for through her eyes her soul is naked to him.

"Lucy! my bride! my life!"

The night-jar spins his dark monotony on the branch of the pine. The soft beam travels round them, and listens to their hearts. Their lips are locked.

Meredith

So sweet love seemed that April morn
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

The English in Love

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is naught to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found
So deep in summer floods is drowned.
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

Robert Bridges

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

TROILUS. *Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?*

CRESSIDA. *Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord, with the first glance.*

SHAKESPEARE

*I did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half-hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.*

OTWAY

*No warning of the approaching flame,
Swiftly, like sudden death, it came;
Like travellers, by lightning killed,
I burnt the moment I beheld.*

GRANVILLE

. . . thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that fire-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate Love.

CARLYLE



. . . your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Shakespeare

But by being at the Earl's house, he came to have a sight of fair Phaeice, his beautiful daughter, with whom he was so extremely taken, that

The English in Love

nothing but she could satisfy him. She was indeed so fair, that she could not be seen without being loved. . . . She was indeed from head to foot the mirror of all comeliness, an English Phoenix, the only supreme fair; of whom it was the general opinion, beauty could nowhere but in Phaelice's face be found in its perfection; but these perfections were so many daggers, sticking poor Guy to the heart; for he imagined those charming looks of hers did unto him dart nothing but disdain; and that which his eyes looked on with delight, did nothing else but fill his heart with pain.

Anon.

Thisbe. Ne'er be asham'd: Love, like the Small pox, since it must be, is best had while we are young.

Isabella. He Kneel'd by me one day at Mass, and look'd and said, and sigh'd, the kindest things! He seem'd surpris'd with me, as I was Charm'd with him.

Bellamire. Damn'd wheadling Rogue! And all this at first sight I warrant.

Isabella. We never met, but then. . . .

Sedley

Tom. . . . Ah! too well I remember when, and how, and on what occasion I was first surprised. It was on the 1st of April, 1715, I came into Mr. Sealand's service; I was then, a hobbledehoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper. At that time we neither of

Love at First Sight

us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean; the person employed on the inside was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

Phillis. I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

Tom. You know not, I warrant you—you could not guess what surprised me. You took no delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close, and breathed upon the glass, and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form! When I drew near, you spit, and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

Steele

Blessed as th' immortal Gods is he,
The Youth who fondly sits by thee;
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile!

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For, while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone! my voice was lost!

My bosom glowed! The subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame!
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung!
My ears, with hollow murmurs rung!

The English in Love

In dewy damps, my limbs were chilled!
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled!
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away!

Ambrose Philips

Mrs. Sullen. Ha! ha! ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee! Now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours as a pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

Dorinda. But do you think I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sullen. Psha! now you spoil all; why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you, the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avowed his passion, toasted your health, called you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air and everything, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

Dorinda. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sullen. So—she's breeding already—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dorinda. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sullen. Well enough! is he not a demigod, a Narcissus, a star, the man i' the moon?

Dorinda. O sister, I'm extremely ill!

Mrs. Sullen. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little of her cephalic plaster to put to the soles of your feet, or shall I send to the gentleman for

Love at First Sight

something for you? Come, unlace your stays, unbosom yourself. The man is perfectly a pretty fellow; I saw him when we first came into the church.

Dorinda. I saw him, too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays about his person.

Mrs. Sullen. Well said, up with it!

Dorinda. No forward coquette behaviour, no airs to set him off, no studied looks nor artful posture—but Nature did it all——

Mrs. Sullen. Better and better!—one touch more—come!

Dorinda. But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

Mrs. Sullen. Yes, yes, I did. His eyes, well, what of his eyes?

Dorinda. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seemed to view, but never gazed on anything but me. And then his looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they aimed to tell me that he could with pride die at my feet, though he scorned slavery anywhere else.

Mrs. Sullen. The physic works purely! How d'ye find yourself now, my dear?

Dorinda. Hem! Much better, my dear.

Farquhar

Yes, it was this mighty passion that now raged in the heart of Ferdinand Armine, as, pale and trembling, he withdrew a few paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and leant against a tree in a chaos of emotion. What had he seen? What

The English in Love

ravishing vision had risen upon his sight? What did he feel? What wild, what delicious, what maddening impulse now pervaded his frame? A storm seemed raging in his soul, a mighty wind dispelling in its course the sullen clouds and vapours of long years. Silent he was indeed, for he was speechless; though the big drop that quivered on his brow and the slight foam that played upon his lips proved the difficult triumph of passion over expression. But, as the wind clears the heaven, passion eventually tranquilises the soul. The tumult of his mind gradually subsided; the flitting memories, the scudding thoughts, that for a moment had coursed about in such wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded, a sense of beauty and of joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness.

He advanced, he gazed again, the lady was still there.

Disraeli

So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom,
Kissing the rose she gave me o'er and o'er,
And shaping faithful record of the glance
That graced the giving—such a noise of life
Swarm'd in the golden present, such a voice
Call'd to me from the years to come, and such
A length of bright horizon rimm'd the dark. . .

Love at first sight, first-born, and heir to all,
Made this night thus. Henceforward squall
nor storm

Love at First Sight

Could keep me from that Eden where she
dwelt.

Light pretexts drew me: sometimes a Dutch
love

For tulips; then for roses, moss or musk,
To grace my city rooms; or fruits and cream
Served in the weeping elm; and more and
more

A word could bring the colour to my cheek;
A thought would fill my happy eyes with dew;
Love trebled life within me, and with each
The year increased.

Tennyson

When I saw Cordelia Gilchrist the whole panorama of my life changed, and I fell in love with her in that intense way which is almost like possession. It was not because of her beauty, for, save a tall and graceful figure, perfect hands and feet, and large deep blue or rather violet-coloured Irish eyes, she had no beauty properly so-called. But she had that irresistible fascination which is more than mere loveliness of feature. To see her was to love her; to love her was more than a liberal education—it was to touch the sublimest moral heights.

Mrs. Lynn Lynton

Sometimes I think love is the darkest mystery of life: mere desire will not explain it, nor will the passions or the affections. You pass years amidst crowds, and know naught of it; then all at once

The English in Love

you meet a stranger's eyes, and never are you free. That is love. Who shall say whence it comes? It is a bolt from the gods that descends from heaven and strikes us down into hell. We can do nothing.

Ouida

She looked at him again, with some maidenhood opening in her eyes. He felt he could not move, neither towards her nor away from her. Something about her presence hurt him, till he was almost rigid before her. . . .

And she went. Brangwen stood dimmed by her departure. . . . He could not think of anything. He felt that he had made some invisible connection with the strange woman.

A daze had come over his mind, he had another centre of consciousness. In his breast, or in his bowels, somewhere in his body, there had started another activity. It was as if a strong light were burning there, and he was blind within it, unable to know anything, except that this transfiguration burned between him and her, connecting them, like a secret power.

D. H. Lawrence

Aloysia. You know the way you meet thousands of people and they mean nothing to you sexually: you wouldn't touch one of them with a barge pole. Then all of a sudden you pick out one, and you feel sexy all over. If he's not nice you feel ashamed of yourself and run away. But if he is nice, you say "That's the man for me."

Love at First Sight

You have had that experience yourself, haven't you?

Sir Arthur. Quite. The moment I saw Lady Chavender I said "That's the woman for me."

Aloysia. Well, the moment I laid eyes on David I went all over like that. You can't deny he is a nice boy in spite of his awful language. So I said——

Sir Arthur. "David's the man for me"?

Aloysia. No. I said "Evolution is telling me to marry this youth." That feeling is the only guide I have to the evolutionary appetite.

Bernard Shaw

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LOVE LIES DREAMING

*Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head
To work my mind, when body's work's
expired:
For then my thoughts, far from where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee. . . .*

SHAKESPEARE

*As I lay sleeping,
In dreams fleeting,
Ever my sweeting
Is in my mind.*

ANON.

*Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

*O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



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Unstable dreame, accordyng to the place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true.
By tasted swetenesse, make me not to rew
The soden losse of thy false fained grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing
 seas,
But madest my sprite to live my care tencrease,
My body in tempest her delight timbrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire.
Painlesse was thone, the other in delight.
Why then alas did it not kepe it right
But thus return to leape in to the fire:
And where it was at wishe, could not remayne?
Such mockes of dreames do turne to deadly
 payne.

Wyatt

The English in Love

Or scorn or pity, on me take,
I must the true relation make:
 I am undone to-night!
 Love in a subtle dream disguised,
 Hath both my heart and me surprised,
Whom never yet he durst attempt awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
 He did me the delight or spite;
 But leaves me to inquire,
 In all my wild desire,
 Of Sleep again, who was his aid,
 And Sleep, so guilty and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.
Ben Jonson

Deare love, for nothing lesse than thee
Would I have broke this happy dreame,
 It was a theame
For reason, much too strong for phantasie,
Therefore thou wakd'st me wisely; yet
My Dreame thou brok'st not, but continued'st it,
Thou art so truth, that thoughts of thee suffice,
To make dreames truths; and fables histories;
Enter these armes, for since thou thoughtst it best,
Not to dreame all my dreame, let's act the rest.
Donne

I dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses, almost smotherèd:
The warmth and sweetnes had me there
Made lovingly familiar;

Love Lies Dreaming

But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night, will blush by day:
I kist thee (panting), and I call
Night to the Record! that was all.
But ah! if empty dreames so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

Herrick

... My dream

Was full of rapture, such as I with all
My wakening sense would fly to meet. Methought
I saw a thousand Cupids slide from heaven,
And landing here made this their scene of revels,
Clapping their golden feathers, which kept time
While their own feet struck music to their dance,
As they had trod and touched so many lutes;
This done, within a cloud formed like a throne,
She to whom Love has consecrate this night,
My mistress, did descend, and, coming towards me,
My soul that ever wakes, angry to see
My body made a prisoner, and so mock'd,
Shook off the chains of sleep, lest I should lose
Essential pleasure for a dream. 'Tis happy!
I will not trust myself with ease and silence,
But walk and wait her coming that must bless me.

Shirley

Seal up her eyes, O sleep, but flow
Mild as her manners, to and fro;
Slide soft into her, that yet she
May receive no wound from thee.

The English in Love

And ye present her thoughts, O dreams,
With hushing winds and purling streams,
While hovering silence sits without,
Careful to keep disturbance out.

William Cartwright

How oft in vain had Love's great God essay'd,
To take the stubborn heart of that bright
Maid!

Yet spite of all the Pride that swells her Mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind;
A rising Blush increas'd the Native Store
Of Charms that but too fatal were before.
Once more present the Vision to my view,
The sweet Illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely she; how ravisht I!
Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

Roscommon

Hippolita. No, I have done no ill; but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. Caution. O that's no hurt! to think, is no hurt—the ancient, grave, and godly, cannot help thoughts.

Hippolita. I warrant, you have had 'em yourself, aunt?

Mrs. Caution. Yes, yes, when I cannot sleep.

Hippolita. Ha! ha! I believe it. But know, I have had those thoughts sleeping and waking; for I have dreamt of a man.

Mrs. Caution. No matter, no matter, so that it was but a dream: I have dreamt myself. For you

Love Lies Dreaming

must know, widows are mightily given to dreams; insomuch that a dream is waggishly called "the Widow's Comfort."

Hippolita. But I did not only dream—— [*sighs.*

Mrs. Caution. How, how! did you more than dream? Speak, young harlotry! confess; did you more than dream? How could you do more than dream in this house? Speak, confess!

Hippolita. Well, I will then. Indeed, aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleased with my dream when I awaked.

Mrs. Caution. Oh, is that all? Nay, if a dream only will please you, you are a modest young woman still: but have a care of a vision.

Hippolita. Ay; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a sin, aunt; and I am so very scrupulous, that I would as soon consent to a naughty man as to a naughty dream.

Mrs. Caution. I do believe you.

Wycherley

Ben. . . . For my part, I mean to toss a can, and remember my sweetheart, afore I turn in, mayhap I may dream of her.

Mrs. Foresight. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed and dream too.

Scandal. Why, faith, I have a good lively imagination; and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it; but dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn-out sinners, and the faint dawning of a bliss to wishing girls and growing boys.

The English in Love

There's nought but willing, waking love that
can
Make best the ripened maid and finished man.
Congreve

When I dream that you love me, you'll surely
forgive:

Extend not your anger to sleep;
For in visions alone your affection can live—
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine!

They tell us that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given:
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may
smile,
Oh, think not my penance deficient!
When dreams of your presence my slumbers
beguile,
To awake will be torture sufficient.

Byron

Love Lies Dreaming

The image of Edith Millbank was the last thought of Coningsby, as he sank into an agitated slumber. To him had hitherto in general been accorded the precious boon of dreamless sleep. Homer tells us these phantasms come from Jove; they are rather the children of a distracted soul. Coningsby lived this night much in past years, varied by painful perplexities of the present, which he could neither subdue nor comprehend. The scene flitted from Eton to the castle of his grandfather; and then he found himself among the pictures of the Rue de Tronchet, but their owner bore the features of the senior Millbank. A beautiful countenance that was alternately the face of the mysterious picture, and then that of Edith, haunted him under all the circumstances. He woke little refreshed; restless, and yet sensible of some secret joy.

He woke to think of her of whom he had dreamed. The light had dawned on his soul. Coningsby loved.

Disraeli

When in my dreams thy lovely face
Smiles with unwonted tender grace,
Grudge not the precious seldom cheer;
I know full well, my lady dear,
It is no boon of thine!

In thy sweet sanctu'ry of sleep,
If my sad sprite should kneeling weep,

The English in Love

Suffer its speechless worship there:
Thou know'st full well, my lady fair,
It is no fault of mine!

Frances Anne Kemble

Last night I saw you in my sleep:
And how your charm of face was changed!
I asked "Some love, some faith you keep?"
You answered "Faith gone, love estranged."
Whereat I woke—a two-fold bliss:
Waking was one, but next there came
This other: "Though I felt, for this,
My heart break, I loved on the same."

Browning

The Flower unfolds its dawning cup,
And the young sun drinks the star-dews up,
At eve it droops with bliss of day,
And dreams in the midnight far away.

So am I in thy sole, sweet glance
Pressed with a weight of utterance;
Lovingly all my leaves unfold,
And gleam to the beam of thirsty gold.

At eve I droop, for then the swell
Of feeling falters forth farewell;—
At midnight I am dreaming deep,
Of what has been, in blissful sleep.

When—ah! when will love's own light
Wed me alike thro' day and night,

Love Lies Dreaming

When will the stars with their linking charms
Wake us in each other's arms?

Meredith

Here—where last night she came, even she, for
whom

I would so gladly live or lie down dead,
Came in the likeness of a dream and said
Some words that thrilled this desolate ghost-
thronged room—

I sit alone now in the absolute gloom.

Ah, surely on her breast was leaned my
head,

Ah, surely on my mouth her kiss was shed,
While all my life broke into scent and bloom.
Give thanks, heart, for thy rootless flower of
bliss,

Nor think the gods severe though thus they
seem,

Though thou hast much to bear and much to
miss,

Whilst thou thy nights and days to be canst
deem

One thing, and that thing veritably this—

The imperishable memory of a dream.

Philip Bourke Marston

Beneath the loveliest dream there coils a fear;
Last night came she whose eyes are memories
now;

Her far-off gaze seemed all forgetful how
Love dimmed them once, so calm they shone
and clear.

The English in Love

"Sorrow," I said, "has made me old, my dear;
'Tis I indeed, but grief, can change the brow:
Beneath *my* load a seraph's neck might bow,
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel's hair."
Oh, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move!
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes—
I heard a sound as if a murmuring dove
Felt lonely in the groves of Paradise;
But when upon my neck she fell, my love,
Her hair smelt sweet of whin and woodland
spice.

Watts-Dunton

Lying asleep between the strokes of night
I saw my love lean over my sad bed,
Pale as the duskiest lily's leaf or head,
Smooth-skinned and dark, with bare throat made
to bite,
Too wan for kissing and too warm for white,
But perfect-coloured without white or red.
And her lips opened amorously, and said—
I wist not what, saving one word—Delight.
And all her face was honey to my mouth,
And all her body pasture to mine eyes;
The long lithe arms and hotter hands than
fire,
The quivering flanks, hair smelling of the south,
The bright light feet, the splendid supple thighs
And glittering eyelids of my soul's desire.
Swinburne.

Love Lies Dreaming

I told her when I left one day
That whatsoever weight of care
Might strain our love, Time's mere assault
 Would work no changes there.
And in the night she came to me,
 Toothless, and wan, and old,
With leaden concaves round her eyes,
 And wrinkles manifold.

I trembling exclaimed to her,
"O wherefore do you ghost me thus!
I have said that dull defacing Time
 Will bring no dreads to us."
"And is that true of *you*?" she cried
 In voice of troubled tune.
I faltered: "Well . . . I did not think
 You would test me quite so soon!"

She vanished with a curious smile,
Which told me, plainlier than by word,
That my staunch pledge could scarce
 beguile
 The fear she had averred.
Her doubts then wrought their shape in
 me,
 And when next day I paid
My due caress, we seemed to be
 Divided by some shade.

Hardy

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THE HE AND SHE

THE HE

"I would see how love, by the power of his object, could work inwardly alike, in a choleric man and a sanguine, in a melancholic and a phlegmatic, in a fool and a wise man, in a clown and a courtier, in a valiant man and a coward. . . . And, then, I to have a book made of all this, which I would call the "Book of Humours," and every night read a little piece ere I slept, and laugh at it."

BEN JONSON

Wise or foolish before, we are all equally foolish in love; the same froward, petulant, captious babies!

RICHARDSON

Nothing strikes me so forcibly with a sense of the ridiculous as love. A man in love I do think cuts the sorriest figure in the world; queer, when I know a poor fool to be really in pain about it, I could burst out laughing in his face.

KEATS

It is best to love wisely, no doubt: but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all. Some of us can't: and are proud of our impotence too.

THACKERAY

Why, I knew a young man once who got hold of his mistress's skates and slept with them for a fortnight and cried when he had to give them up.

SAMUEL BUTLER



I serve, I bowe, I loke, I loute,
Min eye folweth her aboute.
What she wolle so woll I,
Whan she woll sit, I knele by,
And when she stant, than woll I stonde,
And when she taketh her work on honde
Of weving or of embrouderie,
Than can I nought but muse and prie
Upon her fingers longe and smale.

Gower

Now sir, Cutbert of Kendall was of another
mind, for no meat pleased him so well as mutton,
such as was laced in a red petticoat.

Thomas Deloney

The English in Love

Hearken me, I do you tell,
In such wondrous woe I dwell,
There is no fire so hot in Hell
As for a man
That loveth dear and dare not tell
Whom it is on.

I would I were a thistlecock,
A bunting or a laverock,
Sweet bird!
Between her kirtle and her smock
I would be heard!

Anon.

Comming to kisse her lyps (such grace I found),
Me seemed, I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
Her lips did smell lyke unto Gillyflowers;
Her ruddy cheekes, lyke unto Roses red;
Her snowy browes, like budded Bellamoures;
Her lovely eyes, like Pincks but newly spred;
Her goodly bosome, lyke a Strawberry bed;
Her neck, lyke to a bounch of Cullambynes;
Her breast, lyke Lillyes, ere theyr leaves be shed;
Her nipples, lyke yong blossomed Jessemynes;
Such fragrant flowers doe give such odorous
smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

Spenser

The He and the She: The He

I, with whose colours Myra dressed her head,
I, that ware posies of her own hand-making,
I, that mine own name in the chimneys read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking;
Must I look on, in hope time coming may
With change bring back my turn again to
play?

I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found
A garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers,
Which I to wear above mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours;
Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
I, who did make her blush when I was named;
Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go
naked,
Watching with sighs, till dead love be awaked?

I, that, when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
Like jealousy o'erwatched with desire,
Was ever warned modesty to keep
While her breath, speaking, kindled Nature's
fire;
Must I look on a-cold, while others warm them?
Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm
them?

The English in Love

Was it for this that I might Myra see

Washing the water, with her beauties, white?

Yet would she never write her love to me.

Thinks wit of change, while thoughts are in
delight?

Mad girls must safely love, as they may leave:

No man can print a kiss; lines may deceive.

Fulke Greville

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have
been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward
boy;

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator and great general

Of trotting 'paritors: O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right!

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

The He and the She: The He

A wightly wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and by heavens, one that will do the deed
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue and
groan:

Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

Shakespeare

He praised, he praied, he desired and besought
her to pittie him that perisht for her. From this
his intranced mistaking extasie could no man
remove him. Who loveth resolutely, will include
every thing under the name of his love. From
prose hee would leape into verse and with these or
such like rimes assault her.

If I must die, O let me choose my death,
Sucke out my soule with kisses cruell maide,
In thy breasts christall bals enbalme my breath,
Dole it all out in sighs when I am laide.
Thy lips on mine like cupping glasses claspe,
Let our tongs meet and strive as they would
sting,
Crush out my winde with one strait girting
graspe,
Stabs on my heart keepe time whilest thou
doest sing.

The English in Love

Thy eyes lyke searing irons burne out mine,
In thy faire tresses stifle me outright,
Like Circes change me to a loathsome swine,
So I may live for ever in thy sight.
Into heavens joyes none can profoundly see,
Except that first they meditate on thee.

Sadly and verily, if my master sayde true, I
shoulde if I were a wench make many men quickly
immortall. What ist, what ist for a maide fayre
and fresh to spend a little lip-salve on a hungrie
lover.

Nashe

. . . the time's quickly gone that's spent in her
company, the miles short, the way pleasant; all
weather is good whilst he goes to her house, heat
or cold; though his teeth chatter in his head, he
moves not; wet or dry, 'tis all one; wet to the skin,
he feels it not, cares not at least for it, but will
easily endure it and much more, because it is done
with alacrity, and for his mistress' sweet sake; let
the burden be never so heavy, love makes it light.
. . . None so merry if he may haply enjoy her com-
pany, he is in heaven for a time; and if he may not,
dejected in an instant, solitary, silent, he departs
weeping, lamenting, sighing, complaining.

Burton

On quicksedge, wrought with lovely eglantine,
My Laura laid her handkercher to dry;
Which had before snow-white ywashed been.
But, after, when she called to memory,

The He and the She: The He

That long 'twould be before, and very late,
Ere sun could do, as would her glist'ring eyes:
She cast from them such sparkling glances
straight,
And with such force in such a strangy guise,
As suddenly, and in one selfsame time,
She dried her cloth; but burnt this heart of
mine!

Robert Tofte

Once did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
As passion did them move;
Once did I hope, straight fear again,
And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
And told how many minutes move;
Once did I wishing waste the day,
And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true love's knot,
The weeping trees did prove
That wounds and fears were both our lots,
And then I was in love.

Once did I breathe another's breath,
And in my mistress move;
Once was I not mine own at all,
And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
And collars did approve;
Once were my clothes made out of wax,
And then I was in love.

The English in Love

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
My soul in numbers move;
Once did I tell a thousand lies,
And then I was in love.

Once in my heart did dangling hang
A little turtle dove;
Once, in a word, I was a fool,
And then I was in love.

Anon.

Madam, 'tis true your beauties move
My heart to a respect;
Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect!

I neither love; nor yet am free!
For though the flame, I find,
Be not intense in the degree;
'Tis of the purest kind!

It little wants of love, but pain!
Your beauties take my sense;
And lest you should that prick disdain,
My thoughts feel th' influence.

'Tis not a Passion's first access,
Ready to multiply;
But like Love's calmest state it is,
Possessed with victory.

It is like Love, to Truth reduced;
All the false values gone,
Which were created and induced
By fond Imagination.

The He and the She; The He

'Tis either Fancy, or 'tis Fate,
To love you more than I!
I love you at your beauties' rate;
Less were an injury!

Like unstamped gold, I weigh each grace;
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face
Safely from my respect!

And this respect could merit love;
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough! For who dares move
Reward for his delight!

Godolphin

What a dull fool was I,
To think so gross a lie,
As that I ever was in love before!
I have perhaps known one or two
With whom I was content to be
At that, which they call "keeping company."
But, after all that they could do,
I still could be with more!
Their absence never made me shed a tear!
And I can truly swear,
That, till my eyes first gazed on you,
I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore!

A world of things must curiously be sought,
A world of things must be together brought,
To make up charms which have the power to
move,
Through a discerning eye, true love.

The English in Love

That is a masterpiece, above
What only looks and shape can do!
There must be Wit, and Judgment too!
Greatness of Thought, and Worth, which
draw
From the whole World, respect and awe!

She that would raise a noble love, must find
Ways to beget a Passion for her mind!
She must be that, which She, to be would seem;
For all true love is grounded on esteem.
Plainness and Truth gain more a generous
heart
Than all the crooked subtleties of art.

She must be (what said I?), She must be
you!
None but yourself that miracle can do! . . .
Buckingham

Sleepie, my *Dear*? yes, yes, I see
Morpheus is fall'n in love with thee,
Morpheus, my worst of rivals, tries
To draw the Curtains of thine eyes;
And fanns them with his wing asleep,
Makes drowsie *love* play at *bopeep*;
How prettily his feathers blow,
Those fleshie shuttings to and fro!
Oh how he makes me *Tantalize*
With those faire Apples of thine eyes!
Equivocates and cheats me still,
Opening and shutting at his will;
Now both now one, the *doting god*
Playes with thine eyes at even and odde;

The He and the She: The He

My stamm'ring tongue doubts which it might
Bid thee good-morrow or good-night;
So thy eyes twinkle brighter farre,
Then the bright trembling ev'ning starre;
So a waxe taper burnt within
The socket plays at out and in:

Thus doth *Morpheus* court thine eye,
Meaning there all night to lie;
Cupid and *he* play hoop-all hid,
Thy eye 's their bed and cover-lid;

Fairest, let me thy night-clothes aire,
Come I'le unlace thy stomacher;
Make me thy maiden-chamber-man,
Or let me be thy warming-pan;
Oh that I might but lay my head
At thy beds feet i' th' trundle-bed;
Then in the morning e're I rose
I'd kisse thy pretty pettitocs.
Those smaller feet, with which i' th' day
My *love* so neatly trips away;

Since you I must not wait upon,
Most *modest Lady*, I'le be gone,
And though I cannot *sleep* with thee,
Oh may *my dearest dream* of me,
All the night long *dream* that we move
To the main centre of our love;
And if *I* chance to *dream* of *thee*,
Oh, may *I dream* eternallie:
Dream that we freely act and play
Those postures which we *dream* by day,
Spending our thoughts i' th' best delight
Chaste *dreams* allow of in the night.

Nicholas Hookes

The English in Love

I pass all my days in a shady old grove;
And I live not the day that I see not my Love!
I survey every walk, now my Phillis is gone;
And sigh, when I think we were there all alone!
O, then 'tis! O, then I think there's no such Hell
Like loving, like loving too well!

But each shade, and each conscious bow'r, that I
find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been
kind;
And I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
O, then 'tis! O, then I think no joy's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love!

While alone to myself, I repeat all her charms;
She I love, may be locked in another man's arms!
She may laugh at my cares! and so false she may
be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me!
O, then 'tis! O, then I think there's no such Hell
Like loving, like loving too well!

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Passion! so kind, without art!
I fear I have wronged her; and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me!
O, then 'tis! O, then I think no joy's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love!

Charles II

The He and the She: The He

Most Men are in one sence *Platonic Lovers*, though they are not willing to owe that *Character*. They are so far *Philosophers*, as to allow, that the greater part of *Pleasure* lieth in the *Mind*; and in pursuance of that *Maxim*, there are few who do not place the *Felicity* more in the *Opinion* of the *World*, of their being *prosperous Lovers*, than in the *Blessing* it self, how much soever they appear to value it.

Lord Halifax

I will love more than Man e'er loved before me!
Gaze on her all day; melt all the night!
Till, for her own sake, at last, she'll implore me
To love her less, to preserve our delight!

Since Gods themselves could not ever be loving,
Men must have breathing recruits for new joys!
I wish my love could be always improving;
Though eager love, more than sorrow, destroys!

In fair Aurelia's arms, leave me expiring;
To be embalmed by the sweets of her breath!
To the last moment, I'll still be desiring!
Never had Hero so glorious a death!

(?) *Thomas Betterton*

Estridge. If thou knew'st once the pleasure of such a sprightly Girl as *Olivia*, the kind quarrels, the fondness, the pretty sullenness after a little absence, which must be charm'd out of it with Kisses, and those thousand other *Devises* that make

The English in Love

a Lover's happiness; thou wou'dst think all this as easie, as lying a bed in the Country in a wet morning.

Modish. Or, if he cou'd see *Victoria's* reserv'dness a little mollifi'd, and brought to hand with a good Supper and the Fiddles.

Estridge. Or *Olivia* in her morning dress, with her Guittar, singing to it most enticingly, and then as kind in her discourse, her little breasts swelling and pouting out, as if they came half way to be Kist.

Modish. Or the others haughty look melted into smiles, the pretty combat of pride and pleasure in her Face, at some certain times.

Estridge. My Mistress is the very spring of beauty.

Modish. And mine in the Midsommer of perfection.

Estridge. Mine is——

Wildish. Nay Gentlemen, one at once, and no quarreling I beseech you; you are happy men both, and have Reason to be in love with your sweet lives. . . .

Sedley

I'll tell her the next time, said I:
In vain! in vain, for when I try,
Upon my tim'rous tongue the
trembling accents die.
Alas! a thousand, thousand fears
Still overawe when she appears;
My breath is spent in sighs, my
eyes are drowned in tears.

Granville

The He and the She: The He

It is easier for an artful man who is not in love, to persuade his mistress he has a passion for her, and to succeed in his pursuits, than for one who loves with the greatest violence. True love has ten thousand griefs, impatiences and resentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the person whose affection he solicits; besides that it sinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehensions, and poorness of spirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himself.

Addison

You ask, my friend! How I can Delia prize;
When Myra's shape I view, or Cynthia's eyes?
No tedious answer shall create you pain;
For beauty, if but beauty, I disdain!

'Tis not a mien, that can my will control;
A speaking body with a silent soul!
The loveliest face to me not lovely shows,
From the sweet lips if melting nonsense flows!
Nor must the tuneful Chloris be my choice!
An earthly mind ill suits a heavenly voice! . .

Not so my Delia shall consume her charms;
But rise, each morn, more beauteous from my
arms!

With envious swiftness, rolling years may move,
Impair her glories; not impair my love!
Time's wasteful rage, the Husband shall despise:
And View the Wife still with the Bridegroom's
eyes! . . .

Eusden

The English in Love

A vicious love depraves the mind!
'Tis Anguish, Guilt, and Folly joined!
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as, in visions, Angels shed.
Around the heaven-illuminated head.

To love thee, Seraphina! sure,
Is to be tender, happy, pure!
'Tis from low Passions to escape;
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape!
'Tis ecstasy, with wisdom joined;
And Heaven infused into the mind!

James Thomson

“ Upon my soul, my dear Billy, I believe the chief disadvantage on my side is my superior fondness; for love, in the minds of men, hath one quality, at least, of a fever, which is to prefer coldness in the object. Confess, dear Will, is there not something vastly refreshing in the cool air of a prude?”

Fielding

O, how could I venture to love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest like me?
On Lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain;
And, though I was nothing, yet pity my pain?

You said, when they teased you with nonsense and
dress,

“ When real the Passion, the vanity 's less! ”

The He and the She: The He

You saw through that silence, which others despise;
And, while Beaus were prating, read love in my
eyes!

O, where is the Nymph that, like thee, can ne'er
cloy;

Whose wit can enliven the dull pause of joy?
And when the sweet transport is all at an end,
From beautiful Mistress, turn sensible Friend?

When I see thee, I love thee; but hearing, adore!
I wonder, and think you a woman no more!
Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain;
And kissing those lips, find you woman again!

In all that I write, I'll thy judgement require!
Thy taste shall correct, what thy love did inspire!
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er;
And then live on Friendship, when Passion 's no
more!

Alexander Webster, D.D.

"Perhaps, it is not Love," said I,
"That melts my soul when Flavia's nigh!
Where Wit and Sense like hers agree,
One may be pleased, and yet be free!

"The beauties of her polished mind,
It needs no Lover's eye to find!
The Hermit, freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well!

The English in Love

"It is not Love!" averse to bear
The servile chain that Lovers wear,
"Let, let me all my fears remove!
My doubts dispel! It is not love!"

"O, when did Wit so brightly shine
In any Form less fair than thine?
It is—it is Love's subtle fire!
And under friendship lurks desire!"
Shenstone

Yes, I'm in love! I feel it now;
And Caelia has undone me!
And yet I'll swear, I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me!

'Tis not her face that love creates;
For there no graces revel!
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil!

'Tis not her Air; for, sure in that
There's nothing more than common;
And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman!

Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm!
'Twas both perhaps; or neither!
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of Caelia altogether!

William Whitehead

Would my Delia know, if I love? let her take
My last thought at night, and the first when I
wake
With my prayers and best wishes preferred for her
sake.

Let her guess, what I muse on! when, rambling
alone,
I stride o'er the stubble, each day, with my gun!
Never ready to shoot, till the covey is flown!

Let her think, what odd whimsies I have in my
brain,
When I read one page over and over again;
And discover, at last, that I read it in vain!

Let her say, why so fixed and so steady my look,
Without ever regarding the person who spoke;
Still affecting the laugh, without hearing the joke!

Or why, when with pleasure her praises I hear
(That sweetest of melody, sure, to my ear!),
I attend, and at once inattentive appear!

And lastly, when summoned to drink to my Flame,
Let her guess, why I never once mention her name;
Though herself and the woman I love are the
same!

Cowper

The English in Love

You say you love; but with a voice
Chaster than a nun's, who singeth
The soft Vespers to herself
While the chime-bell ringeth—
O love me truly.

You say you love; but with a smile
Cold as sunshine in September,
As you were Saint Cupid's nun,
And kept his weeks of Ember.
O love me truly.

You say you love—but then your lips
Coral tinted teach no blisses,
More than coral in the sea—
They never pout for kisses—
O love me truly!

You say you love; but then your hand
No soft squeeze for squeeze returneth,
It is like a statue's dead—
While mine to passion burneth—
O love me truly!

O breathe a word or two of fire!
Smile, as if those words should burn me,
Squeeze as lovers should—O kiss
And in thy heart inurn me!
O love me truly.

Keats

The He and the She: The He

The earliest wish I ever knew
Was woman's kind regard to win;
I felt it long ere passion grew,
Ere such a wish could be a sin.

And still it lasts; the yearning ache
No cure has found, no comfort
known.

If she did love, 'twas for my sake,
She could not love me for her own.

Hartley Coleridge

Our hero was neither wearied nor sleepy, for his mind was too full of exciting fancies to think of the interests of his body. . . . The thousand stars smiled from their blue pavilions, and the moon shed the mild light that makes a lover muse. Fragrance came in airy waves from trees rich with the golden orange, and from out the woods there ever and anon arose a sound, deep and yet hushed, and mystical, and soft. It could not be the wind!

His heart was full, his hopes were sweet, his fate pledged on a die. And in this shrine, where all was like his love, immaculate and beautiful, he vowed a faith which had not been returned. Such is the madness of love. Such is the magic of beauty.

Music rose upon the air. Some huntsmen were practising their horns. The triumphant strain elevated his high hopes, the tender tone accorded with his emotions. He paced up and down the terrace in excited reverie, fed by the music. In imagination she was with him: she spoke, she

The English in Love

smiled, she loved. He gazed upon her beaming countenance: his soul thrilled with tones which only she could utter. He pressed her to his throbbing and tumultuous breast!

The music stopped. He fell from his seventh heaven. He felt all the exhaustion of his prolonged reverie. All was flat, dull, unpromising. The moon seemed dim, the stars were surely fading, the perfume of the trees was faint, the wind of the woods was a howling demon. Exhausted, dispirited, ay! almost desperate, with a darkened soul and staggering pace, he regained his chamber.

Disraeli

Not with my Soul, Love!—bid no Soul like mine
Lap thee around nor leave the poor sense room!
Soul,—travel-worn, toil-weary,—would confine
Along with Soul, Soul's gains from glow and gloom,
Captures from soarings high and divings deep,
Spoil-laden Soul, how should such memories sleep?
Take Sense, too—let me love entire and whole—
Not with my Soul!

Eyes shall meet eyes and find no eyes between,
Lips feed on lips, no other lips to fear!
No past, no future—so thine arms but screen
The present from surprise! not there, 'tis here—
Not then, 'tis now;—back, memories that intrude!
Make, Love, the universe our solitude
And, over all the rest, oblivion roll—
Sense quenching Soul!

Browning

The He and the She: The He

Gentle as Truth, and zealous even as Love—
Which is the fiercest of all earthly things;
Frank, and yet using caution as a glove
To guard the skin from foulnesses or stings,—
Giving the bare hand surely to the true;
Such would I be, to make me worthy you.

Bitter sometimes, as wholesome tonics are;
Wrathful as Justice in her earnest mood;
Scornful as Honour is, yet not to bar
Appreciation of the lowest good;
Loathing the vile, the cruel, the untrue:
How should my manhood else be worthy you?

Say I am subtil, fierce, and bitter-tongued:
Love is all this, and yet Love is beloved.
But say not that I wilfully have wrong'd
Even those whose hate and falsehood I have
proved.

Who say this know me not, and never knew
What I would be, but to be worthy you.

W. J. Linton

. . . The pearl he admired was in itself of great price and truest purity, but he was not the man who, in appreciating the gem, could forget its setting. Had he seen Paulina with the same youth, beauty, and grace, but on foot, alone, unguarded, and in simple attire, a dependent worker, a demi-grisette, he would have thought her a pretty little creature, and would have loved with his eyes her movements and her mien, but it required other

The English in Love

than this to conquer him as he was now vanquished, to bring him safe under dominion as now, without loss, and even with gain to his manly honour—one saw that he was reduced; there was about him all the man of the world; to satisfy himself did not suffice; society must approve—the world must admire what he did, or he counted his measures false and futile. In his victrix he required all that was here visible—the imprint of high cultivation, the consecration of a careful and authoritative protection, the adjuncts that Fashion decrees, Wealth purchases, and Taste adjusts; for these conditions his spirit stipulated ere it surrendered; they were here to the utmost fulfilled; and now, proud, impassioned, yet fearing, he did homage to Paulina as his sovereign.

Charlotte Brontë

I am in love, meantime, you think; no doubt you
would think so.

I am in love, you say; with those letters, of course,
you would say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so, yet I
grant you

It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl.

Oh, rare gift,

Rare felicity, this! she can talk in a rational way,
can

Speak upon subjects that really are matters of mind
and of thinking,

Yet in perfection retain her simplicity; never, one
moment,

The He and the She: The He

Never, however you urge it, however you tempt her,
consents to
Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations
to those vain
Conscious understandings that vex the minds of
mankind.
No, though she talk, it is music; her fingers desert
not the keys; 'tis
Song, though you hear in the song the articulate
vocables sounded,
Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodi-
ous meaning.

I am in love, you say: I do not think so, exactly.
Clough

In that tranced hush when sound sank awed to
rest,
Ere from her spirit's rose-red, rose-sweet gate
Came forth to me her royal word of fate,
Did she sigh "Yes," and droop upon my breast;
While round our raptures, dumb, fixed, unex-
pressed
By the seized senses, there did fluctuate
The plaintive surges of our mortal state,
Tempering the poignant ecstasy too blest.

Do I wake into a dream, or have we twain,
Lured by soft wiles to some unconscious crime,
Dared joys forbid to man? Oh, Light supreme,
Upon our brows transfiguring glory rain,
Nor let the sword of thy just angel gleam
On two who entered heaven before their time!

John Westland Marston

The English in Love

Beating Heart! we come again
Where my Love reposes:
This is Mabel's window-pane;
These are Mabel's roses.

Is she nested? Does she kneel
In the twilight stilly,
Lily clad from throat to heel,
She, my virgin Lily?

Soon the wan, the wistful stars,
Fading, will forsake her;
Elves of light, on beamy bars,
Whisper then, and wake her.

Let this friendly pebble plead
At her flowery grating;
If she hears me will she heed?
Mabel, I am waiting!

Mabel will be deck'd anon,
Zoned in bride's apparel;
Happy zone! O hark to yon
Passion-shaken carol!

Sing thy song, thou tranced thrush,
Pipe thy best, thy clearest,—
Hush, her lattice moves, O hush—
Dearest Mabel!—dearest. . . .

Frederick Locker-Lampson

"... Remember you are promised and pledged to me!"—and Trafford drew her closely to him, and looked intently, almost sternly into her eyes—"I will hold you to it." Then, relaxing into a smile, as he met her half-wondering glance, "I am quite capable of desperate deeds, tho' you may not think so! Another kiss, Maggie. I really am a model of moderation; we have been absolutely engaged for six or seven hours, and I have had but one! now, one more! Ah! little witch! why do I love you so much?"

Mrs. Alexander

... Now Redworth believed in the soul of Diana. For him it burned, and it was a celestial radiance about her, unquenched by her shifting fortunes, her wilfulness, and, it might be, errors. She was a woman and weak; that is, not trained for strength. She was a soul; therefore perpetually pointing to growth in purification. He felt it, and even discerned it of her, if he could not have phrased it. The something sovereignly characteristic that aspired in Diana enchained him. With her, or rather with his thought of her soul, he understood the right union of women and men, from the roots to the flowering height of that rare graft. She gave him comprehension of the meaning of love: a word in many mouths, not often explained. With her, wound in his idea of her, he perceived it to signify a new start in our existence, a finer shoot of the tree stoutly planted in good gross earth; the senses

The English in Love

running their live sap, and the minds companioned, and the spirits made one by the whole-natured conjunction. In sooth, a happy prospect for the sons and daughters of Earth, divinely indicating more than happiness: the speeding of us, compact of what we are, between the ascetic rocks and the sensual whirlpools, to the creation of certain nobler races, now very dimly imagined.

Meredith

Springrove had long since passed that peculiar line which lies across the course of falling in love—if, indeed, it may not be called the initial itself of the complete passion—a longing to cherish; when the woman is shifted in a man's mind from the region of mere admiration to the region of warm fellowship. At this assumption of her nature, she changes to him in tone, hue, and expression. All about the loved one that said, "She" before, says, "We" now. Eyes that were to be subdued become eyes to be feared for: a brain that was to be probed by cynicism becomes a brain that is to be tenderly assisted; feet that were to be tested in the dance become feet that are not to be distressed; the once-criticized accent, manner, and dress, become the clients of a special pleader.

Hardy

Lady who hold'st on me dominion
Within your spirit's arms I stay me fast
Against the fell
Immitigate ravening of the gates of hell;

The He and the She: The He

And claim my right in you, most hardly won,
Of chaste fidelity upon the chaste:
Hold me and hold by me, lest both should fall
(O, in high escalade high companion!)
Even in the breach of Heaven's assaulted wall.
Like to a wind-sown sapling grow I from
The clift, Sweet, of your skyward-jetting soul,—
Shook by all gusts that sweep it, overcome
By all its clouds incumbent: O be true
To your soul, dearest, as my life to you!
For if that soil grow sterile, then the whole
Of me must shrivel, from the topmost shoot
Of climbing poesy, and my life, killed through,
Dry down and perish to the foodless root.

Francis Thompson

Born for nought else, for nothing else but for this,
To watch the soft blood throbbing in her throat,
To think how comely sweet her body is,
And learn the poem of her face by rote.

Born for nought else but to attempt a rhyme
That shall describe her womanhood aright,
And make her holy to the end of Time,
And be my soul's acquittal in God's sight.

Born for nought else but to expressly mark
The music of her dear delicious ways;
Born but to perish meanly in the dark,
Yet born to be the man to sing her praise.

Born for nought else: there is a spirit tells
My lot's a King's, being born for nothing else.
Masefield

The English in Love

Reject me not if I should say to you
I do forget the sounding of your voice,
I do forget your eyes, that searching through
The days perceive our marriage, and rejoice.

But when the apple-blossom opens wide
Under the pallid moonlight's fingering,
I see your blanched face at my breast, and hide
My eyes from duteous work, malingering.

Ah, then, upon the bedroom I do draw
The blind to hide the garden, where the moon
Enjoys the open blossoms as they straw
Their beauty for his taking, boon for boon.

And I do lift my aching arms to you,
And I do lift my anguished, avid breast,
And I do weep for very pain of you,
And fling myself at the doors of sleep, for rest.

And I do toss through the troubled night for
you,
Dreaming your yielded mouth is given to mine,
Feeling your strong breast carry me on into
The sleep that no dream or derangement can
undermine.

D. H. Lawrence

Like a strain of music, the effect of Katherine's presence slowly died from the room in which Ralph sat alone. The music had ceased in the rapture of its melody. He strained to catch the faintest linger-

ing echoes; for a moment the memory lulled him into peace; but soon it failed, and he paced the room so hungry for the sound to come again that he was conscious of no other desire left in life. She had gone without speaking; abruptly a chasm had been cut in his course, down which the tide of his being plunged in disorder; fell upon rocks; flung itself to destruction. The distress had an effect of physical ruin and disaster. He trembled; he was white; he felt exhausted, as if by a great physical effort. He sank at last into a chair standing opposite her empty one, and marked, mechanically, with his eye upon the clock, how she went farther and farther from him, was home now, and now, doubtless, again with Rodney. But it was long before he could realize these facts; the immense desire for her presence churned his senses into foam, into froth, into a haze of emotion that removed all facts from his grasp, and gave him a strange sense of distance, even from the material shapes of wall and window by which he was surrounded. The prospect of the future, now that the strength of his passion was revealed to him, appalled him.

Virginia Woolf

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THE HE AND THE SHE

THE SHE

*By god, if wommen hadde writen stories,
As clerkes han with-in his oratories,
They wolde han writen of men more
wikkednesse*

Than all the mark of Adam may redresse

CHAUCER

*. . . Every woman is a Science; for he that plods
upon a woman all his life long, shall at lenghte
finde himself short of his knowledge of her: for
they are born to take down the pride of wit, and
ambition of wisdom, making fools wise in the ad-
venturing to win them, wisemen fools in conceit of
losing their labours, witty men stark mad, being
confounded withe their uncertainties.*

DONNE

*How many cares perplex the maid who loves!
Cares, which the vacant heart can never know—*

HANNAH MORE

*But I love you, sir;
And when a woman says she loves a man,
That man must hear her, though he love her not.*

MRS BROWNING

*To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman
for a man is nothing else than self-love diverted
upon another object. She would have the lover a
woman in everything but the sex.*

ADDISON



O thou my sorwe and my gladnesse,
O thou my hele and my sikenesse,
O thou my wanhope and my trust,
O thou my disese and all my lust,
O thou my wele, O thou my wo,
O thou my frende, O thou my fo,
O thou my love, O thou my hate,
For the mote I be dede algate.
Thilk ende may I nought afterte,
And yet with all min hole herte,
While that there lasteth me any breth,
I woll the love unto my deth.

Gower

As help me god, whan that I saugh him go
After the bere, me thoughte he hadde a paire
Of legges and of feet so clene and faire,

The English in Love

He was, I trowe, a twenty winter old,
That al myn herte I yaf un-to his hold.
And I was fourty, if I shal seye soothe;
But yet I hadde alwey a coltes tooth.
Gat-tothed I was, and that bicam me weel;
I hadde the prente of seynt Venus seel.
As help me god, I was a lusty oon,
And faire and riche, and yong, and wel bigoon;
And trewly, as mye housbondes tolde me,
I had the beste *quoniam* mighte be.
For certes, I am al Venerien
In felling, and myn herte is Marcien.
Venus me yaf my lust, my likerousnesse,
And Mars yaf me my sturdy hardinesse.
Myn ascendent was Taur, and Mars ther-inne.
Allas! alas! that ever love was sinne!
I folwed ay myn inclinacioun
By vertu of my constellacioun
That made me I coude noght withdrawe
My chambre of Venus from a good felawe.
Yet have I Martes mark up-on my face,
And also in another privee place.
For, god so wis be my salvacioun,
I ne loved never by no discrecioun,
But ever flowede myn appetyt,
Al were he short or long, or blak or whyt;
I took no kepe, so that he lyked me,
How pore he was, ne eek of what degree.

Chaucer

I grieve; and dare not show my discontent!
I love; and yet am forced to seem to hate!
I do; yet dare not say, I ever meant!

The He and the She: The She

I seem stark mute; but inwardly do prate!
I am, and not; I freeze, and yet am
burned;
Since from myself, my other self I turned!

My care is like my shadow in the sun;
Follows me, flying! flies, when I pursue it!
Stands and lies by me! do'th what I have done!
Thus too familiar Care doth make me rue it!
Nor means I find, to rid him from my
breast,
Till, by the end of things, it be supprest.

Some gentler Passions slide into my mind;
For I am soft, and made of melting snow.
Or be more cruel, Love! and so be kind:
Let me, or float, or sink! be high, or low!
Or let me live with some more sweet
content;
Or die! and so forget what Love e'er
meant.

Attr. to Queen Elizabeth

In the end, bed time comming on, she caused her maid in a merriment to pluck off his hose and shooes, and caused him to be laid in his master's best bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very faire curtaines. *John* being thus preferred, thought himselfe a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour and a good supper, quickly fell asleepe.

About midnight, the Widow being cold on her feet, crept into her mans bed to warme them. *John*

The English in Love

feeling one lift up the cloathes, asked who was there? O good *John* it is I (quoth the Widow); the night is so extreme cold, and my Chamber walles so thin, that I am like to bee starved in my bed, wherefore rather than I would any way hazard my health, I thought it much better to come hither and try your courtesie, to have a little room beside you.

John being a kind yongue man, would not say her nay, and so they spend the rest of the night both together in one bed. In the morning betime she arose up and made her selfe readie, and wild her man *John* to run and fetch her a linke with all speede: for (quoth shee) I have earnest businesse to doe this morning. Her man did so. Which done, shee made him to carry the Linke before her, untill she came to Saint Batholmewes Chappell, where Sir *John* the Priest with the Clark and Sexton, stood waiting for her.

When they were come in, the Priest according to his order, came to her, and asked where the Bridegroom was?

(Quoth she) I thought he had been here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit downe and say over my Beades, and by that time hee will come.

John mused at this matter, to see his Dame should so suddenly be married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The Widow rising from her prayers, the Priest told her that the Bridegroom was not yet come.

Is it true (quoth the Widow)? I promise you I will stay no longer for him, if hee were as good as *George a Green*: and therefore dispatch (quoth she) and marry mee to my man *John*.

The He and the She: The She

Why Dame (quoth he) you do but jest.

I trow *John* (quoth shee) I jest not: for so I meane it shall bee, and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise mee on your faith, not to hinder mee when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to set it forward: therefore set your link aside, and give mee your hand: for none but you shall be my husband.

John seeing no remedy, consented, because hee saw the matter could not otherwise bee amended; and married they were presently.

Thomas Deloney

Master Barnes. But tell me, wench, hast thou a minde to marry?

Mall. This question is too hard for bashfulnes; And, father, now ye pose my modestie. I am a maide, and when ye aske me thus, I like a maide must blush, looke pale and wan, And then looke pale againe; for we change colour As our thoughts change. With true fac'd passion Of modest maidenhead I could adorne me, And to your question make a sober cursie And with close clipt civilitie be silent; Or else say "no, forsooth," or "I forsooth." If I said "no, forsooth," I lyed, forsooth: To lye upon myselfe were deadly sinne, Therefore I will speake truth, and shame the divell. Father, when first I heard you name a husband, At that same very name my spirits quickened. Dispaire before had kild them, they were dead: Because it was my hap so long to tarry, I was perswaded I should never marry;

The English in Love

And, sitting sowing, thus upon the ground
I fell in traunce of meditation;
But comming to my selfe, "O Lord," said I,
And being angry, father, farther said,
"Now, by saint Anne, I will not dye a maide!"
Good faith, before I came to this ripe groath,
I did accuse the labouring time of sloath:
Me thought the yeere did run but slow about,
For I thought each yeare ten I was without.
Being foureteene and toward the other yeare,
Good Lord, thought I, fifteene will nere be heere!
For I have heard my mother say that then
Prittie maides were fit for handsome men:
Fifteene past, sixeteene, and seventeene too,
What, thought I, will not this husband do?
Will no man marry me? have men forsworne
Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be
 worne,
As rich men's gownes, more with age then use?
Why, then I let restrained fansie loose,
And bad it gaze for pleasure; then love swore me
To doe what ere my mother did before me;
Yet, in good faith, I was very loath,
But now it lyes in you to save my oath:
If I shall have a husband, get him quickly,
For maides that weares corke shooes may step
 awry.

Henry Porter

She is ill at ease, and sick till she see him again,
peevish in the meantime, discontent, heavy, sad;
and why comes he not? where is he? why breaks
he promise? why tarries he so long? sure he is not

The He and the She: The She

well; sure he hath some mischance; sure he forgets himself and me; with infinite such. And then, confident again, up she gets, out she looks, listens and inquires, hearkens, kens; every man afar off is sure he, every stirring in the street, now he is here, that's he, *male auroræ, male soli dicit, dejeratque*, etc., the longest day that ever was, so she raves, restless and impatient. . . .

Burton

Julia. . . . I am sudden with you:

We that are great women of pleasure use to
cut off

These uncertain wishes and unquiet longings,
And in an instant join the sweet delight

And the pretty excuse together. Had you been
in the street,

Under my chamber-window, even there
I should have courted you.

Bosola O, you are an excellent lady!

Webster

"Sheep-spirited boy! Although he had not
married me,

He might have proffered kindness in a corner,
And ne'er have been the worse for't."

Ford

It is a punishment to love,
And not to love a punishment doth prove;
But of all paines there's no such paine,
As 'tis to love and not be lov'd againe.

The English in Love

Till sixteene parents we obey,
After sixteene men steale our hearts away:
How wretched are we women growne,
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are
ne'er our owne!

Cowley

Love is a Passion that hath Friends in the Garri-son, and for that reason must by a Woman be kept at such a distance, that she may not be within danger of doing the most usual thing in the World, which is conspiring against her Self: Else the humble Gallant, who is only admitted as a Trophy, very often becometh the Conqueror; he putteth on the style of victory, and from an *Admirer* groweth into a *Master*, for so he may be called from the moment he is in Possession. The first Resolutions of stopping at good Opinion and Esteem, grow weaker by degrees against the Charms of *Courtship* skilfully applied. A Lady is apt to think a Man speaketh so much reason whilst he is *Commending* her, that she hath much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making Love to her.

Lord Halifax

Lady Flippant. Methinks you look a little yellow on't, Mr. Dapperwit. I hope you do not censure me because you find me passing away a night with this fool:—he is not a man to be jealous of, sure.

Dapperwit. You are not a lady to be jealous of, sure.

Lady Flippant. No, certainly. But why do you look as if you were jealous then?

The He and the She: The She

Dapperwit. If I had met you in Whetstone's park, with a drunken foot-soldier, I should not have been jealous of you.

Lady Flippant. Fy, fy! now you are jealous, certainly; for people always, when they grow jealous, grow rude:—but I can pardon it since it proceeds from love certainly.

Dapperwit. I am out of all hopes to be rid of this eternal old acquaintance: when I jeer her, she thinks herself praised; now I call her a whore in plain English she thinks I am jealous. [*aside.*]

Lady Flippant. Sweet, Mr. Dapperwit, be not so censorious (I speak for your sake, not my own), for jealousy is a great torment, but my honour cannot suffer certainly.

Dapperwit. No, certainly; but the greatest torment I have is—your love.

Lady Flippant. Alas! sweet Mr. Dapperwit, indeed love is a torment: but 'tis a sweet torment; but jealousy is a bitter torment—I do not go about to cure you of the torment of my love.

Dapperwit. 'Tis a sign so.

Lady Flippant. Come, come, look up, man; is that a rival to contest with you.

Dapperwit. I will contest with no rival, not with my old rival your coachman; but they have heartily my resignation; and, to do you a favour, but myself a greater, I will help you to tie the knot you are fumbling for now, betwixt your cully here and you.

Lady Flippant. Go, go, I take that kind of jealousy worst of all, to suspect I would be debauched to beastly matrimony. . . .

Wycherley

The English in Love

Lady Brute. . . . What hogs men turn, Belinda, when they grow weary of women!

Belinda. And what owls they are, whilst they are fond of 'em.

Lady Brute. But that we may forgive well enough, because they are so upon our accounts.

Belinda. We ought to do so, indeed; but 'tis a hard matter. For when a man is really in love, he looks so unsufferably silly, that tho' a woman lik'd him well enough before, she had then much ado to endure the sight of him: And this I take to be the reason why lovers are so generously ill-us'd.

Lady Brute. Well, I own, now, I'm well enough pleased to see a man look like an ass for me.

Belinda. Ay, I'm pleased he should look like an ass, too; that is, I'm pleased with myself for making him look so.

Lady Brute. Nay, truly, I think if he'd find some other way to express his passion, 'twould be more to his advantage.

Belinda. Yes; for then a woman might like his passion and him too.

Lady Brute. Yet, Belinda, after all, a woman's life would be but a dull business, if it were not for men; and men that can look like asses, too. . . .

Vanbrugh

Cynthia. Indeed, madam! Is it possible your ladyship could have been so much in love?

Lady Froth. I could not sleep; I did not sleep one wink for three weeks together.

Cynthia. Prodigious! I wonder want of sleep,

The He and the She: The She

and so much love, and so much wit as your ladyship has, did not turn your brain.

Lady Froth. O my dear Cynthia, you must not rally your friend. But really, as you say, I wonder too—but then I had a way: for between you and I, I had whimsies and vapours, but I gave them vent.

Cynthia. How pray, madam?

Lady Froth. O I writ, writ abundantly—do you never write?

Cynthia. Write what?

Lady Froth. Songs, elegies, satires, encomiums, panegyrics, lampoons, plays, or heroic poems.

Cynthia. O Lord, not I, madam; I'm content to be a courteous reader.

Lady Froth. O inconsistent! in love, and not write!

Congreve

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of latter spring, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal.

Addison

Lucinda. . . . My mother says 'tis indecent for me to let my thoughts stray about the person of my husband, nay, she says a maid, rigidly virtuous,

The English in Love

though she may have been where her lover was a thousand times, should not have made observations enough to know him from another man when she sees him in a third place.

Phillis. That is more than the severity of a nun, for not to see when one may is hardly possible; not to see when one can't is very easy. At this rate, madam, there are a great many whom you have not seen who——

Lucinda. Mamma says the first time you see your husband should be at that instant he is made so. When your father, with the help of the minister, gives you to him, then you are to see him, then you are to observe him and take notice of him; because then you are to obey him.

Phillis. But does not my lady remember you are to love as well as obey?

Lucinda. To love is a passion, it is a desire, and we must have no desires. Oh, I cannot endure the reflection!

Steele

What! put off with one denial!
And not make a second trial!
You might see my eyes consenting!
All about me was relenting!
Women, obliged to dwell in forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly storms!

Lovers! when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish;
To the Nymph, you'll be more pleasing,
When those sorrows you are ceasing!

The He and the She: The She

We love to try, how far Men dare;
And never wish the foe should spare!

John Philips

Mrs. Sullen. Well, sister!

Dorinda. And well, sister!

Mrs. Sullen. What's become of my lord?

Dorinda. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. Sullen. Servant! he's a prettier fellow, and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees, than his master.

Dorinda. O my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows-foot!

Mrs. Sullen. O my conscience I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dorinda. You desired me, sister, to leave you, when you transgressed the bounds of honour.

Mrs. Sullen. Thou dear censorious country girl! what dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bedfellow, I find.

Dorinda. I don't find anything unnatural in that thought: while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. Sullen. How a little love and good company improves a woman! Why, child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dorinda. Because I was never spoke to. My lord has told me that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sullen. You're in the right, Dorinda; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread; and she's a fool that won't believe a man

The English in Love

there, as much as she that believes him in anything else. But I'll lay a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you did.

Dorinda. Done! What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sullen. My fellow took the picture of Venus for mine.

Dorinda. But my lover took me for Venus herself.

Mrs. Sullen. Common cant! Had my spark called me a Venus directly, I should have believed him a footman in good earnest.

Dorinda. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sullen. And mine was upon his tiptoes to me.

Dorinda. Mine vowed to die for me.

Mrs. Sullen. Mine swore to die with me.

Dorinda. Mine spoke the softest moving things.

Mrs. Sullen. Mine had his moving things too.

Dorinda. Mine kissed my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sullen. Mine has all that pleasure to come.

Dorinda. Mine offered marriage.

Mrs. Sullen. O Lord! d'ye call that a moving thing?

Dorinda. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister! Why, my ten thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill-natured clown like yours. Whereas, if I marry my Lord Aimwell, there will be title, place, and precedence, the Park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendour, equip-

The He and the She: The She

age, noise, and flambeaux. *Hey, my Lady Aimwell's servants there: Lights, lights to the stairs! My Lady's Aimwell's coach put forward! Stand by, make room for her ladyship!* Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. Sullen. Happy, happy sister! your angel had been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept regardless of his charge. Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me! [Weeps.]

Dorinda. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sullen. O Dorinda! I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul, easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge. And must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dorinda. Meaning your husband, I suppose?

Mrs. Sullen. Husband! no; even husband is too soft a name for him. But, come, I expect my brother here to-night, or to-morrow: he was abroad when my father married me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Dorinda. Will you promise not to make yourself easy in the meantime with my lord's friend?

Mrs. Sullen. You mistake me, sister. It happens with us as among the men, the greatest talkers are the greatest cowards! and there's a reason for it; those spirits evaporate in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course. Though, to confess the truth, I do love that fellow; and if I met him dressed as he should be, and I undressed as I should be—look'ee, sister,

The English in Love

I have no supernatural gifts—I can't swear I could resist the temptation; though I can safely promise to avoid it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

Farquhar

... You may be sure a woman loves a man when she uses his expressions, tells his stories or imitates his manner. This gives a secret delight; for imitation is a kind of artless flattery, and mightily favours the powerful principle of self-love.

Eustace Budgell

Strephon has Fashion, Wit, and Youth;
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but Love and Truth,
To ruin me with ease!

But he is flint! and bears the art
To kindle strong desire;
His power inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire!

Alas! it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the Sex;
Or, what's worse, love them all!

My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest!
Finding no hope to fix my love,
Returns into my breast!

Mrs Taylor

“ You would not sure, madam,” said Booth, “ desire a sacrifice which I must be a villain to make to any? ” “ Desire! ” answered she, “ are there any bounds to the desires of love? Have not I been sacrificed—hath not my first love been torn from my bleeding heart? I claim a prior right. As for sacrifices, I can make them too, and would sacrifice the whole world at the least call of my love.”

Fielding

It is happy, said Mrs. Neighbourly, for our weakly and over affectionate sex, that God has been pleased to fix a monitor within us, who struggles against our inclinations, who fights against our affections, and is, with difficulty, won over to acquiesce in our desires, I know not else what might become of the most of womankind.

But then said Mrs. Vindex, are we not rather to be pitied, that, even when our propensities are warrantable, we are prohibited by custom from giving any intimation thereof to the object; while the licentious reprobate, man, roves and riots at large, and unreproved, beyond the pale over which it is treason for us to look?

Henry Brooke

Genteel is my Damon, engaging his Air!
His face, like the morn, is both ruddy and fair!
Soft Love sits enthroned on the beam of his eyes!
He's manly, yet tender! He's fond, and yet wise!

The English in Love

He's ever good-humoured! He's generous and
gay!

His presence can always drive Sorrow away!
No vanity sways him, no folly is seen;
But open his temper, and noble his mien.

By virtue illumined his actions appear!
His Passions are calm, and his reason is clear.
An affable sweetness attends on his speech!
He is willing to learn, though he's able to teach!

He has promised to love me! His word I'll
believe;

For his heart is too honest to let him deceive!
Then blame me, ye Fair Ones! if justly ye can;
Since the picture I've drawn is exactly the Man!

Queen Charlotte

"I must be loved," said Sybil, "I must see
The man in terrors who aspires to me;
At my forbidding frown his heart must ache,
His tongue must falter, and his frame must
shake:

And if I grant him at my feet to kneel,
What trembling, fearful pleasure must he feel;
Nay, such the raptures that my smiles inspire,
That reason's self must for a time retire."

"Alas! for good *Josiah*," said the dame,
"These wicked thoughts would fill his soul
with shame;

He kneel and tremble at a thing of dust!
He cannot, child: "—the Child replied, "He
must."

Crabbe

The He and the She: The She

“ While, Strephon! thus you tease one
To say, What won my heart?
It cannot, sure, be treason,
If I the truth impart!

“ ’Twas not your smile, though charming!
’Twas not your eyes, though bright!
’Twas not your bloom, though warming!
Nor beauty’s dazzling light!

“ ’Twas not your dress, though shining;
Nor shape, that made me sigh!
’Twas not your tongue, combining;
For that, I knew—might lie!

“ No! ’Twas your generous nature,
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay!
It shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away! ”

Anthony Whistler

“ . . . I was only too ready, too glad, to believe all that I was told, all that appeared in that spring-time of hope and love. I was very romantic, not in the modern fashionable young-lady sense of the word, with the mixed ideas of a shepherdess’s hay and the paraphernalia of a peeress—love in a cottage, and a fashionable house in town. No; mine was honest, pure, real romantic love—absurd if you will; it was love nursed by imagination more than by hope. I had early, in my secret soul, as perhaps you have at this instant in yours, a pattern of perfection—something chivalrous, noble, something

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that is no longer to be seen nowadays, the more delightful to imagine, the moral sublime and beautiful; more than human, yet with the extreme of human tenderness. Mine was to be a demigod whom I could worship, a husband to whom I could always look up, with whom I could always sympathise, and to whom I could devote myself with all a woman's self-devotion. I had then a vast idea—as I think you have now, Helen—of self-devotion; . . . but I could not shape any of my friends into a fit object. So after my own imagination I made one, dwelt upon it, doated on it, and at last threw this bright image of my own fancy full upon the being to whom I thought I was most happily destined—destined by duty, chosen by affection. The words 'I love you' once pronounced, I gave my whole heart in return, gave it, sanctified, as I felt, by religion. I had high religious sentiments; a vow once past the lips, a link, a single look of appeal to Heaven, was as much for me as if pronounced at the altar, and before thousands to witness. Some time was to elapse before the celebration of our marriage. Protracted engagements are unwise, yet I should not say so; this gave me time to open my eyes—my bewitched eyes: still, some months I passed in a trance of beatification, with visions of duties all performed—benevolence universal, and gratitude, and high success, and crowns of laurel for my hero, for he was a military; it all joined well in my fancy. All the pictures tale of vast heroic deeds were to be his. Living, I was to live in the radiance of his honour; or dying, to die with him, and then to be most blessed.

Maria Edgeworth

The He and the She: The She

I ask no kind return in Love!

No tempting charm to please!
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of Joy, or Woe;
But, turning, trembles too!

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree!
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
Beyond—is agony!

Then take this treach'rous Sense of mine!
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart!

O, haste to shed the sov'reign balm!
My shattered nerves new-string!
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The Nymph, Indifference, bring!

Mrs. Greville

Women subjected by ignorance to their sensations, and only taught to look for happiness in love, refine on sensual feelings, and adopt metaphysical notions respecting that passion, which lead them shamefully to neglect the duties of life, and frequently in the midst of these sublime refinements they plump into actual vice.

Mary Wollstonecraft

The English in Love

Alas, the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing:
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as real
Torture is theirs—what they inflict they feel.

They are right: for man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to women: one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust:
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts
despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage—and what rests
beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.

Some take a lover, some take drams or prayers,
Some mind their household, others dissipation;
Some run away, and but exchange their cares,
Losing the advantage of a virtuous station;
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,
Theirs being an unnatural situation,
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel;
Some play the devil, and then write a novel.

Byron

The He and the She: The She

But oh, the night: oh, bitter-sweet! oh, sweet:
O dark, O moon and stars, O ecstasy
Of darkness! O great mystery of love,—
In which absorbed, loss, anguish, treason's self
Enlarges rapture,—as a pebble dropt
In some full wine-cup, over-brims the wine!
While we two sate together, leaned that night
So close, my very garments crept and thrilled
With strange electric life; and both my cheeks
Grew red, then pale, with touches from my hair
In which his breath was; while the golden
moon

Was hung before our faces as the badge
Of some sublime inherited despair,
Since ever to be seen by only one,—
A voice said, low and rapid as a sigh,
Yet breaking, I felt conscious, from a smile,—
“Thank God, who made me blind, to make
me see!

Shine on, Aurora, dearest light of souls,
Which rul'st for evermore both day and night!
I am happy.”

Mrs Browning

O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across the
wild
That no man knows. Indeed I love thee; come,
Yield thyself up! My hopes and thine are one:
Accomplish thou thy manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

Tennyson

The English in Love

With whom shall a young lady fall in love but with the person she sees? She is not supposed to lose her heart in a dream, like a Princess in the "Arabian Nights," or to plight her young affections to the portrait of a gentleman in the Exhibition, or a sketch in the *Illustrated London News*. You have an instinct within you which inclines you to attach yourself to some one: you meet Somebody: you hear Somebody constantly praised: you walk, or ride, or waltz, or talk, or sit in the same pew at church with Somebody: you meet again, and again, and—"Marriages are made in Heaven," your dear mamma says, pinning your orange-flowers wreath on, with her blessed eyes dimmed with tears—and there is a wedding breakfast, and you take off your white satin and retire to your coach-and-four, and you and he are a happy pair. Or, the affair is broken off, and then, poor dear wounded heart! why, then you meet Somebody Else, and twine your young affections round number two. It is your nature to do so. Do you suppose it is all for the man's sake that you love, and not a bit for your own? Do you suppose you would drink if you were not thirsty, or eat if you were not hungry?

Thackeray

Once I thought I could adore him,
Rich or poor, beloved the same;
Now I hate him, and abhor him—
Now I loathe his very name—
Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

The He and the She: The She

If my hatred could consume him,
Soul and body, heart and brain,
If my will had power to doom him
To eternity of pain;
I would strike—and die, confessing
That I had not lived in vain.

Oh, if in my bosom lying
I could work him deadly scathe!
Oh, if I could clasp him, dying,
And receive his parting breath—
In one burst of burning passion
I would kiss him into death!

I would cover with embraces
Lips that once his love confessed,
And that falsest of false faces,
Mad, enraptured, unrepressed:—
Then in agony of pity
I would die upon his breast.

Charles Mackay

. . . as she concluded, her delicate hand came sweeping out with a heaven-taught gesture of large and sovereign cordiality, that made even the honest words and the divine tones more eloquent. It was too much; the young man, ardent as herself, and not, in reality, half so timorous, caught fire; and seeing a white, eloquent hand rather near him, caught it, and pressed his warm lips on it in mute adoration and gratitude.

At this she was scared and offended. "Oh! keep that for the Queen!" cried she, turning

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scarlet, and tossing her fair head into the air, like a startled stag; and she drew her hand away quickly and decidedly, though not roughly. He stammered a lowly apology—in the very middle of it she said quietly, “Good-bye, Mr. Hardie,” and swept, with a gracious little curtsy, through the doorway, leaving him spellbound.

And so the virginal instinct of self-defence carried her off swiftly and cleverly. But none too soon, for, on entering the house, that external composure her two mothers, mesdames Dodd and Nature had taught her, fell from her like a veil, and she fluttered up the stairs to her own room with hot cheeks, and panted there like some wild thing that has been grasped at and grazed. She felt young Hardie’s lips upon the palm of her hand plainly; they seemed to linger there still; it was like light but live velvet. This, and the ardent look he had poured into her eyes, set the young creature quivering. Nobody had looked at her so before, and no young gentleman had imprinted living velvet on her hand. She was alarmed, ashamed and uneasy. What right had he to look at her like that? What shadow of a right to go and kiss her hand? He could not pretend to think she had put it out to be kissed? Ladies put forth the back of the hand for that, not the palm. The truth was he was an impudent fellow, and she hated him now, and herself too, for being so simple as to let him talk to her; mamma would not have been so imprudent when she was a girl.

She would not go down, for she felt there must be something of this kind legibly branded on her face: “Oh! oh! just look at this young lady! She

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has been letting a young gentleman kiss the palm of her hand; and the feel has not gone off yet; you may see that by her cheeks."

But then . . . she must go down.

So she put a wet towel to her tell-tale cheeks, and dried them by artistic dabs, avoiding friction, and came downstairs like a mouse, and turned the door handle noiselessly, and glided into the sitting-room looking so transparent, conscious and all on fire with beauty and animation, that even Edward was startled, and, in a whisper, bade his mother observe what a pretty girl she was.

Charles Reade

"I love memory to-night," she said: "I prize her as my best friend. She is just now giving me a deep delight: she is bringing back to my heart, in warm and beautiful life, realities—not mere empty ideas, but what were once realities, and that I long have thought decayed, dissolved, mixed in with grave-mould. I possess just now the hours, the thoughts, the hopes of my youth. I renew the love of my life—its only love—almost its only affection, for I am not a particularly good woman: I am not amiable. Yet I have had my feelings, strong and concentrated: and these feelings had their object; which, in its single self, was dear to me, as, to the majority of men and women, are all the unnumbered points on which they dissipate their regard. While I loved, and while I was loved, what an existence I enjoyed! What a glorious year I can recall—how bright it comes back to me! What a living spring—what a warm, glad summer—what

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soft moonlight, silvering the autumn evenings—what strength of hope under the ice-bound waters and frost-hoar fields of that year's winter! Through that year my heart lived with Frank's heart. O my noble Frank—my faithful Frank—my *good* Frank! so much better than myself—his standard in all things so much higher! This I can now see and say: if few women have suffered as I did in his loss, few have enjoyed what I did in his love. It was a far better kind of love than common; I had no doubts about it or him; it was such a love as honoured, protected, and elevated, no less than it gladdened her to whom it was given. Let me now ask, just at this moment, when my mind is so strangely clear,—let me reflect why it was taken from me. For what crime was I condemned, after twelve months of bliss, to undergo thirty years of sorrow? ”

Charlotte Brontë

“ Constance, I know not how it is with men:
For women (I am a woman now like you)
There is no good of life but love—but love!
What else looks good is some shade flung
from love;
Love gilds it, gives it worth. Be warned by
me,
Never you cheat yourself one instant! Love,
Give love, ask only love, and leave the rest! ”

Browning

Nesta once had dreams of her being loved: and she was to love in return for a love that excused her

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for loving double, treble; as not her lover could love, she thought with grateful pride in the treasure she was to pour out at his feet; as only one or two (and they were women) in the world had ever loved. Her notion of the passion was parasitic: man the tree, woman the bine; but the bine was flame to enwind and to soar, serpent to defend, immortal flowers to crown.

Meredith

Because you never yet have loved me, dear,
Think you you never can nor ever will?
Surely while life remains hope lingers still,
Hope the last blossom of life's dying year.

Because the season and mine age grow sere,
Shall never Spring bring forth her daffodil,
Shall never sweeter Summer feast her fill
Of roses with the nightingales they hear?
If you had loved me, I not loving you,
If you had urged me with the tender plea
Of what our unknown years to come might do
(Eternal years, if Time should count too few),
I would have owned the point you pressed
on me,
Was possible, or probable, or true.

Christina Rossetti

I know it will not ease the smart;
I know it will increase the pain;
'Tis torture to a wounded heart;
Yet, O! to see him once again.

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Tho' other lips be press'd to his,
And other arms about him twine,
And tho' another reign in bliss
In that true heart that once was
mine;

Yet, O! I cry it in my grief,
I cry it blindly in my pain,
I know it will not bring relief,
Yet O, to see him once again.

Arthur Gray Butler

Sigh, heart, and break not; rest, lark, and wake
not:

Day I hear coming to draw my Love away.
As mere-waves whisper, and clouds grow crisper,
Ah, like a rose he will waken up with day!

In moon-light lonely, he is my Love only,
I share with none when Luna rides in grey.
As dawn-beams quicken, my rivals thicken,
The light and deed and turmoil of the day.

To watch my sleeper to me is sweeter
Than any waking words my Love can say;
In dreams he finds me and closer winds me!
Let him rest by me a little more and stay.

Ah, mine eyes, close not; and, tho' he knows not,
My lips, on his be tender while you may;
Ere leaves are shaken, and ring-doves waken,
And infant buds begun to scent new day.

The He and the She: The She

Fair Darkness, measure thine hours, as treasure
Shed each one slowly from thine urn, I pray;
Hoard in and cover each from my lover;
I cannot lose him yet; dear night, delay!

Each moment dearer, true-love lie nearer,
My hair shall blind thee lest thou see the ray;
My locks encumber thine ears in slumber,
Lest any bird dare give thee note of day.

He rests so calmly; we lie so warmly;
Hand within hand, as children after play—
In shafted amber on roof and chamber
Dawn enters; my Love wakens; here is day.
Lord de Tabley

Christina was in love, as indeed she had been twenty times already. But then Christina was impressionable and could not even hear the name "Missolonghi" mentioned without bursting into tears. When Theobald accidentally left his sermon case behind him one Sunday, she slept with it in her bosom and was forlorn when she had as it were to disgorge it on the following Sunday; but I do not think Theobald ever took so much as an old toothbrush of Christina's to bed with him.

Samuel Butler

Alfred.

Mabel, we shall meet while morning launches
Rosy sails along the billowy gray!

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Mabel.

Here each morn beneath these sacred branches
Will I come and pray.

Bring my kisses back: take heed, my darling.

How you tempt the watchful wolves of Fate!

Oh, remember, when their lips are snarling,

Mabel's lips that wait—

You are mine, remember: eyes of passion,

Lips and brow—yes, every sunburnt line!

Breath that comes and goes in Love's swift
fashion—

Mine, remember, mine!

Bring my kisses back! To live without them—

That were death indeed—mine only fear!—

Life henceforth will be a dream about them;

Bring them back, my dear!

Watts-Dunton

“... Only if one loved and found out one's mistake when it was too late!”

“That, Margaret, must be a misery almost unendurable. May God preserve you from it! The anguish of buried love or unrequited love can be nothing compared with that which mourns a sure *unworthiness*!”

“Yet still, having once given one's affections, I suppose they could not be withdrawn?”

“I cannot tell, for I was never tried. So dreadful an alternative I well believe can never be my lot; my husband was a true Christian man when first I learned to care for him. Trust me, Margaret, there is no safeguard but that. A man may be moral, amiable, intellectual, high-minded, all that

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is pure and lovely, as the world counts purity and loveliness, but not to be relied on unless his principle of goodness is founded on a rock—on *the Rock* I should have said.”

“That Rock being Christ?”

“Certainly. In *His* love there is a constraining power with which no other spring of action can even for a second compare. Marry a Christian man, Margaret, if you wish to be happy.”

Emma Jane Worboise

... Do not despise this poor Lucy if she accepted her cousin's forgotten lover with humble thankfulness; nay, with a tumult of wild delight, and with joyful fear and trembling. She loved him so well, and had loved him so long. Forgive and pity her, for she was one of those pure and innocent creatures, whose whole being resolves itself into *affection*; to whom passion, anger, and pride are unknown; who live only to love, and who love until death. Talbot Bulstrode told Lucy Floyd that he had loved Aurora with the whole strength of his soul, but that, now the battle was over, he, the stricken warrior, needed a consoler for his declining days: would she, could she give her hand to one who would strive to the utmost to fulfil a husband's duty, and to make her happy? Happy! She would have been happy if he had asked her to be his slave, happy if she could have been a scullery-maid at Bulstrode castle, so that she might have seen the dark face she loved once or twice a day through the obscure panes of some kitchen window.

But she was the most undemonstrative of

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women, and, except by her blushes and her drooping eyelids, and the tear-drops trembling upon the soft curling lashes, she made no reply to the captain's appeal, until at last, taking her hand in his he won from her a low-consenting murmur which meant Yes.

Miss Braddon

"In love!" she echoed, with less languor and more of impetuosity than she had ever displayed, "are you ever in love, any of you, ever? You have senses and vanity and an inordinate fear of not being in the fashion—and so you take your lovers as you drink your stimulants and wear your wigs and tie your skirts back—because everybody else does it, and not to do it is to be odd, or prudish, or something you would hate to be called. Love! It is an unknown thing to you all. You have a sort of miserable hectic passion, perhaps, that is a drug you take as you take chlorodyne—just to excite you and make your jaded nerves a little alive again, and yet you are such cowards that you have not even the courage of passion, but label your drug Friendship, and beg Society to observe that you only keep it for family uses like arnica or like glycerine. You want notoriety; you want to indulge your fancies, and yet keep your place in the world. You like to drag a young man about by a chain, as if he were the dancing monkey that you depended upon for subsistence. You like other women to see that you are not too *passée* to be every whit as improper as if you were twenty. You like to advertise your successes as it were with

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drum and trumpet, because if you did not, people might begin to doubt that you had any. You like all that, and you like to feel there is nothing you do not know and no length you have not gone, and so you ring all the changes on all the varieties of intrigue and sensuality, and go over the gamut of sickly sentiment and nauseous license as an orchestra tunes its strings up every night! That is what all you people call love; I am content enough to have no knowledge of it."

Ouida

In reality, she was drifting into acquiescence. Every sec-saw of her breath, every wave of her blood, every pulse singing in her ears, was a voice that joined with nature in revolt against her scrupulousness. Reckless, inconsiderate acceptance of him; to close with him at the altar, revealing nothing, and chancing discovery; to snatch ripe pleasure before the iron teeth of pain could have time to shut upon her: that was what love counselled; and in almost a terror of ecstasy Tess divined that, despite her many months of lonely self-chastisement, wrestlings, communings, schemes to lead a future of austere isolation, love's counsel would prevail.

Hardy

Madge could never make up her mind whether he had entangled her or she him. In truth, love entangled them both; and Madge found that love

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suited her excellently. It improved her health; it enlarged her knowledge of herself and of the world; it explained her rôles to her, thawed the springs of emotion that had never flowed freely before either on or off the stage, threw down a barrier that had fenced her in from her kind, and replaced her vague aspiration, tremors, doubts, and fits of low spirits with an elate enjoyment in which she felt that she was a woman at last. Nevertheless, her attachment to the unconscious instrument of this mysterious change proved transient. The acting manager had but slender intellectual resources: when his courtship grew stale, he became a bore. After a while, their professional engagements carried them asunder, and as a correspondent he soon broke down. Madge did not feel the parting: she found a certain delight in being fancy free, and before that was exhausted she was already dreaming of a new lover, an innocent young English-opera librettist, whom she infatuated and ensnared, and who came nearer than she suspected to blowing out his brains from remorse at having, as he thought, ensnared her. His love for her was abject in its devotion: but at last she went elsewhere, and, as her letters also presently ceased, his parents, with much trouble, managed to convince him at last that she no longer cared for him.

It must not be supposed that these proceedings cost Madge her self-respect. She stood on her honour according to her own instinct, took no gifts, tolerated no advances from men whose affections were not truly touched, absorbed all her passion in her art when there were no such deserving claimants, never sold herself or threw herself away,

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would content herself at any time with poetry without love rather than endure love without poetry.

Bernard Shaw

Without being in the least aware of it, and quite innocently, Janet had painted a picture of the young man, Edwin Clayhanger, which intensified a hundredfold the strong romantic piquancy of Hilda's brief vision of him. In an instant Hilda saw her ideal future—that future which had loomed grandiose, indefinite, and strange—she saw it quite precise and simple as the wife of such a creature as Edwin Clayhanger. The change was astounding in its abruptness. She saw all the delightful and pure vistas of love with a man, subtle, baffling and benevolent, and above all superior; with a man who would be respected by a whole town as a pillar of society, while bringing to his intimacy with herself an exotic and wistful quality which neither she nor any one could possibly define. She asked: "What attracts me in him? I don't know. *I like him.*" She who had never spoken to him! She who never before had vividly seen herself as married to a man! He was clever; he was sincere; he was kind; he was trustworthy; he would have wealth and importance and reputation. All this was good; but all this would have been indifferent to her, had there not been an enigmatic and inscrutable and unprecedented something in his face, in his bearing, which challenged and inflamed her imagination.

. . . of herself she thought, with new agitations:

The English in Love

"I am innocent now! I am a girl now! But one day I shall be so no longer. One day I shall be a woman. One day I shall be in the power and possession of some man—if not this man, then some other. Everything happens; and this will happen!" And the hazardous strangeness of life enchanted her.

Arnold Bennett

. . . In all this her own reputation concerned her not at all. Life, and her clear way of looking at things, had rooted in her the conviction that to a woman the preciousness of her reputation was a fiction invented by men entirely for man's benefit; a second-hand fetish insidiously, inevitably set up by men for worship, in novels, plays, and law courts. Her instinct told her that men could not feel secure in the possession of their women unless they could believe that women set tremendous store by sexual reputation. What they wanted to believe, that they did believe! But she knew otherwise. Such great-minded women as she had met or read of had always left on her the impression that reputation for them was a matter of the spirit, having little to do with sex. From her own feelings she knew that reputation, for a simple woman, meant to stand well in the eyes of him or her whom she loved best. For worldly women—and there were so many kinds of those, besides the merely fashionable—she had always noted that its value was not intrinsic, but commercial; not a crown of dignity, but just a marketable asset. She

The He and the She: The She

did not dread in the least what people might say of her friendship with Miltoun; nor did she feel at all that her indissoluble marriage forbade her loving him. She had secretly felt free as soon as she had discovered that she had never really loved her husband. . . . The man who was still her husband was now as dead to her as if he had never been born. She could not marry again, it was true; but she could and did love. If that love was to be starved and die away, it would not be because of any moral scruples.

Galsworthy

Now I am all
One bowl of kisses,
Such as the tall
Slim votaresses
Of Egypt filled
For a God's excesses.

I lift to you
My bowl of kisses,
And through the temple's
Blue recesses
Cry out to you
In wild caresses.

And to my lips'
Bright crimson rim
The passion slips,
And down my slim
White body drips
The shining hymn.

The English in Love

And still before
The altar I
Exult the bowl
Brimful, and cry
To you to stoop
And drink, Most High.

Oh drink me up
That I may be
Within your cup
Like a mystery,
Like wine that is still
In ecstasy.

Glimmering still
In ecstasy,
Commingled wines
Of you and me
In one fulfil
The mystery.

D. H. Lawrence

All his love—all of it, at any rate, that was articulate and all of it that, in the days of his courtship, was in the least ardent—was in his letters. The arrangement suited Marjorie perfectly. She would have liked to go on indefinitely making cultured and verbally burning love by post. She liked the idea of love; what she did not like was lovers, except at a distance and in imagination. A correspondence course of passion was, for her, the perfect and ideal relationship with a man . . . with his face-to-face shyness and his postal freedom and

The He and the She: The She

ardour, Walter had seemed in Marjorie's eyes to combine the best points of both sexes. And then he was so deeply interested in everything she did and thought and felt. . . .

"Love," she read dimly, through the tears, in the next letter, "love can transform physical into spiritual desire; it has the magic power to turn the body into pure soul. . . ."

Yes, he had had those desires too. Even he. All men had, she supposed. Rather dreadful.

Aldous Huxley

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COUNSELS AND PERFECTIONS

COUNSELS

" Advice is always useful in matters of love ; men always take it ; they always follow other people's opinions, not their own ; they always profit by example. When they see a pretty woman, and feel the delicious madness of love coming over them, they always stop to calculate her temper, her money, their own money, or suitableness for married life. . . . Ha, ha, ha ! "

THACKERAY

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes.

ADDISON

Extremely foolish criticism is likely to be uttered by those who are looking at the labouring vessel from the land.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS



My sone, it fit wel every wight
To kepe his worde in throuth upright
Towardes love in alle wise.
For who that wold him wel advise
What hath befall in this matere,
He shulde nought with feigned chere
Deceive love in no degre.
To love is every herte fre,
But in deceipt if that thou feignest
And therupon thy luste attegnest,
That thou hast wonne with thy wile,
Though it the like for a while,
Thou shalt it afterward repente.

Gower

The English in Love

Who so to marry a minion Wife
Hath hadde good chaunce and happe,
Must love hir and cherishe hir all his life,
And dandle hir in his lappe.

If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,
A good husbande ever styll,
What ever she lust to doe, or to say,
Must lette hir have hir owne will.

About what affaires so ever he goe,
He must shewe hir all his mynde,
None of hys counsell she may be kept froe,
Else is he a man unkynde.

Nicholas Udall

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Comrado. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth No, my complete Master! But to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crost on your thinbelly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are compli-

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

ments, these are humours; these betray nice wenches—that would be betrayed without these; and make them men of note,—do you note, me?—that most are affected to these.

Shakespeare

Amorphous. And withal, protest her to be the only and absolutely unparalleled creature you do adore, and admire, and respect, and reverence in this court, corner of the world, or kingdom.

Asotus. This is hard, by my faith. I'll begin it all again. . . .

Amorphous. This is, if she abide you. But now, put the case she should be passant when you enter, as thus: you are to frame your gait thereafter, and call upon her, "lady, nymph, sweet refuge, star of our court." Then, if she be guardant, here; you are to come on, and, laterally disposing yourself, swear by her blushing and well-coloured cheek, the bright dye of her hair, her ivory teeth (though they be ebony), or some such white and innocent oath, to induce you. If regardant, then maintain your station, brisk and ripe, show the supple motion of your pliant body, but in chief of your knee, and hand, which cannot but aride her proud humour exceedingly.

Ben Jonson

I am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Love, as Valour, and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour never needs much wit to

The English in Love

maintain it. . . . Wit getteth rather promise than Love. Wit is not to be scene: and no woman takes advice of anything in her loving; but of her own eies, and her wayting womans: Nay which is worse, wit is not to be felt, and so no good Bed fellow: Wit applied to a woman makes her dissolve her sympering, and discover her teeth with laughter, and this is surely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of foolish melancholy. . . .

Donne

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths: take no by-ways;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continence hath his joy: weigh both; and so
If rottennesse have more, let Heaven go.

George Herbert

Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may, when your beauties end,
Remain still firm: be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Cull out, amongst the multitude
Of lovers, that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
One that will quench your youthful fires,
And feed in age your hot desires.

Thomas Carew

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

Honest Lover whosoever,
If, in all thy love, there ever
Was one wav'ring thought; if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If when She appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake and art not struck
dumb;

And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over;

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects, for graces take;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When She hath little, or nothing, spoken:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers, 'stead of meat;
And with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!

The English in Love

And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!

If, by this, thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect Lover;
And desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew:

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss!
And to love true;
Thou must begin again, and love anew!
Suckling

Why 's my friend so melancholy?
Prithee, why so sad? why so sad?
Beauty's vain; and Love 's a folly!
Wealth and women make men mad!
To him, that has a heart that 's jolly,
Nothing 's grievous! nothing 's sad!
Come cheer up, my Lad!

Does thy Mistress seem to fly thee?
Prithee, don't repine! don't repine!
If, at first, She does deny thee
Of her love; deny her thine!
She shews her coyness but to try thee;
And will triumph, if thou pine.
Drown thy thoughts in wine!

Try again; and don't give over!
Ply her! She's thine own! She's thine own!
Cowardice undoes a Lover!
They are tyrants, if you moan!

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

If not thyself, nor love, can move her;
But She'll slight thee, and be gone:
Let her then alone!

If thy courtship can't invite her
Nor to condescend, nor to bend;
Thy only wisdom is to slight her,
And her beauty discommend.
Such a niceness will requite her!
Yet if thy love will not end:
Love thyself, and friend!

Alexander Brome

For your better direction, I will give a hint of the most ordinary *Causes of Dissatisfaction* between Man and Wife, that you may be able by such a *Warning* to live so upon your *Guard*, that when you shall be married, you may know how to *cure* your Husband's *Mistakes*, and to *prevent* your own.

First then, you are to consider, you live in a time which hath renderd some kind of *Frailties* so habitual, that they claim to large *Grains of Allowance*. The World in this is somewhat unequal, and our Sex seemeth to play the *Tyrant* in distinguishing *partially* for our selves, by making that in the utmost degree *Criminal* in the *Woman*, which in a *Man* passeth under a much *gentler Censure*. The Root and the Excuse of this Injustice is the *Preservation* of Families from any *Mixture* which may bring a Blemish to them: and while the *Point of Honour* continues to be so plac'd, it seems unavoidable to give your Sex, the greater share of the

The English in Love

Penalty. But if in this it lieth under any *Disadvantage*, you are more than recompens'd, by having the *Honour of Families* in your keeping. The Consideration so great a Trust must give you, maketh full amends; and this Power the World hath lodged in you, you can hardly fail to restrain the Severity of an *ill* Husband, and to improve the Kindness and Esteem of a *good* one. This being so, remember, That next to the danger of *committing* the Fault your self, the greatest is that of *seeing* it in your *Husband*. Do not seem to look or hear that way: If he is a Man of Sense, he will reclaim himself; the Folly of it, is of it self sufficient to cure him: if he is not so, he will be provok'd, but not reform'd. To expostulate in these Cases looketh like declaring War, and preparing Reprisals; which to a *thinking* Husband would be a dangerous Reflexion. Besides, it is so coarse a Reason which will be assign'd for a Lady's too great Warmth upon such an occasion, that Modesty no less than Prudence ought to restrain her; since such an undecent Complaint makes a Wife much more ridiculous, than the Injury that provoketh her to it. But it is yet worse, and more unskilful, to *blaze it* in the World, expecting it should rise up in Arms to take her part: Whereas she will find, it can have no other Effect, than that she shall be served up in all Companies, as the reigning *Jest* at that time; and will continue to be the common Entertainment, till she is rescu'd by some *newer Folly* that cometh upon the Stage, and driveth her away from it. The Impertinence of such Methods is so plain, that it doth not deserve the pains of being laid open. Be assur'd, that in

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

these Cases your *Discretion* and *Silence* will be the most *prevailing Reproof*. An *affected Ignorance*, which is seldom a *Virtue*, is a great one here: And when your *Husband* seeth how unwilling you are to be uneasy, there is no stronger Argument to perswade him not to be unjust to you. Besides, it will naturally make him more *yielding* in other things: And whether it be to *cover* or redeem his *Offence*, you may have the good Effects of it whilst it lasteth, and all that while have the most reasonable Ground that can be, of presuming, such a Behaviour will at last entirely convert him. There is nothing so glorious to a *Wife*, as a Victory so gain'd: A Man so reclaim'd, is for ever after subjected to her *Vertue*; and her *bearing* for a time, is more than rewarded by a Triumph that will continue as long as her life.

Lord Halifax

Thus to a ripe, consenting Maid,
Poor, old, repenting Delia said,
" Would you long preserve your Lover?
Would you still his Goddess reign?
Never let him all discover!
Never let him much obtain!

" Men will admire, adore, and die;
While, wishing, at your feet they lie!
But admitting their embraces
Wakes them from the golden dream!
Nothing 's new, besides our faces!
Every woman is the same! "

Congreve

The English in Love

For many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
Battering them often with my tears,
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate wretch before the shrine
Of some lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride,
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.
Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms;
You modest, whining fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he briskly must invade
That would possess the heart."
With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

Thomas Yalden

Soft kisses may be innocent;
'But, ah, too easy Maid, beware!
Though that is all thy kindness meant;
'Tis Love's delusive fatal snare!

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels
No Virgin e'er, at first, designed
Through all the Maze of Love to stray;
But each new path, allures her mind,
Till, wand'ring on, she lose her way!

'Tis easy, ere set out, to stay;
But who the useful art can teach,
When sliding down a steepy way,
To stop, before the end we reach?

Keep ever something in thy power,
Beyond what would thy honour stain!
He will not dare to aim at more,
Who for small favours sighs in vain!

Catharine Cockburn

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years?
You must tickle her fancy with sweet and dears,
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly,
Sing a love-sonnet, and charm her ears;

Wittily, prettily, talk her down,
Chase her, and praise her if fair or brown;
Sooth her and smooth her,
And tease her and please her,
And touch but her snicket, and all's your own.

Do ye fancy a widow, well known in men?
With the front of assurance come boldly on;
Be at her each moment, and briskly, briskly
Put her in mind how her time steals on;
Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
Rouse her and touse her from morn till noon,
And show her some hour
You are able to grapple,
And get but her writings, and all's your own.

The English in Love

Do ye fancy a punk of a humour free,
That's kept by a fumbler of quality?
You must rail at her keeper, and tell her, tell her,
That pleasure's best charm is variety;
Swear her much fairer than all the town,
Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
Dog her and jog her,
And meet her and treat her,
And kiss with a guinea, and all's your own.

Gay

Take heed of man! and, while you may,
Shun Love's deceitful snare!
For though, at first, it looks all gay:
'Tis ten to one y' are made a prey
To sorrow, pain, and care!
But if you love first,
Y' are certainly curst!
Despair will insult in your breast!
The nature of Men
Is to slight who love them;
And love those that slight them, the best!
Robert Gould

Why will Delia thus retire,
And languish life away?
While the sighing crowd admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea!

All those dismal looks and fretting
Cannot Damon's life restore!
Long, ago, the worms have eat him;
You can never see him more!

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

Once again consult your toilet!
In the glass, your face review!
So much weeping soon will spoil it;
And no Spring your charms renew!

I, like you, was born a woman!
Well I know what Vapours mean!
The disease, alas! is common!
Single, we have all the Spleen!

All the Morals that they tell us,
Never cured the sorrow yet!
Choose, among the Pretty Fellows,
One of humour, youth, and wit!

Prithee, hear him, every morning,
At the least an hour or two!
Once again at night returning;
I believe the dose will do.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
Her lips blush deeper sweets, she breathes of
youth;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstasie power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!

The English in Love

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
Gain on your purposed will. Nor in a bower,
Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a
couch,
While evening draws her crimson curtains
round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

James Thomson

Of your love I know not the propriety, nor can estimate the power; but in love, as in every other passion of which hope is the essence, we ought always to remember the uncertainty of events. There is, indeed, nothing that so much seduces reason from vigilance as the thought of passing life with an amiable woman; and if all would happen that a lover fancies, I know not what other terrestrial happiness would deserve pursuit. But love and marriage are different states. Those who are to suffer the evils together, and to suffer often for the sake of one another, soon lose that tenderness of look and that benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive amusement. A woman, we are sure, will not be always fair—we are not sure she will always be virtuous; and a man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or for a month. I do not,

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

however, pretend to have discovered that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage, therefore know not what counsel to give you.

Samuel Johnson

Would you, with her you love be blest?
Ye Lovers! these Instructions mind!
Conceal the Passion in your breast!
Be dumb, insensible, and blind!
But when, with tender looks you meet,
And see the artless blushes rise,
Be silent, loving, and discreet!
The Oracle no more implies.

When once you prove the Maid sincere,
Where Virtue is with Beauty joined;
Then, boldly like yourself appear!
No more insensible, or blind!
Pour forth the transports of your heart;
And speak your soul without disguise!
'Tis fondness, fondness must impart!
The Oracle no more implies.

Though pleasing, fatal is the snare
That still entraps all Womankind!
Ladies! beware! be wise! take care!
Be deaf, insensible, and blind!
But should some fond deserving Youth
Agree to join in Hymen's ties;
Be tender! constant! Crown his truth!
The Oracle no more implies.

Susanna Maria Cibber

The English in Love

The business of Women, dear Chloe! is
Pleasure;
And, by love, ev'ry Fair One her minutes
should measure!
'O, for Love, we're all ready!' you cry. Very
true!
Nor would I rob the gentle fond God of his
due!
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart,
'Tis tumult! disorder! 'tis loathing and hate!
Caprice gives it birth; and Contempt is its fate.

True Passion insensibly leads to the joy;
And grateful Esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy!
Yet here, you should stop! But your whimsical
Sex,
Such romantic ideas to Passion annex,
That poor Men, by your visions and jealousy
worried,
To Nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder are hurried!
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your
head!

Horace Walpole

Ye fair married Dames! who so often deplore
That a Lover once blessed, is a Lover no more;
Attend to my counsell nor blush to be taught,
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has
caught!

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite
guitar!

Though music in both; they are both apt to jar!
How tuneful and soft, from a delicate touch!
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

The linnet and sparrow will feed from your hand,
Grow fond by your kindness, and come at
command.

Exert, with your Husband, the same happy skill!
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your
will!

Be gay and good-humoured, complying and kind!
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind!

'Tis there, that the Wife may her conquest improve;
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.

Garrick

Time perpetually is changing,
Every moment alteration brings,
Love and Beauty still estranging
Women are, alas! but wanton things!
He that will his Mistress' favour gain,
Must take her in a merry vein!

A woman's fancy 's like a fever;
Or an ague, that doth come by fits!
Hot and cold, but constant never;
Even as the pleasant humour hits.
Sick, and well again; and well and sick;
In love it is a woman's trick!

The English in Love

Now she will; and then she will not!
Put her to the trial, if once she smile!
Silly Youth thy fortunes spill not!
Ling'ring labours oft themselves beguile!
He that knocks, and can't get in;
His pick-lock is not worth a pin.

A woman's "Nay!" is no denial!
Silly Youths of love are served so!
Put her to a further trial!
Haply, she'll take it, and say "no!"
For it is a trick which women use;
What they love, they will refuse!

Silly Youth! why dost thou dally,
Having got time and season fit?
Then, never stand, "Sweet! shall I? shall I?"
Nor too much commend an after-wit!
For he that will not, when he may;
When he will, he shall have "Nay!"
Anon.

Prithee, Billy, ben't so silly
Thus to waste thy days in grief;
You say Betty will not let ye;
But can sorrow bring relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;
Pox on torment, tears, and wo:
If she's tender, she'll surrender;
If she's tough—e'en let her go.
Anon.

“ Alas! the matron answer'd, “ much I dread
That dangerous love by which the young are led!
That love is earthy; you the creature prize.
And trust your feelings and believe your eyes:
Can eyes and feelings inward worth descry?
No! my fair daughter, on our choice rely!
Your love, like that display'd upon the stage,
Indulged is folly, and opposed is rage;—
More prudent love our prudent couples show,
All that to mortal beings mortals owe;
All flesh is grass—before you give a heart,
Remember Sybil that in death you part;
And should your husband die before your love,
What needless anguish must a widow prove!
No! my fair child, let all such visions cease;
Yield but esteem, and only try for peace.”

Crabbe

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs:
What careth she for hearts when once possess'd?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes,
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving
tropes;
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion
crowns thy hopes.

Byron

The English in Love

... between the interval of liking and possession, love (to be durable) should pass through many stages. The doubt, the fear, the first pressure of the hand, the first kiss, each should be an epoch for remembrance to cling to. In moments of after coolness or anger, the mind should fly from the sated present to the million tender and freshening associations of the past. With these associations the affection renews its youth. How vast a store of melting reflections, how countless an accumulation of the spells that preserve constancy, does that love forfeit in which the memory only commences with possession!

And the more delicate and thoughtful our nature, the more powerful are these associations. Do they not constitute the immense difference between the love and the intrigue? All things that savour of youth make our most exquisite sensations, whether to experience, or recall: thus, in the seasons of the year, we prize the spring; and in the effusions of the heart, the courtship.

Lytton

If I may speak, after profound and extensive study and observation, there are few better ways of securing the faithfulness and admiration of the beautiful partners of our existence than a little judicious ill-treatment, a brisk dose of occasional violence as an alterative, and, for general and wholesome diet, a cooling but pretty constant neglect. At sparing intervals administer small

quantities of love and kindness; but not every day, or too often, as this medicine, much taken, loses its effect.

Thackeray

When a youth is fully in love with a girl, and feels that he is wise in loving her, he should at once tell her so plainly, and take his chance bravely, with other suitors. No lover should have the insolence to think of being accepted at once, nor should any girl have the cruelty to refuse at once; without severe reasons. If she simply doesn't like him, she may send him away for seven years or so—he vowing to live on cresses, and wear sackcloth meanwhile, or the like penance: if she likes him a little, or thinks she might come to like him in time, she may let him stay near her, putting him always on sharp trial to see what stuff he is made of, and requiring, figuratively, as many lion-skins or giants' heads as she thinks herself worth. The whole meaning and power of true courtship is Probation; and it oughtn't to be shorter than three years at least,—seven is, to my own mind, the orthodox time. And these relations between the young people should be openly and simply known, not to their friends only, but to everybody who has the least interest in them: and a girl worth anything ought to have always half a dozen or so suitors under vow for her.

There are no words strong enough to express the general danger and degradation of the manners of mob-courtship, as distinct from these, which have become the fashion,—almost the law,—

The English in Love

in modern times: when in a miserable confusion of candlelight, moonlight, and limelight—and anything but daylight,—in indecently attractive and insanely expensive dresses, in snatched moments, in hidden corners, in accidental impulses and dismal ignorances, young people smirk and ogle and whisper and whimper and sneak and stumble and flutter and fumble and blunder into what they call Love;—expect to get whatever they like the moment they fancy it, and are continually in the danger of losing all the honour of life for a folly, and all the joy of it by an accident.

Ruskin

In the affair of courtship nature is the best tutor, and the eloquence of unfeigned passion more persuasive than the most artful strokes of the most accomplished orators.

There is not, however, any thing more necessary, than so to regulate the progress of this insinuating impulse, as to have it thoroughly at your command; for, if you give it too large a scope, instead of being master of it, it will be the master of you; and you will thenceforward lay your weakness so open, and appear so manifestly in the power of your mistress, that the pleasure of tyrannizing will be irresistible, and she will exert her sovereignty to the utmost.

Anon.

Better than sentiment, laughter opens the breast to love; opens the whole breast to his full quiver,

instead of a corner here and there for a solitary arrow. Hail the occasion propitious, O British young! and laugh and treat love as an honest God, and dabble not with the sentimental rouge.

Meredith

“ I am too old to appreciate your state of mind as to your cousin. You know, too, that I have a weakness for clear accurate accounts, and your style is of the vaguest. It is impossible that you can be so very foolish as to become *amourachée* of a man in any serious sense. Remember, when you write in future, that I shall not for a second admit that idea. Married ladies, in modern English society, *cannot* fail in their duties to the conjugal relation. Recollect that you are devoted to your husband, and he to you. I assume this when I address you, and you must write accordingly. The other hypothesis is *impossible* to take into account. As to being in love, frankly, I don't believe it. I believe that stimulant drinks will intoxicate, and rain drench, and fire singe; but not in any way that one person will fascinate another. Avoid all folly; accept no traditions; take no sentiment on trust. Here is a bit of social comedy in which you happen to have a part to play; act as well as you can, and in the style now received on the English boards. Above all, don't indulge in tragedy out of season. Resolve, once for all, in any little difficulty of life, that there *shall* be nothing serious in it; you will find it depends on you whether there is to be or not. Keep your head clear, and don't confuse things; use your reason—determine that, come

The English in Love

what may, nothing shall happen of a nature to involve or embarrass you. As surely as you make this resolve and act upon it, you will find it pay."

Swinburne

Of all lay figures there is none on earth so useful as a wooden husband. You should get a wooden husband, my dear, if you want to be left in peace. It is like a comfortable slipper or your dressing-gown after a ball. It is like springs to your carriage. It is like a clever maid who never makes mistakes with your notes or comes without coughing discreetly through your dressing-room. It is like tea, cigarettes, postage-stamps, foot-warmers, eiderdowns, counterpanes—anything that smooths life, in fact. Young women do not think enough of this. An easy-going husband is the one indispensable comfort of life. He is like a set of sables to you. You may never want to put them on; still, if the north-wind do blow—and you can never tell—how handy they are! You pop into them in a second, and no cold wind can find you out, my dear. Couldn't find you out, if your shift were in rags underneath! Without your husband's countenance, you have scenes. With scenes, you have scandal. With a suit, you most likely lose your settlements. And without your settlements, where are you in Society? With a husband you are safe. You need never think about him in any way. His mere existence suffices. He will always be at the bottom of your table, and the head of your visiting-cards. That is enough. He will represent Respectability for you, without your being at the trouble to represent Respectability for your-

Counsels and Perfections: Counsels

self. Respectability is a thing of which the shadow is more agreeable than the substance. Happily for us, Society only requires the shadow.

Ouida

And so, men, drive your wives, beat them out of their self-consciousness and their soft smarminess and good, lovely idea of themselves. Absolutely tear their lovely opinion of themselves to tatters, and make them look a holy ridiculous sight in their own eyes. Wives, do the same to your husbands.

But fight for your life, men. Fight your wife out of her own self-conscious preoccupation with herself. Batter her out of it till she's stunned. Drive her back into her own true mode. Rip all her nice superimposed modern-woman and wonderful-creature garb off her. Reduce her once more to a naked Eve, and send the apple flying.

Make her yield to her own real unconscious self, and absolutely stamp on the self that she's got in her head. Drive her forcibly back, back into her own true unconscious.

And then you've got a harder thing still to do. Stop her from looking on you as her "lover." Cure her of that, if you haven't cured her before. Put the fear of the Lord into her that way. And make her know she's got to believe in you again, and in the deep purpose you stand for. But before you can do that, you've got to stand for some deep purpose. It's no good faking one up. You won't take a woman in, not really. Even when she *chooses* to be taken in, for prettiness' sake, it won't do you any good.

D. H. Lawrence

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COUNSELS AND PERFECTIONS

PERFECTIONS

*Not that I wishe my Mistress
More, or less than what She is,
Write I these lines. For 'tis too late,
Rules to prescribe unto my fate!*

*But yet, as tender stomachs call
For some choice meat, that bear not all;
A queasy lover may impart
What Mistress 'tis, that please his heart!*
ANON.

*She is just such a young lady as I could wish for
the partner of my soul, and you know that is not
every one, for you and I have often talked how
nice we would be in such a choice.*
BOSWELL



A face that should content me wonderous well,
Should not be faire, but lovely to beholde:
Of lively loke, all grieve for to repell:
With right good grace, so would I that it should
Speake without word, such wordes as none can tell.
The tresse also should be of crisped gold.
With wit, and these perchance I might be tryde,
And knit againe with knot, that should not slide.
Wyatt

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court, than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:

The English in Love

Light, and humourous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her:
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicate would cloy me,
Nor her peevishness annoy me.

Ben Jonson

May I find a woman fair;
And her mind as clear as air!
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me, as if 'twere none!

May I find a woman rich;
And not of too high a pitch!
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, Lover! Where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise;
And her falsehood not disguise!
Hath She wit, as She hath will,
Double-armed She is to ill!

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

May I find a woman kind;
And not wavering like the wind!
How should I call that Love mine,
When 'tis his! and his! and thine!

May I find a woman true!
There is Beauty's fairest hue!
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit;
Happy he can compass it!

Beaumont

. . . Yet, I would not deign embraces
With the greatest, fairest, She;
If another shared those graces,
Which had been bestowed on me!
I gave that One
My love; where none
Shall come to rob me of my gain!
Your fickle hearts
Make tears and arts;
And all bestowed on me in vain!

I do not scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo!
Give me her! whose sunlike beauty,
Buzzards dare not soar unto!
She, She, it is
Affords that bliss;
For which, I would refuse no pain!
But such as you!
Fond fools! adieu!
You seek to captive me in vain . . .

The English in Love

Therefore, know, When I enjoy One,
And for love employ my breath;
She I court shall be a coy one,
Though I win her with my death!
A favour there,
Few, aim at dare!
And if, perhaps, some Lover 'plain;
She is not won,
Nor I undone,
By placing of my love in vain! . . .

Wither

Be the Mistresse of my choice,
Cleane in manners, cleere in voice:
Be she witty, more then wise;
Pure enough, though not Precise:
Be she shewing in her dresse,
Like a civill Wilderness;
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect:
Be she rowling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers by:
And each Ringlet of her haire,
An Enchantment, or a Snare,
For to catch the Lookers on;
Let her *Lucrece* all day be,
Thais in the night, to me.
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

Herrick

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

Shall I tell you, whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me!
And if such a woman move,
As I now shall versify;
Be assured, 'tis She, or none,
That I love, and love alone!

Nature did her so much right,
As She scorns the help of Art;
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart!
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified!
Wit She hath; without desire
To make known how much She hath!
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath!
Full of pity as may be;
Though perhaps not so, to me!

Reason masters every sense;
And her virtues grace her birth!
Lovely, as all excellence!
Modest, in her most of mirth!
Likelihood enough to prove
Only Worth could kindly Love!

Such She is! and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown! or fair! or so
That She be but sometime young:
Be assured, 'tis She, or none,
That I love, and love alone!

William Browne

The English in Love

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
That like an Angel sings;
Though, if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things!
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a She!
The only argument can move
Is, That She will love me!

The glories of you Ladies be
But metaphors of things;
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks!
Lilies, their whiteness stain!
What fool is he, that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then, if thou'lt have me love a Lass;
Let it be one that's kind!
Else I'm a Servant to the Glass
That's with Canary lined!

Alexander Brome

A *Mistris* is not what thy *fancie* makes her,
But what her *vertue* and her *beauties* speaks her;
She is a jewel, which a rich esteem
Values below its worth, she doth not deem

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

Each *servant* mad in love, but reconciles
Their feares and hopes, she only smiles
When others laugh and giggle; her lips severe
And close, as if each kisse a promise were:
Fresh as the blossoms of the *Apple-tree*.
Sweet in the perfumes of *Virginitie*:
She puts a price on *love*; not proudly coy,
But modest in returnes; the life of joy
Which she conceives, i' th' thought of th' *nuptial*
 bed,
Is not the losing of her *Maiden-head*,
Or some such ticklish point, but to unite
And knit her *Bridegrooms* soul in the delight
Of a close twine, and when their lips do greet,
She mingles flesh, that heart with heart may meet.
She's wary in her gift and choice, but yet
Like an *enchanted Lady* doth not set,
Making her *Lover* a *green-armour-Knight*
In a *Romance-adventure*, who must fight
With monstrous giants, and with conqu'ring hand
Win her from a *fanastick-fairie-land*;
No she's discreetly chaste; not fond of *love*,
Nor cruel in her frownes; her heart doth move
Poys'd with her *servants* worth, and the advice
Of her *good friends*; she's neither cold as ice,
Nor yet inflam'd; she's neat and delicate,
Yet not lascivious in her dresse; her gate
Tempting, yet not affected, it hath more
Of *nature* then the *dance*; her caste o' th' eye
Is amorous, yet not a glance doth flie,
That hath a sparkle of lust; she's all divine,
And to be courted like a Cherubin. . . .

Nathaniel Hookes

The English in Love

Oh! was there a man (but where shall I find
Good sense and good nature so equally join'd?)
Would value his pleasure, contribute to mine;
Not meanly would boast, nor would lewdly design;
Not over severe, yet not stupidly vain,
For I would have the power, tho' not give the pain.

No pedant, yet learned; no rake-helly gay,
Or laughing, because he has nothing to say;
To all my whole sex obliging and free,
Yet never be fond of any but me;
In public preserve the decorum that's just,
And shew in his eyes he is true to his trust;
Then rarely approach, and respectfully bow,
But not fulsomely pert, nor yet foppishly low.

But when the long hours of public are past,
And we meet with champagne and a chicken at
last,

May ev'ry fond pleasure that moment endear;
Be banish'd afar both discretion and fear!
Forgetting or scorning the airs of the crowd,
He may cease to be formal and I to be proud,
'Till lost in the joy, we confess that we live,
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

And that my delight may be solidly fix'd,
Let the friend and the lover be handsomely mix'd;
In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
Whose kindness can soothe me, whose counsel can
guide.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me, no millions should
bribe;

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

But till this astonishing creature I know,
As I long have liv'd chaste, I will keep myself so.
Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

First, I would have her richly spread
With Nature's blossoms, white and red!
For flaming hearts will quickly die,
That have not fuel from the eye.

I'd have her wise enough to know
When, and to whom, a grace to show!
For she that doth at random choose;
She will as soon her choice refuse!

And yet, methinks, I'd have her mind,
To flowing courtesy inclined;
And tender-hearted as a Maid:
Yet pity, only when I prayed.

And I could wish her full of wit;
Knew She how for to housewife it!
But she whose wisdom makes her dare
To try her wit, will sell more ware!

But let me see! Should she be proud;
A little pride should be allowed!
Each amorous boy will sport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not State.

I care not much though She let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown;
But if She wholly quench desire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire!

The English in Love

To smile, to toy, is not amiss;
Sometimes to interpose a kiss:
But not to cloy! Such things are good,
Pleasant for sauce; but not for food!

Anon.

Swains, I scorn! who, nice and fair,
Shiver at the morning air!
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
Be the man that 's made for me!

Slaves to fashion, slaves to dress,
Fops, themselves alone caress!
Let them without rival be;
They are not the men for me!

He, whose nervous arm can dart
The jav'lin to the tiger's heart,
From all sense of danger free,
He's the man that 's made for me!

While his speed outstrips the wind,
Loosely wave his locks behind!
From fantastic fopp'ry free,
He 's the man that 's made for me!

Nor simp'ring smile, nor dimple sleek,
Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek;
By weather let him painted be!
He 's the man that 's made for me! . . .

Anon.

Her for a Mistris, would I faine enjoy,
That hangs the lipp and pouts for every toy:
Speaks like a wag, is bold, dares boldly stand
And bid love welcome with a wanton hand.
Laughs lowd, and for one blow will give you three
And when shee's stabbd, will fall a kissing me.

If shee be modest wise and chaste of life,
Hang her shee's good for nothing but a wife.

Anon.

A well-born and a pleasing Dame,
Full of beauty, void of shame,
Let her have store
Of wealth, discretion, and good fame;
And able to appease my flame!
I ask no more!

Yet one thing more! Do not forget,
Afore that I do do this feat,
Forgot before,
That she a virgin be, and neat;
Of whom, two sons I may beget!
I ask no more! . . .

Anon.

Give me (since Heaven has shown
It was not Good to be alone)
A Partner suited to my Mind,
Solitary, pleas'd, and kind;

The English in Love

Who, partially, may something see
Preferr'd to all the World in me;
Slighting, by my humble Side,
Fame and Splendour, Wealth and Pride. . . .
Lady Winchilsea

Swains! I hate the bois'trous Fair;
Who, bold, assume a manly Air!
Soft, unaffected, gentle, be
Still the Girl that 's made for me!

Let her not boast, like Man, to dare
The dangers of the sylvan war;
With gentler sports delighted be
The Girl that Fate ordains for me!

Nor pert Coquet, nor formal Prude;
Gay let her be, but never rude!
From Airs, from flights, from Vapours,
free;
She's the Girl that's made for me!

Her well-chose dress, in ev'ry part,
Be artful without shewing art;
From all fantastic fashions free,
She's the Girl that's made for me!

Loose flow her locks, without constraint!
Her healthy cheeks, let Nature paint!
To all a Goddess seem to be;
And prove a Woman still to me!

Charles Sackville

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

A lip pouting ripe, or a ringlet of hair,
With indiff'rence I oft have withstood;
And spoke of a face the most perfectly fair,
As a compound of mere flesh and blood!

To no sad extreme of despair ever drove,
My sentiments once did I hide;
Or think the poor nonsense of Beauty and Love
An excuse for Ill-nature and Pride!

The Virgin, for whom I am fated to sigh,
Must be wholly divested of art!
Must have all the Graces to beam in her eye;
And the Virtues to dwell in her heart!

Her breast with that exquisite fire must be
fraught,
Which on mine has so tenderly stole,
That thought, all transported, may meet
against thought;
And soul fondly spring up to soul

Hugh Kelly

The shape and face let others prize,
And features of the Fair!
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her Air!
A rosy cheek and lily arm
Shall ne'er my fancy win!
Give me an animated Form,
That speaks a mind within!

The English in Love

A Soul where virtuous Honour shines;
Where Sense and Sweetness move!
Where Angel Innocence refines
The tenderness of Love!
These are the life of Beauty's frame!
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinished all her features seem,
And all her colours dead!

Anon.

Thus was the picture of the man portray'd,
By merit destined for so rare a maid;
At whose request she might exchange her state,
Or still be happy in a virgin's fate:—
He must be one with manners like her own,
His life unquestion'd, his opinions known;
His stainless virtue must all tests endure,
His honour spotless, and his bosom pure;
She no allowance made for sex or times,
Of lax opinion—crimes were ever crimes;
No wretch forsaken must his frailty curse
No spurious offspring drain his private purse;
He at all times his passion must command,
And yet possess—or be refused her hand.

Crabbe

Yes, I could love if I could find
A mistress fitted to my mind
Whom neither gold nor pride could
move
To change her virtue or her love;

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
Loves for myself, and not for mine;
Not city proud, nor nice and coy,
But full of love, and full of joy:

Not childish young, no beldame old,
Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold,
Not gravely wise to rule the state,
Not foolish to be pointed at:

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
Nor chaste, nor a reputed whore:
If such a one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, intitle me her lover.

Anon.

I'm told by the wise ones, a Maid I shall die.
They say, I'm too nice; but the charge I deny!
I know but too well, how time flies along!
That we live but few years; and yet fewer are
young!

But I hate to be cheated! and never will buy
Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy!
I never will wed till a Youth I can find,
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally
joined!

No pedant, though learnèd; or foolishly gay,
Or laughing because he has nothing to say!
To ev'ry Fair One obliging and free;
But never be fond of any but me!
In whose tender bosom, my soul may confide!
Whose kindness can sooth me! whose counsels can
guide!

The English in Love

Such a Youth I would marry, if such I could find;
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally
joined!

From such a dear Lover as here I describe,
No danger should fright me! not millions should
bribe!

But till this astonishing creature I know,
I'm single and happy! and still will be so!
You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wise!
But I'll shun the vain Fop! the dull Coxcomb
despise!

Nor ever will wed till a Youth I can find,
Where the Friend and the Lover are equally
joined!

Anon.

Somewhere beneath the sun,
These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul, to move it;
Some one that hides her sweetness
From neighbours whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
Nor give her heart its rights;
Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner;
A lady not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land;

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

Noble, but not too proud;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed,
And throat by Muses moulded;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
Though stirred by every breeze:
Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster arches floating,
With sudden turns when love
Gets overnear to doting;
Keen lips that shape soft sayings
Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
Of things one may not know;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
Spirit and flesh to sunder;
Light foot, to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance, till finches chirrup,
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden:
Speak, Love, be not afraid;
But plead as thou art bidden;
And say, that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

William Cory

The English in Love

He wished that some good and pure creature would fall in love with him, in order that he might marry her. He wanted some spontaneous exhibition of innocent feeling, which might justify him in saying, "I am beloved!" He felt little capacity for loving, on his own side; but he thought that he would be grateful to any good woman who would regard him with disinterested affection, and that he would devote his life to making her happy.

"It would be something to feel that if I were smashed in a railway accident, or dropped out of a balloon, some one creature in this world would think it a lonelier place for lack of me."

Miss Braddon

". . . My husband must be so devoted to me that anything I do will seem good and charming. . . If I can't get that . . . I must have a man who doesn't care what I do. . . . To my husband I must never be in bad form. If others did what I do, it might be bad form, but with me, no. Bad form is one of those qualities which my husband must think impossible for me, simply because I am I. . . . Then, of course, there's the question of money. I must have lots of money. Yes, a big must *and* a big lot. It's not your fault that you haven't got any, and it wouldn't have been your fault if you'd been born with no nose; but I couldn't marry a man who was without either. . . . It's all very well to call it a worldly view, but it is a perfectly true one for me. Don't you see I must have everything

Counsels and Perfections: Perfections

I want. It is what I live on, all this. . . . All these people must know who I am and that they should do that, I must have everything at my command. . . .”

E. F. Benson

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SCENES AND SUITS

*Such moving sighs! such undissembled tears!
Such charms of language! such hopes mixed
with fears!*

*Such grants, after denials! such pursuits,
After despair! such amorous recruits!*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

“There is nothing so difficult to describe, and generally so dull when described, as scenes of excessive tenderness.”

*“Can you think so?” says Miss Matthews;
“surely there is nothing so charming!”*

FIELDING

The pleasantest part of a man's life is generally that which passes in courtship, provided his passion be sincere, and the party beloved kind with discretion.

ADDISON

Oh, my young friends, how delightful is the beginning of a love-business, and how undignified, sometimes, the end!

THACKERAY



Truly sir *William* (quoth she) though there be many reasons to make me deny your suite, yet there is one above the rest that causes me I cannot love you.

Now I pray thee, my wench, let me know that (quoth he) and I will amend it whatsoever it be.

Pardon me sir (said *Margaret*) if I should speake my mind, it would possibly offend you, and I do me no pleasure because it is a defect in nature, which no phisicke can cure.

Sir *William* hearing on her so, being abashed at her speech, said, Faire *Margaret*, let me (if I may obtaine no more at thy hands) yet intreat thee to know what this defect should be, I am not wry-necky, crook-legd, stud-footed, lame-handed, nor bleare-eyed: what can make this dislike? I never

The English in Love

knew any body that tooke exceptions at my person before.

And the more sorry am I (quoth she) that I was so malapert to speak it, but pardon my presumption, good sir *William*, I would I had been like the storke tonguelesse, then should I never have caused your disquiet.

Nay sweet *Margaret* (quoth he) tell me deare love, I commend thy singlenesse of heart, good *Margaret* speake.

Good sir *William* let it rest (quoth she) I know you will not beleeeve it when I have revealed it, neither is it a thing that you can helpe; and yet such is my foolishnesse, had it not beene for that, I thinke verily I had granted your suite ere now. But seeing you urge me so much to know what it is, I will tell you: it is sir, your ill-favoured great nose, that hangs sagging so lothsomely to your lips, that I cannot find in my heart so much as to kisse you.

Thomas Deloney

A blithe and bonny Country Lass
Heigh-ho! the bonny Lass!
Sat sighing on the tender grass,
And, weeping, said, "Will none come woo
me?"

A smicker boy, a lither Swain,
Heigh-ho! a smicker Swain!
That in his love was wanton fain,
With smiling looks, straight came to her.

Scenes and Suits

When as the wanton Wench espied
Heigh-ho! when she espied!
The means to make herself a Bride,
She simpered smooth like bonny bell.
The Swain, that saw her squint-eyed kind,
Heigh-ho! squint-eyed kind!
His arms about her body twined,
And "Fair Lass, how fare ye? Well!"

The Country Kit said "Well! forsooth!"
Heigh-ho! Well, forsooth!
"But that I have a longing tooth,
A longing tooth that makes me cry!"
"Alas!" said he, "what gars thy grief?"
Heigh-ho! what gars thy grief?
"A wound," quoth she, "without relief!
I fear a Maid that I shall die!"

"If that be all," the Shepherd said,
Heigh-ho! the Shepherd said!
"I'll make thee wive it, gentle Maid;
And so recure thy malady!"
Hereon they kissed, with many an oath!
Heigh-ho! with many an oath!
And 'fore God Pan did plight their troth;
And to the Church, they hied them fast!

And God send every pretty peat,
Heigh-ho! the pretty peat!
That fears to die of this conceit
So kind a friend, to help at last!

Thomas Lodge

The English in Love

Madame (quoth he) for that I see you sitting thus solitarie in dumps, I am the bolder to prease in place, although the most unworthie man to supplie it. Hoping you will pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashlie your musing meditations, and count my companie the less offensive in that I see you busied with no such serious matters whereunto my presence may bee greatlie prejudiciall. . . . For I must of force confesse Madame, that the giftes of nature so abundantlie bestowed uppon you, your excelent beautie and exquisite vertue, have so scaled the wals of my fancie, and sacked the fort of my freedome, that for my last refuge I am forced to appeale unto your curtesie, as the onelie medicine which may cure my intollerable disease. Naie incurable I may wel call it, for (I speake with teares outwardlie, and drops of bloud inwardlie) unlesse the misling showers of your mercie mittigate the force of my fancie, the droppes of your princelie favour quench the flame of my affection, and the guerdon of your good will give a soveraigne plaister for my secret sore, I am like to pass my life in more miserie, than if I had taken the infernall torments. But I hope it is not possible, out of a fragrant flower a filthie sappe, and from such divine beautie should proceed hate and hellish crueltie.

Robert Greene

Nothing but *No*, and *Aye*, and *Aye* and *No*?
How falls it out so strangely you reply?

Scenes and Suits

I tell ye, fair, I'll not be answered so,
With this affirming *No*, denying *Aye*.
I say "I love," you slightly answer *Aye*;
I say "you love," you pule me out a *No*;
I say "I die," you echo me an *Aye*;
"Save me," I cry, you sigh me out a *No*;
Must woe and I have nought but *No* and *Aye*?
No I am I, if I no more can have;
Answer no more, with silence make reply,
And let me take myself what I do crave.
Let *No* and *Aye* with I and you be so;
Then answer *No*, and *Aye*, and *Aye* and *No*.
Drayton

Sweet, if you like and love me still,
And yield me love for my goodwill,
And do not from your promise start,
When your fair hand gave me your heart;
If dear to you I be,
As you are dear to me:
Then yours I am, and will be ever,
Nor time nor place my love can sever,
But faithful will I still persevere,
Like constant marble stone,
Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than me,
Who love thee still, and none but thee;
If others do the harvest gain
That's due to me for all my pain;
If that you love to range,
And oft to chop and change:

Scenes and Suits

Then get you some new-fangled mate;
My doting love shall turn to hate,
Esteeming you, though too too late,
Not worth a pebble stone,
Loving not me alone.

Francis Davison

I smile to see how you devise
New masking nets my eyes to blear!
Yourself you cannot so disguise
But as you are, you must appear!

Your privy winks at board I see,
And how you set your roving mind;
Yourself you cannot hide from me!
Although I wink, I am not blind!

The secret sighs and feignèd cheer
That oft doth pain thy careful breast,
To me right plainly doth appear.
I see in whom thy heart doth rest!

And though thou mak'st a feignèd vow,
That Love no more thy heart should nip!
Yet think! I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth guide the ship.

The salamander in the fire,
By course of kind, doth bathe his limbs.
The floating fish tak'th his desire
In running streams where as he swims.

Scenes and Suits

So thou, in change dost take delight!
Full well I know thy slippery kind!
In vain thou seem'st to dim my sight;
Thy rolling eyes bewray'th thy mind!

I see him smile, that doth possess
Thy love, which once I honoured most.
If he be wise, he may well guess,
Thy love soon won, will soon be lost!

And sith thou canst no man entice,
That he should still love thee alone:
Thy beauty now hath lost her price!
I see thy savoury scent is gone!

Therefore leave off thy wonted play;
But, as thou art, thou wilt appear!
Unless thou canst devise a way
To dark the sun, that shines so clear.

And keep thy friend that thou hast won!
In truth to him, thy love supply!
Lest he, at length, as I have done,
Take off thy bells, and let thee fly!

Anon.

Lover:
Tell me, Eutresia! since my fate,
And thy more powerful form, decree
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine;
Where it is ever to incline:

The English in Love

How I must love? and at what rate,
And by what steps, and what degrees,
I shall my hopes enlarge; and my desires
confine?

Mistress:

First, when thy flames begin;
See, they burn all within!
And so, as lookers-on may not descry
Smoke in a sigh; or sparkles in an eye!
I'd have thy love a good while there,
Ere thine own heart had been aware!
And I, myself, would choose to know it
First, by thy care and cunning not to show it!

Lover:

When my flame, thine own way, is thus betrayed;
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharp-sighted too, as well;
And know thou know'st, that which it dare not tell!
And, by that knowledge, find it may
Tell itself o'er a louder way!

Mistress:

Let me alone a while!
For so thou mayest beguile
My heart to a consent,
Long ere it meant!
For whilst I dare not disapprove,
Lest that betray a knowledge of thy love;
I shall be so accustomed to allow,
That I shall not know how
To be displeased, when thou shalt it avow!

Scenes and Suits

Lover:

When, by love's powerful secret sympathy,
Our souls are got thus nigh;
And that, by one another seen,
There needs no breath to go between:
Though in the main agreement of our breasts,
Our Hearts subscribe as Interests;
Will it not need
The tongue's sign too, as Witness to the deed?

Mistress:

Speak then! But when you tell the tale
Of what you ail;
Let it be so disordered, that I may
Guess only thence, what you would say,
Then, to speak sense,
Were an offence!
And 'twill thy Passion tell the subtlest way;
Not to know what to say.

Carew

Under the willow shades they were
Free from the eye-sight of the sun,
For no intruding beam could there
Peep through to spy what things were done.
Thus shelter'd they unseen did lye
Surfeiting on each other's eye.
Defended by the willow shades alone,
The sun's heat they defied, and cool'd their
own.
Whilst they did embrace unspy'd
The conscious willows seem'd to smile,

The English in Love

That they with privacy supplied,
Holding the door as 'twere the while.
And when their dalliances were o'er,
The willows to oblige 'em more,
Bowing did seem to say, as they withdrew,
We can supply you with a cradle too.

D'Avenant

Bellula. What would you doe, that thus you urge
my stay?

Florellus. Nothing I sweare that should offend a
Saint,

Nothing which can call up thy maiden bloud
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste
And vertuous sisters can deny their Brothers,
I doe confesse I love you, but the fire
In which Jove courted his ambitious Mistris,
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,
Is not so pure as mine is; I would only
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes
Sometimes with those bright tresses, which the
wind

Farre happier than I, playes up and downe in,
And sometimes with thy cheekes, those rosy twins;
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,
Till thou thy selfe shouldst checke my modesty
And yeeld thy lips, but further, though thou
should'st

Like other maids with weak resistance aske it,
(Which I am sure thou wilt not) I'de not offer
Till lawfull *Hymen* joyne us both, and give
A licence unto my desires.

Cowley

Scenes and Suits

Ametas.

Think'st thou that this love can stand,
Whilst thou still dost say me nay?
Love unpaid does soon disband;
Love binds love, as hay binds hay.

Thestylis.

Think'st thou that this rope would twine,
If we both should turn one way?
Where both parties so combine,
Neither love will twist, nor hay.

Ametas.

Thus you vain excuses find,
Which yourself and us delay:
And love ties a woman's mind
Looser than with ropes of hay.

Thestylis.

What you cannot constant hope
Must be taken as you may.

Ametas.

Then let's both lay by our rope,
And go kiss within the hay.

Marvell

Romira! stay;
And run not thus, like a young roe, away!

See, see, the sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run!

The English in Love

Come, sit but here!
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere.
So still, among
Lovers, time is too short; or else too long!
Here, will we spin
Legends for them, that have Love's Martyrs been!
Here, on this plain,
We'll talk Narcissus to a flower again!
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats, thou would'st
repose!
Here, mayst thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame
Of either cheek;
And primroses white as thy fingers seek!
Nay! thou mayst prove,
That Man's most noble Passion is to love!

John Hall

At tea he gave me an account of all the Religious Societies, unask'd; and how many boys they had put out 'prentices, and girls they had taught to knit, and sing Psalms. To all of which I gave a nod of approbation, and was just able to say (for I began to be horribly in the vapours), It was a very excellent charity. *Oh, ay*, Madam, said he again (for that's his word, I find), a very excellent one truly; it is snatching so many brands out of the fire. You are a contributor, sir, I doubt not. *O, ay*, madam, to be sure; every good man would contribute to such a worthy charity, to be sure. No doubt, sir, a blessing attends upon all who promote

so worthy a design. O, ay, madam, no doubt, as you say: I am sure I have found it; blessed be God! And then he twang'd his nose, and lifted up his eyes, as if in an ejaculation.

O, my good Aunt, what a man is here for an husband! At last came the happy moment of his taking leave; for I would not ask him to stay supper: And moreover, he talk'd of going to a lecture at St. Helen's. And then (tho' I had an opportunity of saying little more than Yes, and No, all the time; for he took the vapours he had put into me, for devotion, or gravity at least, I beleave) he press'd my hand, look'd *frightfully* kind, and gave me to understand as a mark of his favour, that if, upon further conversation, and inquiry into my character, he should happen to like me as well as he did from my behaviour and person; why, truly, I need not fear in time, being blessed with him for my husband!

This, my good Aunt, may be a mighty safe way of travelling towards the *Land of Matrimony*, as far as I know; but I cannot help wishing for a little more *entertainment* on our journey.

Richardson

Mrs. Sealand. How do I admire this noble, this learned taste of yours, and the worthy regard you have to our own ancient and honourable house in consulting a means to keep the blood as pure and as regularly descended as may be.

Cimberton. Why, really, madam, the young women of this age are treated with discourses of

The English in Love

such a tendency, and their imaginations so bewildered in flesh and blood, that a man of reason can't talk to be understood. They have no ideas of happiness, but what are more gross than the gratification of hunger and thirst.

Lucinda (aside). With how much reflection he is a coxcomb!

Cimberton. And in truth, madam, I have considered it as a most brutal custom that persons of the first character in the world should go as ordinarily, and with as little shame, to bed as to dinner with one another. They proceed to the propagation of the species as openly as to the preservation of the individual.

Lucinda (aside). She that willingly goes to bed to thee must have no shame, I'm sure.

Mrs. Sealand. Oh, cousin Cimberton! cousin Cimberton! how abstracted, how refined is your sense of things! But, indeed, it is too true there is nothing so ordinary as to say, in the best governed families, my master and lady have gone to bed; one does not know but it might have been said of one's self. (*Hiding her face with her fan.*)

Cimberton. Lycurgus, madam, instituted otherwise; among the Lacedæmonians the whole female world was pregnant, but none but the mothers themselves knew by whom; their meetings were secret, and the amorous congress always by stealth; and no such professed doings between the sexes as are tolerated among us under the audacious word, marriage.

Mrs. Sealand. Oh, had I lived in those days and been a matron of Sparta, one might with less indecency have had ten children, according to that

modest institution, than one, under the confusion of our modern, barefaced manner.

Lucinda (aside). And yet, poor woman, she has gone through the whole ceremony, and here I stand a melancholy proof of it.

Mrs. Sealand. We will talk then of business. That girl walking about the room there is to be your wife. She has, I confess, no ideas, no sentiments, that speak her born of a thinking mother.

Cimberton. I have observed her; her lively look, free air, and disengaged countenance speak her very—

Lucinda. Very what?

Cimberton. If you please, madam—to set her a little that way.

Mrs. Sealand. Lucinda, say nothing to him, you are not a match for him; when you are married, you may speak to such a husband when you're spoken to. But I am disposing of you above yourself every way.

Cimberton. Madam, you cannot but observe the inconveniences I expose myself to, in hopes that your ladyship will be the consort of my better part. As for the young woman, she is rather an impediment than a help to a man of letters and speculation. Madam, there is no reflection, no philosophy, can at all times subdue the sensitive life, but the animal shall sometimes carry away the man. Ha! ay, the vermilion of her lips.

Lucinda. Pray, don't talk of me thus.

Cimberton. The pretty enough—pant of her bosom.

Lucinda. Sir! madam, don't you hear him?

Cimberton. Her forward chest.

The English in Love

Lucinda. Intolerable!

Cimberton. High health.

Lucinda. The grave, easy impudence of him!

Cimberton. Proud heart.

Lucinda. Stupid coxcomb!

Cimberton. I say, madam, her impatience, while we are looking at her, throws out all attractions—her arms—her neck—what a spring in her step!

Lucinda. Don't you run over me thus, you strange unaccountable!

Cimberton. What an elasticity in her veins and arteries!

Lucinda. I have no veins, no arteries.

Mrs. Sealand. Oh, child! hear him, he talks finely; he's a scholar, he knows what you have.

Cimberton. The speaking invitation of her shape, the gathering of herself up, and the indignation you see in the pretty little thing—Now, I am considering her, on this occasion, but as one that is to be pregnant.

Lucinda (aside). The familiar, learned, unseasonable puppy!

Cimberton. And pregnant undoubtedly she will be yearly. I fear I shan't, for many years, have discretion enough to give her one fallow season.

Lucinda. Monster! there's no bearing it. The hideous sot! there's no enduring it, to be thus surveyed like a steed at sale.

Cimberton. At sale! She's very illiterate—But she's very well limbed too; turn her in; I see what she is. (*Exit Lucinda, in a rage.*)

Steele

To Harriet, then, my life, and my bliss, I turned; and, over a pot of tea, was as happy, I am sure, as ever with his Statira sat the conquerer of the world. I began to relate once more the story of a passion that was to form one day, I hoped, my sole felicity in this world; and with vows and protestations affirmed that I loved her from my soul. "Charming angel," I said, "the beauties of your mind have inspired me with a passion that must increase every time I behold the harmony of your face; and by the powers divine, I swear to love you as long as Heaven shall permit me to breathe the vital air. Bid me then either live or die, and while I do live be assured that my life will be devoted to you only." But in vain was all this warmth. Miss Noel sat as unmoved as Erycina on a monument, and only answered with a smile. "Since your days sir, are in my disposal, I desire you will change to some other subject; and some article that is rational and useful; otherwise I must leave the room."

"To leave me," I replied, "would be insupportable; and therefore at once I have done: if you please then, madam, we will consider the miracle at Babel, and enquire into the language of the world at that time. . . . For my part, I think with Hutchinson . . ."

"As to a confusion of confessions," replied Miss Noel, "it appears to me to be a notion without any foundation to rest on. The argument of Hutchinson that the word 'shepah', the name for a lip, when used for the voice or speech, is never once in the Bible used in any other sense than for confession . . . (4 pages follow) . . . The Aramitish

The English in Love

was the customary language of the line of Shem. It was their vulgar tongue. The language of the old world, that was spoken immediately before the confusion, was called Hebrew, from Heber, which they reserved for sacred uses."

Here Miss Noel ended, and my amazement was so great, and my passion had risen so high for such uncommon feminine intelligence that I could not help snatching this beauty to my arms, and without thinking of what I did, impressed on her balmy lips half a dozen kisses. This was wrong, and gave very great offence, but she was too good to be implacable, and on my begging her pardon and protesting it was not a wilful rudeness but the magic of her glorious eyes, and the bright powers of her mind that had had transported me beside myself, she was reconciled, and asked me if I would play a game at cards? "With delight," I replied, and immediately a pack was brought in.

Thomas Amory

"By heaven, by all that is sacred!" said Jones. . .
"The delicacy of your sex cannot conceive the grossness of ours, nor how little one sort of amour has to do with the heart." "I will never marry a man," replied Sophia very gravely, "who shall not learn refinement enough to be as incapable as I am myself of making such a distinction." "I will learn it," said Jones, "I have learned it already. The first moment of hope that my Sophia might be my wife taught it me at once; and all the rest of her sex from that moment became as little the

Scenes and Suits

object of desire to my senses as of passion to my heart."

Fielding

Behold, my Fair! where'er we rove,
What dreary prospects round us rise!
The naked hill! the leafless grove!
The hoary ground! the frowning skies!

Not only through the wasted plain,
Stern Winter! is thy force confessed!
Still wider spreads thy horrid reign!
I feel thy power usurp my breast!

Enliven Hope and fond Desire,
Resign the heart to Spleen and Care!
Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,
And Rapture saddens to Despair!

In groundless Hope and causeless Fear,
Unhappy man! behold thy doom!
Still changing with the changeful year,
The slave of sunshine and of gloom!

Tired with vain joys, and false alarms;
With mental and corporeal strife;
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
And shield me from the Ills of Life!

Samuel Johnson

Relent, at last, my cruel Fair relent,
And listen kindly to my just complaint.

The English in Love

Think on the Passion that's already past,
Think that the passion will for ever last.
O see with what impatient Fires I burn,
And let your pitying heart make some return.
My Flames are so sincere, my Love is such,
Some you should show—you cannot show too
much.

How blest should I in your possession be?
How happy might you make yourself in me?
No Mistress ever led so sweet a Life,
As you should in th' exploded thing, a Wife;
Years should roll round on Years, and Ages move
In Circles, Crown'd in everlasting Love.
Our mutual Joys, should like your Charms be new,
And all my business be to merit you. . . .

Charles Hopkins

Young Daphne was the prettiest Maid
The eyes of Love could see;
And but one fault the Charmer had
'Twas cruelty to me!
No Swain that e'er the Nymph adored,
Was fonder, or was younger;
Yet when her pity I implored,
'Twas "Stay a little longer!"

It chanced I met the blooming Fair,
One May morn, in the grove,
When Cupid whispered in my ear,
"Now, now, 's the time for love!"
I clasped the Maid. It waked her pride.
"What! did I mean to wrong her?"
"Not so, my gentle Dear!" I cried,
"But love will stay no longer!"

Scenes and Suits

Then, kneeling at her feet, I swore
How much I loved! how well!
And that my heart, which beat for her,
With her should ever dwell!
Consent stood speaking in the eye
Of all my care's prolonger;
Yet Daphne uttered, with a sigh,
"Oh! stay a little longer!"

The conflict in her soul I saw
'Twixt Virtue and Desire,
"O, come!" I cried, "let Hymen's law
Give sanction to Love's fire!"
Ye Lovers! guess how great my joys!
Could rapture well prove stronger,
When Virtue spoke, in Daphne's voice,
"You, now, shall stay no longer!"
Samuel Boyce

Now, through the lane, up hill, and 'cross the
green,
(Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid.
Slow through the meadows roved they many a
mile,
Toy'd by each bank, and trifled by each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears,—
Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;

The English in Love

There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away;
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire, and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assumed, compell'd her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before.

Crabbe

The girl blushed as she read, and trembled. She had a sort of confused sensation that Allan was noticing her; yet she durst not lift her eyes from the book, but continued reading, scarce knowing what she read.

Allan guessed the cause of her confusion; Allan trembled too; his colour came and went; his feelings became impetuous, and flinging both arms round her neck, he kissed his young favourite.

Rosamund was vexed and pleased, soothed and frightened. All in a moment a fit of tears came to her relief.

Allan had indulged before in these little freedoms, and Rosamund had thought no harm of them; but from this time the girl grew timid and reserved—distant in her manner, and careful of her behaviour in Allan's presence; not seeking his society as before, but rather shunning it; delighting more to feed upon his idea in absence.

Allan, too, from this day seemed changed: his manner became, though not less tender, yet more

Scenes and Suits

respectful and diffident; his bosom felt a throb it had till now not known in the society of Rosamund; and if he was less familiar with her than in former times, that charm of delicacy had a superadded grace to Rosamund, which, while he feared, he loved.

There is a *mysterious character*, heightened indeed by fancy and passion, but not without foundation in reality and observation, which true lovers have ever imputed to the object of their affections. This character Rosamund had now acquired with Allan—something *angelic, perfect, exceeding nature*.

Lamb

... long time they lay
Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet
lips.

“O known Unknown! from whom my being
sips

Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever? ever press
These toying hands and kiss their smooth
excess?

Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes? Ah, thou wilt
steal

Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed

The English in Love

My lonely madness. Speak, delicious fair!
Is—is it to be so? No! Who will dare
To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me.

Still

Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft completion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses, twinkling eyes,
And by these tender milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion"— . . .

Keats

How blissful were the days that followed! Who can describe the delight of listening to beauteous lips murmuring admissions, rather than avowals of affection—referring to the first consciousness of love, and to the hopes and fears that ever accompany it—to the sleepless hours, and to the dreams that follow them of the beloved one—of the thousand nameless incidents and thoughts, that mark a growing tenderness hidden in the youthful heart that trembles lest its secret should be revealed. How vapid, how uninteresting does the whole world appear in comparison with the circumscribed circle which consists of all one dotes on! What power that dignity and wealth could bestow, would one accept in exchange for the rapture of feeling

oneself beloved by a creature lovely as our mother, Eve, ere she sinned, and pure and guileless as an infant!

Lady Blessington

“And so, if thou wert wedded to one worthy of thee, in his ambition thou wouldst soar and dare?”

“Perhaps,” answered Sibyll coyly.

“But if thou wert wedded to sorrow and poverty, and troublous care, thine ambition, thus struck dead, would of consequence strike dead thy love?”

“Nay, noble lord, nay. Canst thou so wrong womanhood in me unworthy? . . . Is there no ambition of the heart?—an ambition to console, to cheer the griefs of those who love and trust us? . . . an ambition to soothe some high soul, in its strife with a mean world? Oh, methinks a woman’s true ambition would rise the bravest when, in the very sight of death itself, the voice of him in whom her glory had dwelt through life should say, ‘Thou fearest not to walk to the grave and to heaven by my side!’”

Sweet and thrilling were the tones in which these words were said—lofty and solemn the upward and tearful look with which they closed.

And the answer struck home to the native and original heroism of the listener’s nature, before debased into the cynic sourness of worldly wisdom.

“O Sibyll!” he exclaimed passionately, and yielding to the impulse of the moment; “oh that *for me, as to me*, such high words were said! Oh, that all the triumphs of a life men call prosperous

The English in Love

were excelled by the one triumph of waking such an ambition in such a heart! ”

Sibyll stood before him transformed—pale, trembling, mute; and Hastings, clasping her hand and covering it with kisses, said:

“Dare I read thy silence? Sibyll, thou lovest me! O Sibyll, speak! ”

With a convulsive effort the girl's lips moved, then closed, then moved again, into low and broken words.

“Why this—why this? Thou hadst promised not to—not to——”

“Not to insult thee by unworthy vows. Nor do I! But *as my wife*.” He paused abruptly, alarmed at his own impetuous words, and scared by the phantom of the world that rose like a bodily thing before the generous impulse, and grinned in scorn of his folly.

But Sibyll heard only that one holy word of Wife, and so sudden and so great was the transport it called forth, that her senses grew faint and dizzy, and she would have fallen to the earth but for the arms that circled her, and the breast upon which, now, the virgin might veil the blush that did not speak of shame.

With various feelings, both were a moment silent. But, oh, that moment! what centuries of bliss were crowded into it for the nobler and fairer nature!

Lytton

“I fear I am disturbing you, Miss Dacre? ”

“By no means,” she said, with a courteous air;

and then, remembering she was a hostess, "Is there anything that you require?"

"Much; more than I can hope. O Miss Dacre! suffer me to tell you how much I admire, how much I love you!"

She started, she stared at him with distended eyes, and her small mouth was open like a ring.

"My Lord!"

"Yes!" he continued in a rapid and impassioned tone. "I at length find an opportunity of giving way to feelings which it has been long difficult for me to control. O beautiful being! tell me, tell me that I am blessed!"

"My Lord! I—I am most honoured; pardon me if I say, most surprised."

"Yes! from the first moment that your ineffable loveliness rose on my vision my mind has fed upon your image. Our acquaintance has only realised, of your character, all that my imagination had preconceived. Such unrivalled beauty, such unspeakable grace, could only have been the companions of that exquisite taste and that charming delicacy which, even to witness, has added great felicity to my existence. Oh! tell me; tell me that they shall be for me something better than a transient spectacle. Condescend to share the fortune and the fate of one who only esteems his lot in life because it enables him to offer you a station not utterly unworthy of your transcendent excellence!"

"I have permitted your Grace to proceed too far. For your, for my own sake, I should sooner have interfered, but, in truth, I was so astounded at your unexpected address that I have but just succeeded in recalling my scattered senses. Let me again

The English in Love

express to you my acknowledgments for an honour which I feel is great; but permit me to regret that for your offer of your hand and fortune these acknowledgments are all I can return."

"Miss Dacre! am I then to wake to the misery of being rejected?" . . .

He rose from the table, and stifled the groan which struggled in his throat. He paced up and down the room with an agitated step and a convulsed brow, which marked the contest of his passions. But he was not desperate. His heart was full of high resolves and mighty meanings, indefinite but great. He felt like some conqueror, who, marking the battle going against him, proud in his infinite resources and invincible power, cannot credit the madness of a defeat. And the lady, she leant her head upon her delicate arm, and screened her countenance from his scrutiny.

Disraeli

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone,—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind:

Scenes and Suits

It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Lord Houghton

His life-affection, losed from its controul,
He tells her, and she listens in dismay:
Ere all the raptured words escape his soul
Her senses sink away.
From her white face the shifting bloom has fled
And sends up her heart's shadow to those cheeks,
Deserting her for dead,
When o'er her brow, in drops, the anguish
breaks.

'Twas nigh the beach, his flagship full in view,
He told her how for love he fought
When the grand vessel into battle flew
And won the prize he sought.
Now as a sea-king's was his will obeyed:
But glory, what avails it, what is fame
Unless his loving maid
Share with him all his honours and his name?

She clasps her bosom, flies from place to place
Heedless of where her tears fast falling drop;
As though a sobbing sky came o'er her face
They never seem to stop.
Then in her dire distress, besought to speak,
She only whispers, "No, it cannot be";
But looks around to seek
Some voice that yet may turn her destiny.

The English in Love

“ O God! ” he cries. “ Through all these hopeful
years

Your love has been my lode-star; not in vain! ”
The gust of words has driven back her tears;
Her kisses fall like rain.

Her lips are maddened, both her arms embrace
His neck with a rude rapture, while her cheeks
Fondle his welcome face,
And turn his lips to kisses when he speaks.

Thomas Gordon Hake

“ Are you soon going away again, Walter? ”

“ Very soon.”

She sat looking at him for a moment; then
timidly put her trembling hand in his.

“ If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I
will love you dearly. If you will let me go with
you, Walter, I will go to the world’s end without
fear. I can give up nothing for you—I have
nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all
my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with
my last breath I will breathe your name to God
if I have sense and memory left.”

He caught her to his heart, and laid her cheek
against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no
more forlorn, she wept indeed, upon the breast of
her dear lover.

Blessed Sunday bells, ringing so tranquilly in
their entranced and happy ears! Blessed Sunday
peace and quiet, harmonising with the calmness
in their souls, and making holy air around them!
Blessed twilight, stealing on, and shading her so

soothingly and gravely, as she falls asleep, like a hushed child, upon the bosom she has clung to!

Oh, load of love and trustfulness that lies so lightly there. Aye, look down on the closed eyes, Walter, with a proudly tender gaze; for in all the wide world they seek but thee now—only thee!

Dickens

Mr. Glascock, as soon as the door was shut took a chair and placed it close beside the head of the sofa on which Nora was sitting. "Miss Rowley," he said, "you and I have known each other now for some months, and I hope you have learned to regard me as a friend."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Nora, with some spirit.

"It has seemed to me that we have met as friends, and I can most truly say for myself, that I have taken the greatest possible pleasure in your acquaintance. It is not only that I admire you very much,"—he looked straight before him as he said this, and moved about the point of the stick which he was holding in both his hands,—"*it is not only that,—perhaps not chiefly that, though I do admire you very much; but the truth is, that I like everything about you.*"

Nora smiled, but she said nothing. It was better, she thought, to let him tell his story; but his mode of telling it was not without its efficacy. It was not the simple praise which made its way with her; but a certain tone in the words which seemed to convince her that they were true. If he had really found her, or fancied her to be what he said, there

The English in Love

was a manliness in his telling her so in the plainest words that pleased her much.

"I know," continued he, "that this is a very bald way of telling—of pleading—my cause; but I don't know whether a bald way may not be the best, if it can make itself understood to be true. Of course, Miss Rowley, you know what I mean. As I said before, you have all those things which not only make me love you, but which make me like you also. If you think that you can love me, say so; and, as long as I live, I will do my best to make you happy as my wife."

Trollope

Still as I narrated, instead of checking, he incited me to proceed, he spurred me by the gesture, the smile, the half-word. Before I had half done, he held both my hands, he consulted my eyes with a most piercing glance: there was something in his face which tended neither to calm nor to put me down; he forgot his own doctrine, he forsook his own system of repression when I most challenged its exercise. I think I deserved strong reproof; but when have we our deserts? I merited severity, he looked indulgence. To my very self I seemed imperious and unreasonable, . . . he smiled, betraying delight. Warm, jealous and haughty, I knew not till now that my nature had such a mood; he gathered me near his heart. I was full of faults; he took them and me all home. For the moment of utmost mutiny, he reserved the one deep spell of peace. These words caressed my ear:

Scenes and Suits

"Lucy, take my love. One day share my life. Be my dearest, first on earth."

We walked back to the Rue Fossette by moonlight—such moonlight as fell on Eden—shining through the shades of the Great Garden, and haply gilding a path glorious for a step divine—a Presence nameless. Once in their lives some men and women go back to these first fresh days of our great Sire and Mother and taste that grand morning's dew—bathe in its sunrise.

. . . We reached Madame Beck's door. Jean Baptiste's clock tolled nine. At this hour, in this house, eighteen months since, had this man at my side bent before me, looked into my face and eyes, and arbitered my destiny. This very evening he had again stooped, gazed, and decreed. How different the look—how far otherwise the fate!

He deemed me born under his star: he seemed to have spread over me its beam like a banner. Once—unknown, and unloved, I held him harsh and strange, the low stature, the wiry make, the angles, the darkness, the manner, displeased me. Now, penetrated with his influence, and living by his affection, having his worth by intellect, and his goodness by heart—I preferred him before all humanity.

Charlotte Brontë

And, he continued, more firmly, although with stronger emotion:

Elspie, why should I speak it? you cannot believe it, and should not:

The English in Love

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said
to another?

Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you only
I love; you,

First and sole in my life that has been and surely
that shall be;

Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe it
and spurn not!

Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie?

Well,—she answered,

And then she was silent some time, and blushed all
over, and answered

Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting. Maybe, I
think of it.

Though I don't know that I did; and she paused
again; but it may be,

Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels
to me strangely. . . .

Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip,
Do not do anything hasty. It is all so sudden, so
sudden.

Do not say anything yet to any one. . . .

But oh, he said, Elspie;

Do as I bid you, my child; do not go on calling me
Mr.;

Might I not just as well be calling you Miss Elspie?
Call me this heavenly night, for once, for the first
time, Philip.

Philip, she said, and laughed, and said she could
not say it;

Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet
lips as they said it. . . .

Clough

Scenes and Suits

I grew assured, before I ask'd,
That she'd be mine without reserve,
And in her unclaim'd graces bask'd,
At leisure, till the time should serve,
With just enough of dread to thrill
The hope, and make it trebly dear;
Thus loth to speak the word to kill
Either the hope or happy fear.

Till once, through lanes returning late,
Her laughing sisters lagg'd behind;
And, ere we reached her father's gate,
We paused with one presentient mind;
And, in the dim and perfumed mist,
Their coming stay'd, who, friends to me,
And very women, loved to assist
Love's timid opportunity.

Twice rose, twice died my trembling word;
The faint and frail Cathedral chimes
Spake time in music, and we heard
The chafers rustling in the limes.
Her dress, that touch'd me where I stood,
The warmth of her confided arm,
Her bosom's gentle neighbourhood,
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
Her look, her love, her form, her touch,
The least seem'd most by blissful turn,
Blissful but that it pleased too much,
And taught the wayward soul to yearn.
It was as if a harp with wires
Was traversed by the breath I drew;
And, oh, sweet meeting of desires,
She, answering, own'd that she loved too.

Coventry Patmore

The English in Love

They were silent; she was so near him now that her quick breath stirred his hair, and he could feel the pulse of her heart beating against his own side. The fiery Livingstone blood, heated sevenfold by wine and passion, was surging through his veins like molten iron. Memory and foresight were both swept away like withered leaves, by the strength of the terrible temptation.

His arm stole round her waist, and he drew her towards him—close—closer yet; then she looked up in his face. The cloud of thoughtful gravity has passed away from hers, and the provocations of a myriad coquettes and courtezans concentrated in her marvellous eyes.

He bent down his lofty head, and instantly their lips met, and were set together, fast.

A kiss! Tibullus, Secundus, Moore, and a thousand other poets and poetasters, have rhymed on the word for centuries, decking it with the choicest and quaintest conceits. But remember—it was with a kiss that the greatest of all criminals sealed the Unpardonable Sin—it was a kiss which brought on Francesca punishment so unutterably piteous, that He swooned at the sight who endured to look on all other horrors of Nine-circled Hell.

G. A. Lawrence

“The look of the place pleases you?”

“Oh! yes; the pines behind it; the sweet little village church; even the appearance of the rustics;—it is all impressively old English. I suppose you are very seldom there?”

Scenes and Suits

"Does it look like a home to you?"

"No place more!"

"I feel the loneliness."

"Where I live I feel no loneliness!"

"You have heavenly messengers near you."

"They do not always come."

"Would you consent to make the place less lonely for me?"

Her bosom rose. In deference to her maidenly understanding, she gazed inquiringly.

"If you love it!" said he.

"The place?" she said, looking soft at the possessor.

"Constance!"

"Is it true?"

"As you yourself. Could it be other than true? This hand is mine?"

"Oh! Percy!"

Borrowing the world's poetry to describe them, the long prayed-for Summer enveloped the melting snows.

Meredith

The precious time was going. Next moment, any moment might bring interruption, her father, her sisters—and the chance would be gone.

With a sense of desperation he laid his hand upon the smooth, slim, white one, whose taper fingers looked so transparent against the dark sofa coverlet.

How thin, how soft they were! Suddenly it struck him that the rings were wanting, and for something to say he remarked so much aloud.

The English in Love

"They are grown too large; they fall off my poor skinny fingers," said she, smiling. And then she began to think that he ought not to hold her hand thus, and made as though she would draw it away.

But, to her amazement, it was held fast, and held between both of his.

He would say it if it choked him!

"If I were to give you one—not too large—to wear—for my sake—would you wear it—and *here?*" touching the third finger. "Hush! Oh, don't speak. I know, I know, that you would not."

He shrank down, bending his head to the blow—only, would God it had fallen, and were over!

Was she struck dumb at his presumption? Was she hanging back in pity? Or was she merely obeying his request for silence?

Tick, tock, went the clock, and a blast of rain spattered against the window. One long, long minute passed.

She would not speak, and he must leave it as it was.

Was this to be his answer? So, he must yield up the dear possession that he held, and feel the sacrifice complete.

He drew himself up to go. Yet one word more. He thought it would be better, would really be better, and then all would be plain between them, and he never need trouble her more.

"Dear lady," he said, softly, "I know the pain it will give you to say it, but if it must be 'No,' the 'No' would be better said. I can bear the worst now. You need not fear that I—that you—that I will ever molest you. Once with me means for altogether. Say then, is it 'No?'"

Scenes and Suits

Not a word said she.

"Then take your hand from mine," and he unclasped it gently.

The hand remained where it was.

He began to tremble. "Helen, what does this mean? What are you doing? Are you deceiving yourself, or me?"

His voice grew harsh and sharp. "Say, No, *no*, NO, and seal my fate at once, but do not trifle with me, in the name of heaven!"

Her lips moved, but he could catch no sound. He turned, the tears were raining down her cheek.

"Child, can it be 'Yes'?"

"Yes."

L. B. Walford

And then, wrapped about in a dark velvet cloak, still in her white dinner dress, with shining, gleaming, glancing stones about her dear throat, warm and wonderful and glowing and daring, Mary came flitting out of the shadows to me.

"My dear," she whispered, panting and withdrawing a little from our first passionate embrace, "Oh, my dear! . . .

"Oh, love me, my Stephen, love me, dear. Love me as if we were never to love again. Am I beautiful, my dear? Am I beautiful in the moonlight? Tell me! . . .

"Perhaps this is the night of our lives, dear! Perhaps never again will you and I be happy! . . .

"But the wonder, dear, the beauty! Isn't it still? It's as if nothing really stood solid and dry. As if everything floated. . . ."

The English in Love

“Every one in all the world has gone to sleep to-night and left the world to us. Come! Come this way. . . .”

There was her dear face close to mine, soft under the soft moonlight, and the breath of her sweet speech mingled with the scent of the night-stock. . . .

That was indeed the most beautiful night of my life, a night of moonlight and cool fragrance and adventurous excitement. We were transported out of this old world of dusty limitations; it was as if for those hours the curse of man was lifted from our lives. No one discovered us, no evil thing came near us. For a long time we lay close in one another's arms upon a bank of thyme. Our heads were close together, her eyelashes swept my cheek, we spoke rarely and in soft whispers, and our hearts were beating, beating. We were as solemn as great mountains and as innocent as sleeping children. Our kisses were kisses of moonlight. And it seemed to me that nothing that had ever happened or could happen afterwards, mattered against this happiness. . . .

H. G. Wells

It was not in Miltoun to observe the formalities of attack. Had he been going to fight a duel there would have been no preliminary, just a look, a bow, and the swords crossed. So in this first engagement of his with the soul of a woman!

He neither sat down nor suffered her to sit, but stood looking intently into her face, and said:

“I love you.”

Now that it had come, with this disconcerting swiftness, she was strangely calm, and unashamed. The elation of knowing for sure that she was loved was like a wand waving away all tremors, stilling them to sweetness. Since nothing could take away that knowledge, it seemed that she could never again be utterly unhappy. Then too, in her nature, so deeply, unreasoningly incapable of perceiving the importance of any principle but love, there was a secret feeling of assurance, of triumph. He *did* love her! And she him! Well! And suddenly panic-stricken lest he should take back those words, she put her hand up to his breast, and said:

“And I love you.”

The feel of his arms round her, the strength and passion of that moment, were so terribly sweet, that she died to thought, just looking up at him, with lips parted and eyes darker with the depth of her love than he had ever dreamed that eyes could be. The madness of his own feeling kept him silent. And they stood there, so merged in one another that they knew and cared nothing for any other mortal thing. It was very still in the room; the roses and carnations in the lustre bowl, seeming to know that their mistress was caught up into heaven, had let their perfume steal forth and occupy every cranny of the abandoned air; a hovering bee, too, circled round the lovers' heads, scenting, it seemed, the honey in their hearts.

Galsworthy

“Miss Carrie—Carrie! Do not cry! Forgive me! Forgive me! Carrie, listen to me! Your sobs

The English in Love

go to my very heart! Forgive me! Listen to me, Carrie! I was an idiot—a fool; but I did not do it wantonly! Carrie!”—he took her arm and pressed it pleadingly—“Carrie, I love you!” The words were so sudden that they startled even himself; the faint breeze seemed to take them up and echo them; the nightingale sang them; the very horse’s hoofs beat them out upon the road; and they sounded like a chord of music in Carrie’s heart.

“I love you!” he said, swiftly, sweetly, hurriedly moving his hand from her arm to her waist, his lips close to her ear. “Ah, Carrie, forgive me! I did not know—I did not dare to believe the truth until this moment. But it is the truth. I love you, Carrie—I love you so very dearly!”

Her sobs ceased slowly; wonderingly she raised her pale face and looked at him with startled, almost incredulous eyes.

“You—love—me!” she said, in a little frightened, half audible whisper. “Are—you—mocking me? Is—is this—a jest, Lord Neville?”

He winced, and his face twitched. “A jest! Mocking you! It is no jest. I love you dearly—yes, as deeply as a man can love. Carrie, will you—do you love me a little in return—only a little?”

Only a little! Heaven, if he but knew how full her heart was with love of him! If he could but know! With a maidenly jealousy she kept her secret for a moment or two; tempting him, wooing him to speak the sweet words once again.

“Will you not speak to me?” he whispered, bending closer, his hand upon her arm. “Do you still doubt me? Ah, Carrie, that is cruel! Carrie, I love you—will you be my wife?”

Then she turned her head slowly, and looked at him, and in the beautiful eyes softened with passionate love, in the exquisite face, rose-tinted with maiden shame and purity, he read his answer.

“My darling!” he murmured, his heart giving a great leap. “My darling! You love me!” And he took her in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

Charles Garvice

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LAUGHING LOVE

*And if he may no more do,
Yet woll he stele a cuss or two.*

GOWER

*Ah cannot wee
As well as Cocks and Lyons jocund be,
After such pleasure?*

DONNE

*Yet Nature made both sweet and sour;
She gave the eye a lid to wink.*

FULKE GREVILLE

*If you will sing, let it be cheerily
Of dallying love. There's many a one among you
Hath sung, beneath our oak trees to his maiden,
Light bird-like mockeries, fit for love in springtime.
Sing such a one.*

BEDDOES



What my sweet Mistrisse (quoth he) weepe you?
Nay sit downe by my side, and I will sing thee one
of my country Jigges to make thee merry.

Wilt thou in faith (quoth she)?

Yes verily (saith *Cuthbert*):

And in troth (quoth she) if you fall a singing I
will sing with you.

That is well, you can so suddenly change your
notes (quoth *Cuthbert*) then have at it.

Man:

Long have I lov'd this bonny Lasse,
Yet durst not shew the same.

Woman:

There in you prove your selfe an Asse,

The English in Love

Man:

I was the more to blame.
Yet still will I remaine to thee,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly:
Thy friend and lover secretly.

Woman:

Thou art my owne sweet bully.

Man:

But when shall I enjoy the delight
of thy faire love?

Woman:

Even when thou seest that fortune doth,
all manner lets remove.

Man:

O, I will fold thee in my armes,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly.
And keepe thee so from sudden harmes.

Woman:

Thou art my owne sweet bully.

Woman:

My husband he is gone from home,
you know it very well.

Man:

But when will he retorne againe?

Woman:

In truth I cannot tell.
If long he keepe him out of sight,
Trang dilly do, trang dilly,
Be sure thou shalt have thy delight.

Man:

Thou art my bonnie lassie.

Thomas Deloney

Laughing Love

“ Laugh not too much! Perhaps, you are deceived!
All are not fools, that have but simple faces!
Mists are abroad! Things may be misconceived!
Frumps and disdains are favours in disgraces!
Now, if you do not know what mean these
speeches,
Fools have long coats; and monkeys have no
breeches!

“ Tihee again! Why, what grace is this?
Laugh a man out, before he can get in!
Fortune so cross, and Favour so amiss!
Doomsday at hand, before the world begin! ”
“ Marry, Sir! then, but if the weather hold,
Beauty may laugh, and Love be a-cold! ”

“ Yet leave betimes your laughing too too much;
Or find the fox, and then begin the chase!
Shut not a rat within a sugar hutch;
And think you have a squirrel in the place!
But when you laugh, let this go for a jest—
Seek not a woodcock in a swallow's nest! ”

Nicholas Breton

Samias. . . . how say you, gentlewomen, are not
our masters too far in love.

Scintilla. Their tongues happily are dipped to
the root in amorous words and sweet discourses,
but I think their hearts are scarce tipped on the side
with constant desires.

Lyly

The English in Love

Not a little was I delighted with this unexpected love storie, especially from a mouth out of which was nought wont to march but stern precepts of gravetie and modestie. I sweare unto you I thought his companie the better by a thousand crownes, because hee had discarded those nice tearmes of chastitie and continencie. Now I beseech God love me so well as I love a plaine dealing man, earth is earth, flesh is flesh, earth wil to earth, and flesh unto flesh, fraile earth, fraile flesh, who can keep you from the worke of your creation?

Nashe

To couple is a custome,
all things thereto agree:
Why should not I then love
since love to all is free?

But Ile have one that's pretty,
her cheeks of scarlet die,
For to breed my delight,
when that I am her by.

Though vertue be a dowry,
yet Ile chuse money store:
If my love prove untrue,
with that I can get more.

The faire is oft inconstant,
the blacke is often proud.
Ile chuse a lovely browne,
come fidler scrape thy crowd.

Laughing Love

Come fidler scrape thy crowd,
for Peggy the brown is she
Must be my Bride, God guide
that Peggie and I agree.

Anon.

It fell on a sommers day,
While sweete Bessie sleeping laie
In her bowre, on her bed,
Light with curtaines shadowed,
Jamy came: shee him spies,
Opning halfe her heavie eyes.

Jamy stole in through the dore,
She lay slumbring as before;
Softly to her he drew neere,
She heard him, yet would not heare.
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
She lay still, and would not wake;
Then his hands learn'd to woo,
She dreamp't not what he would doo,
But still slept, while he smild
To see love by sleepe beguild.

Jamy then began to play.
Bessie as one buried lay.
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceiv'd in her owne deccit,
And since this traunce begoon,
She sleepes ev'rie afternoone.

Campion

The English in Love

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd on a hill,
On a hill so merrily,
On a hill so cheerily,
Fear not, Shepherd, there to pipe thy fill!
Fill every dale! fill every plain!
Both sing, and say, " Love feels no pain! "

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd on a green,
On a green so merrily,
On a green so cheerily,
Be thy voice shrill! be thy mirth seen!
Heard to each Swain! seen to each Trull!
Both sing, and say, " Love's joy is full! "

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd in the sun,
In the sun so merrily,
In the sun so cheerily,
Sing forth thy sons! and let thy rhymes run
Down to the dales, from the hills above!
Both sing, and say, " No life, to Love! "

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd in the shade,
In the shade so merrily,
In the shade so cheerily,
Joy to thy life, life of Shepherd's trade!
Joy in thy love! love full of glee!
Both sing, and say, " Sweet Love for me! "

Jolly Shepherd, Shepherd here or there,
Here or there so merrily,
Here or there so cheerily,
Or in thy chat, either at thy cheer,
In every jig, in every lay,
Both sing and say, " Love last for aye! "

Laughing Love

Jolly Shepherd! Shepherd, Daphnis' Love!
Daphnis' Love so merrily,
Daphnis' Love so cheerily,
Let thy fancy never more remove!
Fancy be fixed; fixed not to fleet!
Still sing, and say, "Love's yoke is sweet!"
John Wootton

'Tis, in good truth, a most wonderful thing
(I am even ashamed to relate it)
That love so many vexations should bring,
And yet few have the wit to hate it.

Love's weather in maids should seldom hold fair:
Like April's mine shall quickly alter;
I'll give him to-night a lock of my hair,
To whom next day I'll send a halter.

I cannot abide these malapert males,
Pirates of love, who know no duty;
Yet love with a storm can take down their sails,
And they must strike to Admiral Beauty.

Farewell to that maid who will be undone,
Who in markets of men (where plenty
Is cried up and down) will die even for one;
I will live to make fools of twenty.

D'Avenant

Fine young Folly! though you were
That fair Beauty I did swear;
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart!

The English in Love

For we, Courtiers, learn at school,
Only with your Sex to fool!
Y' are not worth the serious part!

When I sigh and kiss your hand;
Cross my arms and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear, the sun ne'er shot such fires:
All is but a handsome lie!

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle Soul! you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit!
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin:
When I walk, to show my wit!

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud!
Nor, to check my love, grow proud!
For, in sooth, I much do doubt
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air!
And your clothes, that set you out!

Yet though truth hath this confest;
And I vow, I love in jest!
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame
You will swear I in earnest am!
Bedlam! This is pretty sport!

Habington

Laughing Love

Chloris, farewell! I now must go!
For if with thee I here do stay,
Thine eyes prevail upon me so
I shall go blind, and lose my way!

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
Among the rest, me hither brought!
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
Made me stay longer than I thought!

For I'm engaged, by word and oath,
A Servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, would forfeit both;
Could I be sure to keep it still!

But what assurance can I take;
When thou (foreknowing this abuse),
For some more worthy Lover's sake,
Mayst leave me, with so just excuse!

For thou mayst say, " 'Twas not thy fault,
That thou didst thus unconstant prove!
Thou wert, by my example taught,
To break thy oath, to mend thy love! "

No, Chloris! No! I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
And She distrust me, reprobate!

Then shall my love, this doubt displace:
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face;
But make my constant meals at home!

Waller

The English in Love

I did but crave that I might kiss,
If not her lip, at least her hand,
The coolest lover's frequent bliss,
And rude is she that will withstand
That inoffensive liberty:
She (would you think it?) in a fume
Turn'd her about and left the room:
Not she, she vow'd, not she.

Well, Charissa, then said I,
If it must thus for ever be,
I can renounce my slavery,
And since you will not, can be free.
Many a time she made me die,
Yet (would you think't?) I lov'd the more,
But I'll not tak't as heretofore,
Not I, I'll vow, not I.

Thomas Flatman

Phillis, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleasure you can find,
In forcing nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain
Keep in some glowings of desire;
But still those glowings which remain
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to whine by rule.

Laughing Love

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove;
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

Prior

I will confess
With cheerfulness
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day;
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me!

I will not, I,
Now blubb'ring cry,
"It, ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To Love at all!"
Since Love so much contents me.

No! No! I'll be
In fetters free!
While others, they sit wringing
Their hands for pain;
I'll entertain
The wounds of Love with singing!

The English in Love

With flowers, and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me, I will tempt thee!
Which done; no more
I'll come before
Thee, and thine altars, empty!

Anon.

Amanda. Why is it possible, that one so young and beautiful as you, shou'd live and have no secrets?

Berinthia. What secrets do you mean?

Amanda. Lovers.

Berinthia. O twenty; but not one secret one amongst 'em. Lovers in this age have too much honour to do anything under-hand; they do all above-board.

Amanda. That now, methinks wou'd make me hate a man.

Berinthia. But the women of the town are of another mind: For by this means a lady may, with the expence of a few coquet glances, lead twenty fools about in a string, for two or three years together. Whereas, if she shou'd allow 'em greater favours, and oblige 'em to secrecy, she wou'd not keep one of 'em a fortnight.

Amanda. There's something indeed in that to satisfy the vanity of a woman, but I can't comprehend how the men find their account in it.

Berinthia. Their entertainment, I must confess, is a riddle to me. For there's very few of them ever get farther than a bow and an ogle. I have half a score for my share, who follow me all over the

Laughing Love

town; and at the play, the park, and the church, do, with their eyes, say the violent'st things to me—But I never hear any more of 'em.

Amanda. What can be the reason of that?

Berinthia. One reason is they don't know how to go farther. They have had so little practice, they don't understand the trade. But besides their ignorance, you must know there is not one of my half-score lovers but what follows half a score mistresses. Now their affections being divided amongst so many, are not strong enough for any one, to make 'em pursue her to the purpose. Like a young puppy in a warren, they have a flirt at all, and catch none.

Vanbrugh

Pious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,
If I but ask the Favour;
And yet the tender Fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

Congreve

A lover I am, and a Lover I'll be!
And hope from my Love I shall never be free!
Let wisdom be blamed in the grave woman-hater;
Yet never to love is a sin of ill nature!
But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched; but ever be young!

The English in Love

With hopes and with fears, like a ship on the
ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion!
When our Passion is pallid, and our Fancy would
fail;
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale!
But when the doubt's cleared, and the jealousy's
gone;
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never be done!
Anon.

'Tis not your beauty nor your wit
That can my heart obtain,
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
As true as heretofore,
Henceforth I'll scorn your slave to be,
And doat on you no more.

Think not my fancy to o'ercome
By proving thus unkind;
No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.
Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride;
For love at least I will have thanks,—
And something else beside!

Then open-hearted be with me,
And I shall be with you,
And let our actions be as free
As virtue will allow.

Laughing Love

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,—
If true, I'll constant be—
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections, well ye know,
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your power to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor,
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

Anon.

Whenever, Chloe, I begin
Your heart like mine to move,
You tell me of the crying sin
Of unchaste lawless love.

How can that passion be a sin
Which gave to Chloe birth?
How can those joys be but divine
Which make a heaven on earth?

To wed, mankind the priest trepann'd
By some sly fallacy,
And disobey'd God's great command,
"Increase and multiply."

You say that love's a crime; content:
Yet this allow you must,
More joy's in heaven if one repent
Than over ninety just.

The English in Love

Sin then, dear girl, for Heaven's sake
Repent and be forgiven;
Bless me, and by repentance make
A holiday in Heaven.

Lord Chesterfield

Dear Chloe! what means this disdain,
Which blasts each endeavour to please?
Though forty, I'm free from all pain!
Save love, I am free from disease!

No Graces, my mansions have fled!
No Muses have broken my lyre!
The Loves frolic still round my bed;
And Laughter is cheered at my fire!

To none, have I ever been cold!
All Beauties in vogue I'm among!
I've appetite e'en for the old,
And spirit enough for the young!

Believe me, sweet Girl! I speak true;
Or else put my love to the test!
Some others have doubted like you!
Like them do you bless and be blest!

John Gilbert Cooper

The Lady's sermon was a little long,
Not but she talk'd both well and wittily,
And then she look'd so prettily,
Her eyes excus'd the freedoms of her tongue.

Laughing Love

For when a favourite mistress speaks,
We always think her in the right,
E'en though she talks for days or weeks,
Or in the middle of the night.

To say the truth, her speech was rather rough,
But as she promis'd him her heart,
Upon the whole he took it in good part,
And as he lov'd her, lik'd it well enough.

So thank'd her for the good advice,
And took his leave; and ere he went,
By way of compliment,
Call'd her his guardian angel, his sweet tutor,
And kiss'd her fair hand, once, or twice,
And swore to be a good boy for the future.

Sir John Henry Moore

Fair Rosalind in wocful wise,
Six hearts has bound in thrall,
As yet she undetermined lies
Which she her spouse shall call.
Wretched, and only wretched he
To whom that lot shall fall!
For if her heart aright I see,
She means to please them all!

Anon.

Why should I my love confine?
Why should fair be mine or thine?
If I praise a tulip, why
Should I pass the primrose by? . . .

The English in Love

I am wise, life's every bliss
Thankful tasting; and a kiss
Is a sweet thing, I declare,
From a dark maid or a fair!

J. S. Blackie

"Well," said Ivor as he tightened his embrace,
"you're caught now, Anne."

She made an effort to release herself.

"It's not Anne. It's Mary."

Ivor burst into a peal of amused laughter. "So it is!" he exclaimed. "I seem to be making nothing but floaters this evening. I've already made one with Jenny." He laughed again, and there was something so jolly about his laughter that Mary could not help laughing too. He did not remove his encircling arm, and somehow it was all so amusing and natural that Mary made no further attempt to escape from it. They walked along by the side of the pool, interlaced. Mary was too short for him to be able, with any comfort, to lay his head on her shoulder. He rubbed his cheek, caressed and caressing, against the thick, sleek mass of her hair. In a little while he began to sing again; the night trembled amorously to the sound of his voice. When he had finished he kissed her. Anne or Mary: Mary or Anne. It didn't seem to make much difference which it was. There were differences in detail, of course; but the general effect was the important thing.

Aldous Huxley

PHILANDERERS

*Love, free as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.*
POPE

*"I don't think matrimony consistent with the
liberty of the subject."*

FARQUHAR

The marriage system created a new sport—adultery.
HOLBROOK JACKSON

*"Hang constancy, you know too much of the
world to be constant, sure."*

FIELDING

*"I must have women. There is nothing unbends
the mind like them."*

GAY

*Lord, what fine notions of virtue do we women
take up upon the credit of old foolish philosophers!
Virtue's its own reward, virtue's this, virtue's that—
Virtue's an ass, and a gallant's worth forty on't.*
VANBRUGH

*"I do not like the sort of person at all: the sort
of person I like, as I have already implied, is a
modest woman, who stays at home and looks after
her husband's dinner."*

PEACOCK



In eche of hem he fint somewhat,
That pleseth him, or this or that.
Some one for she is white of skinne,
Some one for she is noble of kinne,
Some one for she hath a rody cheke,
Some one for that she semeth meke,
Some one for she hath eyen grey,
Some one for she can laugh and pley,
Some one for she is longe and small,
Some one for she is lite and tall,
Some one for she is pale and bleche,
Some one for she is softe of speche,
Some one for that she is camused,
Some one for that she hath not been used,
Some one for she can daunce and sing.
So that some thing of his liking

The English in Love

He finte, and though no more he fele,
But that she hath a litel hele,
It is inough, that he therfore
Her love, and thus an hundred score,
While they be new he wolde he had,
Whom he forsaketh, she shall be bad.

Gower

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol!—Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.—Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's."

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her ill, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Falstaff. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises: humour me the angels.

Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most

Philanderers

judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Shakespeare

Why shou'd a foolish marriage vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When passion is decay'd?
We lov'd and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till love was lov'd out of us both;
But our marriage is dead
When the pleasure is fled;
'Twas pleasure first made it an oath.

If I have pleasures for a friend,
And further love in store,
What wrong has he whose joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a madness that he
Should be jealous of me,
Or that I should bar him of another;
For all we can gain
Is to give ourselves pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

Dryden

Mankind, from the double temptation of *Vanity* and *Desire*, is apt to turn every thing a Woman doth to the *hopeful side*.

Lord Halifax

The English in Love

Wildish. . . . what say you *Estridge*? are you under a vow too, or are the favours you have receiv'd, yet, only such as the hope of further obliges you to secrecy for a while? but you are so serious, I doubt you intend to commit matrimony.

Estridge. Not so long as I can have simple fornication for love or money: I am not for those Ladies that deal by whole-sail, a bit off the Spit serves my turn as well as the whole Joint, and me-thinks has a prettier relish.

Wildish. That is, metaphorically saying, you have sped with your Mrs. — my service [*Drinks to him*] to you, remembering the Bit off the Spit; and how, is she buxam? does she think happiness consists in motion, or in rest? what Sect of Philosophers is she of?

Estridge. A *Pythagorean*; I, Sir, in all these cases say nothing.

Sedley

Ranger. Are you married then, madam?

Lady Flippant. No, certainly.

Ranger. I am sure so much beauty cannot despair of it.

Lady Flippant. Despair of it!

Ranger. Only those that are married, or cannot get married, hate to hear of marriage.

Lady Flippant. Yet you must know, sir, my aversion to marriage is such, that you, nor no man breathing, shall ever persuade me to it.

Ranger. Cursed be the man who should do so rude a thing as to persuade you to anything against

your inclination! I would not do it for the world, madam.

Lady Flippant. Come, come, though you seem to be a civil gentleman, I think you no better than your neighbours. I do not know a man of you all that will not thrust a woman up into a corner, and then talk an hour to her impertinently of marriage.

Ranger. You would find me another man in a corner, I assure you, madam; for you should not have a word of marriage from me, whatsoever you might find in my actions of it; I hate talking as much as you.

Lady Flippant. I hate it extremely.

Ranger. I am your man, then, madam; for I find just the same fault with your sex as you do with ours—I ne'er could have to do with woman in my life, but still she would be impertinently talking of marriage to me.

Wycherley

Some thirty, or forty, or fifty at least,

Or more, I have loved in vain, in vain!

But if you'll vouchsafe to receive a poor guest;

For once I will venture again, again!

How long I shall be in this mind, this mind,

Is totally in your own power!

All my days I can pass with the Kind, the Kind;

But I'll part with the Proud in an hour!

Then, if you'll be good-natured, and civil, and civil,

You'll find I can be so too, so too!

But if not, you may go, you may go to the Devil;

Or the Devil may come to you, to you!

D'Urfey

The English in Love

Worthy. . . . But have you had no private closet discourse with her yet about males and females, and so forth, which may give you hopes in her constitution; for I know her morals are the devil against us.

Berinthia. I have had so much discourse with her, that I believe were she once cur'd of her fondness to her husband, the fortress of her virtue wou'd not be so impregnable as she fancies.

Worthy. What! she runs, I'll warrant you, into that common mistake of fond wives, who conclude themselves virtuous, because they can refuse a man they don't like, when they have got one they do.

Berinthia. True, and there I think 'tis a presumptuous thing in a woman to assume the name of virtuous, till she has heartily hated her husband, and been soundly in love with somebody else. Whom if she has withstood—then—much good may it do her!

Vanbrugh

I am resolved to divert myself. The man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into a fencing-school to pick a quarrel. I hope upon this foundation you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial force of my eyes, looks and gestures. As for verbal promises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy on the conceited interpreters of glances and motions. I am particularly skilled in the downcast eye, and the recovery into a sudden full aspect and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by us country

Philanderers

beauties beyond all that you have observed in courts and cities. Add to this, sir, that I have a ruddy heedless look, which covers artifice the best of every thing. Though I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy prey: and never exert my instructed charms, until I find I have engaged a pursuer.

Addison

And they had fixed the wedding day,
The morning that must wed them both;
But Stephen to another maid
Had sworn another oath:
And, with this other maid, to church
Unthinking Stephen went.

Wordsworth

“ Pardon me, loveliest, dearest! ” whispered he, “ for thus breaking through the restrictions imposed by my desire to preserve from even a suspicion, a fame dearer to me, oh! how infinitely dearer than my own, nay, than life itself; but I could not resist the uncontrollable impulse. I could not see you depart without uttering a few words of farewell. It was torture to me to behold the senseless herd, who fluttered round you enjoying privileges which I would die to possess; or to see this beauteous arm, the very touch of which thrills through my frame, confided to one of them. Say you forgive me, and, above all, tell me at what hour I may present myself at your door to-morrow.”

The English in Love

The poor, inexperienced, and misguided young creature, to whom these words were addressed, was far from thinking that Lord Glastonbury's conduct was the result of premeditation, originating in a vanity that led him thus openly to display his influence over her, however detrimental the exhibition must prove to her reputation; and she went home, her heart filled by a guilty passion, and her mind in a tumult of delight, at the certainty that her feelings were reciprocated by the object of her unhallowed affection.

Lady Blessington

. . . Satiety—the common curse of the great—crept over her day by day. The powers within her lay stagnant—the keen intellect rusted in its sheath.

“How is it,” said she to the beautiful Countess of —, “that you seem always so gay and so animated; that with all your vivacity and tenderness, you are never at a loss for occupation? You never seem weary—*ennuyee*—why is this?”

“I will tell you,” said the pretty Countess, archly; “I change my lovers every month.”

Lytton

A beauteous woman at the *table d'hôte*,
To try this English heart, at least to note
This English countenance, conceived the whim.
She sat exactly opposite to him.
Ere long he noticed with a vague surprise
How every day on him she bent her eyes;

Philanderers

Soft and enquiring now they looked, and then
Wholly withdrawn, unnoticed came again;
His shrunk aside: and yet there came a day,
Alas! they did not wholly turn away . . .
You will not wish minutely to know all
His efforts in the prospect of the fall.
He oscillated to and fro, he took
High courage oft, temptation from him shook,
Compelled himself to virtuous thoughts and
just,
And as it were in ashes and in dust
Abhorred his thought. But living thus alone,
Of solitary tedium weary grown;
From sweet society so long debarred,
And fearing in his judgment to be hard
On her—that he was sometimes off his guard
What wonder! She relentless still pursued
Unmarked, and tracked him in his solitude.
And not in vain, alas! . . .

Clough

“No, no, no,” Anne was saying in a breathless whisper, leaning backwards, turning her head from side to side in an effort to escape Gombauld’s kisses. “No, please. No.” Her raised voice had become imperative.

Gombauld relaxed his embrace a little. “Why not?” he said. “I will.”

With a sudden effort Anne freed herself. “You won’t,” she retorted. “You’ve tried to take the most unfair advantage of me.”

“Unfair advantage?” echoed Gombauld in genuine surprise.

The English in Love

"Yes, unfair advantage. You attack me after I've been dancing for two hours, while I'm still reeling drunk with the movement, when I've lost my head, when I've got no mind left but only a rhythmical body! It's as bad as making love to someone you've drugged or intoxicated."

Gombauld laughed angrily. "Call me a White Slaver and have done with it."

"Luckily," said Anne, "I am now completely sobered, and if you try and kiss me again I shall box your ears. Shall we take a few turns round the pool?" she added. "The night is delicious."

For answer Gombauld made an irritated noise. They paced off slowly, side by side.

"What I like about the painting of Degas . . ." Anne began in her most detached and conversational tone.

Aldous Huxley

THE SECRET PLAGUE

*What heart-breaking torments from jealousy can
flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!*
SHERIDAN

Faithfull love is full of jelosie.
ANON.

Jealousy . . . the injur'd lover's hell.
MILTON

*Love is long-suffering, brave,
Sweet, prompt, precious as a jewel;
But jealousy is cruel,
Cruel as the grave!*
HARDY

*But Dame (quoth he) many are jealous without
cause: for it is sufficient for their mistrusting
natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a word,
at a looke, at a smile, nay at the twinkle of an eye,
which neither man nor woman is able to expell? I
knew a woman that was ready to hang her selfe,
for seeing but her husbands shirt hang on a hedge
with her maides smocke . . .*
THOMAS DELONEY

*Jealousy is never satisfied with anything short
of an omniscience that would detect the subtlest
fold of the heart.*
GEORGE ELIOT



A maiden faire I dare not wed,
For feare to have *Acteons* head.
A maiden blacke is often proude;
A maiden little will be loude.
A maiden that is high in growthe,
They say is subject unto sloathe.
Thus faire or foule, little or tall,
Some faults remaine among them all:
But of all the faults that be,
None is so bad as jealousie.
For jealousie is fierce and fell,
And burnes as hot as fire in hell:
It breedes suspicion without cause,
And breaks the bonds of reasons lawes.
To none it is a greater foe,
Than unto those where it doth grow.

The English in Love

And God keepe me both day and
night,
From that fell, fond and ougly
spright:
For why? of all the plagues that be,
The secret plague is jealousye,
Therefore I wish all women kinde,
Never to beare a jealous minde.

THOMAS DELONEY

O how the pleasant aires of true love be
Infected by those vapours which arise
From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies
Between the jawes of hellish jealousye!
A monster, others' harme, selfe-miserie,
Beautie's plague, Vertue's scourge, succour of lies;
Who his owne joy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cherish doth with injurie:
Who since he hath, by Nature's speciall grace,
So piercing pawes as spoyle when they embrace;
So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes;
So manie eyes, ay seeking their owne woe;
So ample cares as never good newes to know:
Is it not evill that such a devill wants hornes?
Sidney

Gazetta. Indeed I have a husband, and his
love
Is more than I desire, being vainly jealous;
Extremes, tho' contrary, have the like effects.
Extreme heat mortifies like extreme cold;
Extreme love breeds satiety as well

The Secret Plague

As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempt's chastity as much as too much licence;
There's no man's eye fix'd on me, but doth
 pierce

My husband's soul: If any ask my welfare,
He straight doubts treason practised to his
 bed:

Fancies but to himself all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and lays all on me
For certain truths; yet seeks he with his best
To put disguise on all his jealousy,
Fearing perhaps lest it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dream upon . . .

.

Gratiana. Indeed, such love is like a smoky
 fire

In a cold morning; though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so sour and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke:
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire,
Is jealousy to love; better want both
Than have both.

Chapman

Wretched and foolish jealousy
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
 I ne'er was of thy kind;
 Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
 I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers, as well as mine.

The English in Love

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my affections were:
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth!
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting men to please;
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

Ben Jonson



In this little Vault she lyes,
Here, with all her jealousies:
Quiet yet; but if ye make
Any noise, they both will wake,
And such spirits raise, 'twill then
Trouble Death to lay agen.

Herrick

Keep off presumption; horrid impudence
Bold monstrous *traitor* to my *love*, get hence;
Strange daring faith! venture to step between
A jealous *Monarch*, and a chaster *Queen*,
Go tempt a *Kingdom* kept by the magick spell
Of a *Prince* politick; I'm *loves Machavel*;
This is my *Florence*, and thou tempt'st from me
Not an *Italians* wife, but *Italy*;
Ransack the great *Turks Seraglio*, try
Tout-pimp the lustful *Sultans* jealousy;
Hug the coy *laurel*, and expect to see
Daphne throw off her bark and follow thee:
Make old *Endymion Pander*, and conferre
With *Luna*, till thou get *new moones* on her;

The Secret Plague

Surprize an *Abbesse* and her *Nunnerie*,
Reconcile *love* to its *antipathie*;
Go dive amongst the *haddocks* and the *whales*,
Make *love* to *Mare-maids* and their *Conger-tailes*;
Court some faire *skillet-face*, and swear she's neat,
For pricking skewers well and spitting meat;
Some greasie *Cook-maid* whose sweet dugs suck in,
Receive and mingle dripping with her chin,
Who nightly with her knife her smock put off,
Scrapes thence some pipkins full of kitchen-
 stuffe,
Or wooe some driv'ling *Hag*, whose pitfal skin
Makes lust mistake the wonted place of sinne.
On some thrum'd *Baucis* spend thy hopes and
 labour,
Where thou mayest bathe thy lips in slime and
 slabber,
Cuckold the *devil*, get some *Proserpine*,
Some *Succuba* to be thy Concubine.
Engender with the *night-mare*, and beget
Dreams which may stang thy blood, and
 jellie it;
This once accomplish't, thou may'st freely ask
Amanda's love, but 'fore thou'st don thy task,
If thou dare once come near this sacred Court,
Wherein my *Princesse* love and *beauty* sport,
I'll stifle thy rebel heart in clotted gore
Of blood, with knives, and daggers shroud thee
 o're,
And make thee bear i' th' *face, throat, heart* and
 back,
More signes than he in *Swallows Almanack*.

Nathaniel Hookes

The English in Love

What state of life can be so blest
As love, that warms a lover's breast?
Two souls in one, the same desire
To grant the bliss, and to require!
But if in heaven a hell we find,
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousy!
 'Tis all from thee,
 O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, though sharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love:
In absence, or unkind disdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain,
But, ah! no cure but death we find,
 To set us free
 From Jealousy:
 O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind.

False in thy glass all objects are,
Some set too near, and some too far;
Thou art the fire of endless night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damned we find
 In only thee,
 O Jealousy!
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealousy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

Dryden

The Secret Plague

Her rage no constant face of sorrow wears,
Oft scornful smiles succeed loud sighs and
tears:

Oft o'er her face the rising blushes spread,
Her glowing eyeballs turn with fury red!—
Then pale and wan her altered looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with despair!
A tide of passion ebbs and flows within,
And oft she shifts the melancholy scene;
Does all the excess of woman's fury show,
And yields a large variety of woe.

Thomas Yalden

“Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves.” Now because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing. His pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

.

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behaviour sets him on the

The English in Love

rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be cheerful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant, but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of his passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred, than an excess of love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

Addison

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last; the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks
succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;

The Secret Plague

A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
And frightens love away.

James Thomson

Mrs. Rackett. Who knows her husband?

Flutter. Every body.

Mrs. Rackett. Is there not something odd in his character?

Villers. Nothing, but that he is passionately fond of his wife;—and so petulant is his love, that he opened the cage of a favourite bullfinch, and sent it to catch butterflies, because she rewarded its song with her kisses.

Mrs. Rackett. Intolerable monster! Such a brute deserves——

Villars. Nay, nay, nay, nay, this is your sex now. Give a woman but one stroke of character, off she goes, like a ball from a racket; sees the whole man, marks him down for an angel or a devil, and so exhibits him to her acquaintance. This monster! this brute! is one of the worthiest fellows upon earth; sound sense, and a liberal mind; but dotes on his wife to such excess, that he quarrels with every thing she admires; and is jealous of her tippet and nosegay.

Mrs. Rackett. Oh, less love for me, kind Cupid! I can see no difference between the torment of such an affection and hatred.

Flutter. Oh, pardon me, inconceivable difference, inconceivable. . . .

Mrs. Cowley

The English in Love

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
Is of a fair complexion altogether;
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's,
Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
When weary of the matrimonial tether;
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
But takes at once another, or another's.

Byron

. . . The midshipman and sentry went up the ladder, and Mr. and Mrs. Trotter continued beating each other. To this, none of them paid any attention, saying, as the sentry had said before, "Let them fight it out."

After they had fought some time, they retired behind the screen, and I followed the advice of the midshipman, and got into my hammock, which the master-at-arms hung up again for me. I heard Mr. and Mrs. Trotter both crying and kissing each other. "Cruel, cruel, Mr. Trotter," said she, blubbering.

"My life, my love, I was so jealous!" replied he.

"Damn and blast your jealousy," replied the lady; "I've two nice black eyes for the galley to-morrow." After about an hour of kissing and scolding, they both fell asleep again.

Captain Marryat

It was at this crisis when, as she could now see on a calm retrospect, her mind was distempered, a

The Secret Plague

new and terrible passion stepped upon the scene—jealousy. A friend came and whispered her, “Mr. Dyke was courting another woman at the same time, and that other woman was rich.”

“David, at that word a flash of lightning seemed to go through me and show me the man as he really was.”

“The mean scoundrel to sell himself for money!”

“No, David, he would not have sold himself with his eyes open, any more than perhaps your Miss Fountain would; but what little heart he had he could give to any girl that was not a fright. He was a self-deceiver, and a general lover; and such characters and their affections sink by nature to where their interest lies. Iron is not conscious, yet it creeps towards the loadstone. Well, while she was with me I held up and managed to question her as coolly as I speak to you, but, as soon as she left me, I went off in violent hysterics.”

“Poor Eve.”

“She had not been gone an hour when doesn’t the Devil put it into *his* head to send me a long affectionate letter, and in the postscript he invited himself to supper the same afternoon. Then I got up and dried my eyes, and I seemed to turn into stone with resolution. ‘Come,’ I said, ‘but don’t think you shall ever go back to her. Your troubles and mine shall end to-night.’”

“Why, Eve, you turn pale with thinking of it. I fear you have had worse thoughts pass through your mind than any man is worth.”...

“He had driven me mad.”

“Mad indeed: what, had you the heart to see

The English in Love

the man bleed to death, the man you loved you, my little gentle Eve! ”

“ Oh, no, no, no blood! ” said Eve with a shudder. “ Laudanum! ”

Charles Reade

It is a melancholy thought, that men who at first will not allow the verdict of perfection they pronounce upon their sweethearts or wives to be disturbed by God's own testimony to the contrary, will, once suspecting their purity, morally hang them upon evidence they would be ashamed to admit in judging a dog.

Hardy

It is often urged that it is impossible to separate jealousy from true love. A great mistake. Supposing a husband *really* loved his wife in a thoroughly unselfish sense, he would be complacently pleased to behold her in a state of perfect happiness; and, if that state of bliss should be only wanting in one respect, viz., the amours of another lover, the husband would not, or should not object. If so, why so?

Henry Seymour

Sir John wandered in and out through the numerous windings of sweetest fragrance, until arriving at the farthest corner, of rather darkened shade, and on a wire couch beheld the object of

The Secret Plague

his pursuit, in closest conversation with her tutor, whose name he had altogether failed to remember, only having had the pleasure of his acquaintance a few hours before.

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed Sir John, in profound astonishment. "Why, I have been searching for you for some time past, and have accidentally found you at last!" Irene, rising to her feet in a second, was utterly dazed, and had the dim lights showed her proud face to advantage, the ruddy glow of deepest crimson guilt would have manifested itself to a much greater degree. Making multitudinous apologies, etc., she at once joined Sir John, who led her back, in apparent triumph, to share the next waltz.

How the true heart beat with growing passion during the remainder of the merry festivity, and as the final announcement of separation was whispered from ear to ear, the gradual wane of Love's lofty right would fain have dwindled into pompous nothing as the thought kept tickling his warm enthusiasm with the nimble fingers of jealousy. That she whom he had ardently hoped should share his future with sheer and loving caresses of constant companionship and wifelike wisdom should be trapped in probably vowing to another her great devotion for him!

But better allow the sickening thought to die on the eve of insult rather than live in the breast of him who, at no distant date, would hear the merry peals of wedding bells ring with gladness, and naturally rejoice at the object of their origin.

Amanda Ros

The English in Love

“ He makes me jealous of everything and everybody. I am jealous of the men in the city—I was jealous of the sanitary inspector the other day—because he talks with interest to them. I know he stays in the city later than he need. It is a relief to me to go out in the evening, or to have a few people here once or twice a week; but I am angry because I know it is a relief to him too. I am jealous even of that organ. How I hate those Bach fugues! Listen to the maddening thing twisting and rolling and racing and then mixing itself up into one great boom. He can get on with Bach: he can’t get on with me. I have even condescended to be jealous of other women—of such women as Mrs. Saunders. He despises her: he plays with her as dexterously as she thinks she plays with him; but he likes to chat with her, and they rattle away for a whole evening without the least constraint. She has no conscience: she talks absolute nonsense about art and literature: she flirts even more disgustingly than she used to when she was Belle Woodward; but she is quick-witted, like most Irish people, and she enjoys a broad style of jesting which Ned is a great deal too tolerant of, though he would as soon die as indulge in it before me. Then there is Mrs. Scott, who is just as shrewd as Belle, and much cleverer. I have heard him ask her opinion as to whether he had acted well or not in some stroke of business—something that I had never heard of, of course.”

Bernard Shaw

"I shall be going away to-morrow for a few days' holiday."

She asked for detail, some of which he gave. Then, dissatisfied and inflamed, she broke forth in her suspicion and her abuse, and her contempt, while two large-eyed children stood listening by. Siegmund hated his wife for drawing on him the grave, cold looks of condemnation from his children.

In the morning Beatrice was disturbed by the sharp sneck of the hall-door. Immediately awake, she heard his quick, firm step hastening down the gravel path. In her impotence, discarded like a worn-out object, she lay for the moment stiff with bitterness.

"I am nothing, I am nothing," she said to herself. She lay quite rigid for a time.

There was no sound anywhere. The morning sunlight pierced vividly through the slits of the blind. Beatrice lay rocking herself, breathing hard, her finger-nails pressing into her palm. Then came the sound of a train slowing down in the station, and directly the quick "chuff-chuff-chuff" of its drawing out. Beatrice imagined the sunlight on the puffs of steam, and the two lovers, her husband and Helena, rushing through the miles of morning sunshine.

"God strike her dead! Mother of God, strike her down!" she said aloud in a low tone. She hated Helena.

D. H. Lawrence

The English in Love

He had been most horribly in love. . . .

"There was a time," he said in a tone that was quite unreally airy, off-hand and disengaged, "years ago, when I totally lost my head about her. Totally." Those tear-wet patches on his pillow, cold against his cheek in the darkness; and oh, the horrible pain of weeping, vainly, for something that was nothing, that was everything in the world! "Towards the end of the war it was. I remember walking up this dismal street one night, in the pitch darkness, writhing with jealousy." He was silent. Spectrally, like a dim, haunting ghost, he had hung about her; dumbly, dumbly imploring, appealing. "The weak, silent man," she used to call him. And once for two or three days, out of pity, out of affection, out of a mere desire, perhaps, to lay the tiresome ghost, she had given him what his mournful silence implored—only to take it back, almost as soon as accorded. That other night, when he had walked up this street before, desire had eaten out his vitals and his body seemed empty, sickeningly and achingly void; jealousy was busily reminding him, with an unflagging malice, of her beauty—of her beauty and the hateful, ruffian hands which now caressed, the eyes which looked on it. . . .

Aldous Huxley

LOVE'S UNCERTAINTIES

But the symptomes of the minde in lovers are almost infinite; and so diverse, that no art can comprehend them; though they be merry sometimes, and rapt beyond themselves for joy, yet most part, love is a plague, a torture, an hell, a bitter sweet passion at last.

BURTON

“Variations there are of temperature in the finest season; and the truest heart has not always the same pulsations.”

LANDOR

... And what reason is there to clog any woman with one man, be he never so singular?

DONNE

*Heaven only knows, false fair, which of us
both*

*More frequent mocks it with a fragile oath;
Thou swearing thou wilt never more deceive,
Or I that I will never more believe.*

RICHARD GARNETT

*Poore soules I pittie them, and the more,
Because I have not beene myselfe a stranger
To these love passions . . .*

COWLEY



Once I did love, and yet I live
Though love and truth be now forgotten.
Then did I joy, now do I grieve
That holy vows must needs be broken.

Hers be the blame that caused it so;
Mine be the grief though it be mickle,
She shall have shame: I cause to know
What 'tis to love a dame so fickle.

Love her that list! I am content,
For that chameleon-like she changeth,
Yielding such mists as may prevent
My sight to view her when she rangeth.

Let him not vaunt that gains my loss,
For when that he and time hath proved her,

The English in Love

She may bring him to weeping cross.

I say no more, because I loved her.

Anon.

Change thy mind! since She doth change.

Let not Fancy still abuse thee!

Thy untruth can not seem strange;

When her falsehood doth accuse thee.

Love is dead; and thou art free!

She doth live; but dead to thee!

When She loved thee best a while;

See how still She did delay thee!

Using shows for to beguile

Those vain hopes which have betrayed thee.

Now thou seest, but all too late,

Love loves truth; which Women hate!

Love, farewell! more dear to me

Than my life which thou preservedst!

Life, thy joy is gone from thee!

Others have what thou deservedst.

They enjoy what 's not their own!

Happier life to live alone!

Yet, thus much, to ease my mind,

Let her know what She hath gotten!

She, whom time hath proved unkind,

Having changed, is quite forgotten!

Fortune now hath done her worst;

Would she had done so at first.

Love no more! since She is gone.

She is gone, and loves another.

Love's Uncertainties

Having been deceived by one,
Leave to love; and love no other!
She was false; bid her adieu!
She was best but yet untrue.

Essex

O faithless World, and thy more faithless part,
a woman's heart!
The true shop of variety, where sits
nothing but fits
And feavers of desire, and pangs of love,
which toyes remove,
Why was she born to please, or I to trust
words writ in dust?
Suffering her eyes to govern my despair,
my pain for air;
And fruit of time rewarded with untruth,
the food of youth.
Untrue she was: yet, I believ'd her eyes
(instructed spies)
Till I was taught, that Love was but a School
to breed a fool.
Or sought she more by triumphs of denial
to make a trial
How far her smiles commanded my weakness?
Yield and confess,
Excuse no more thy folly, but for Cure,
blush and endure
As well thy shame as passions that were vain:
and think, 'tis gain
To know that Love lodg'd in a Woman's breast
is but a guest.

Sir Henry Wotton

The English in Love

When love on time and measure makes his ground,
Time that must end, though love can never die,
'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,
A love not in the heart but in the eye;
A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down,
A morning's favour and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but as beams;
Fair words seem true, yet they are but as wind;
Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward streams;
Sighs paint a sadness in the falsest mind.
Looks, words, tears, sighs, show love when love they
leave;
False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and yet deceive.
John Lilliat

Disdain me still! that I may ever love!
For who his Love enjoys, can love no more!
The war once past, with peace men cowards prove;
And ships returned, do rot upon the shore!
Then, though thou frown, I'll say, "Thou art
most fair!"
And still I'll love; though still I must despair!

As heat 's to life; so is desire to Love!
For these once quenched, both life and Love are
done!
Let not my sighs, nor tears, thy virtue move!
Like basest metals, do not melt too soon!
Laugh at my woes! although I ever mourn.
Love surfeits with rewards! His Nurse is
scorn!

William Herbert

Love's Uncertainties

Beauty, a silver dew that falls in May ;
Love is an egg-shell, with that humour filled ;
Desire, a winged boy, coming that way,
Delights and dallies with it in the field.
The fiery sun draws up the shell on high ;
Beauty decays, Love dies, Desire doth fly.
Anon.

Are women fair? Aye, wondrous fair to see to ;
Are women sweet? Yea, passing sweet they be too :
Most fair and sweet to them that only love them ;
Chaste and discreet to all, save those that prove
them.

Are women wise? Not wise, but they be witty :
Are women witty? Yea, the more the pity :
They are so witty, and in wit so wily,
That be ye ne'er so wise, they will beguile ye.

Are women fools? Not fools, but fondlings many.
Can women fond be faithful unto any?
When snow-white swans do turn to colour sable,
Then women fond will be both firm and stable.

Are women saints? Not saints, nor yet no devils.
Are women good? Not good, but needful evils ;
So angel-like, that devils I do not doubt them,
So needful ill, that few can live without them.

Are women proud? Aye, passing proud, and praise
them :
Are women kind? Aye, wondrous kind, and please
them :

The English in Love

Or so imperious, no man can endure them;
Or so kind-hearted, any may procure them.

Anon.

Oh she is Constant as the Winde
That Revels in an Ev'ning's Aire!
Certaine, as Wayes unto the Blinde,
More reall than her Flatt'ries are;
Gentle, as Chaines that Honour binde,
More faithfull than an Hebrew Jew,
But as the Divel not halfe so true.

Lovelace

Truman. I, but those Days are past; they'r gon
for ever,

And nothing else, but Nights are to succeed 'em;
Gone like the faith and truth of Women kind,
And never to be seen again! O *Lucia*!

Thou wast a wondrous Angel in those days of thy
blest state of Innocence.

There was a Cheek! a Fore-head! and an Eye!—
Did you observe her Eye, *Aurelia*?

Aurelia. O yes Sir! there were very pretty Babies
in't.

Truman. It was as glorious as the Eye of Heaven;
Like the soul's Eye it peirc'd through every thing;
And then her Hands—her Hands of Liquid Ivory!
Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing'st Har-
mony then upon Earth when she her self was
silent)

The subtil Musique a New Art, to take the Sight, as
wel as Ear.

Love's Uncertainties

Aurelia. I, Sir, I! you'd best go look her out, and marry her, she has but one Husband yet.

Truman. Nay, prethee, good *Aurelia* be not angry,

For I will never Love or See her more.

Only allow me this one short last remembrance of
one I lov'd so long. . . . 'Tis an odd foolish fancy,
I confess,

But Love and Grief may be allow'd sometimes
A little Innocent folly.

Cowley

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tossed it !

Or the ship on the sea,

When ruder winds have crossed it!

Hast thou marked the crocodile's weeping;

Or the fox's sleeping!

Or hast viewed the peacock in his pride!

Or the dove by his bride,

When he courts for his lechery!

O, so fickle, O, so vain, O, so false, so false is She!

Suckling

Coelia jealous, lest I did

In my heart affect another,

Me her company forbid!

Women cannot Passion smother!

The dearer love, the more disdain;

When truth is with distrust requited.

The English in Love

I vowed, in anger, to abstain!
She found her fault; and me invited.

I came, with intent to chide her,
'Cause she had true love abused;
Resolved never to abide her:
Yet her fault she so excused.

As it did me more intangle!
Telling, *True Love must have fears!*
They ne'er loved, that ne'er did wrangle!
Lovers jar; but Love indears!

Patrick Hannay

Wrong me no more!
In thy complaint,
Blamed for inconstancy.
I vowed t' adore
The fairest Saint!
Nor changed whilst thou wert Shee:
But if another, thee outshine;
Th' inconstancy is only thine!

To be by such
Blind fools admired,
Gives thee but small esteem;
By whom as much
Thou'dst be desired
Didst thou less beauteous seem!
Sure, Why they love, they know not well;
Who, Why they should not? cannot tell.

Love's Uncertainties

Women are by
Themselves betrayed,
And to their short joys cruel;
Who, foolishly,
Themselves persuade
Flames can outlast their fuel!
None (though Platonic their pretence)
With Reason love, unless by Sense!

The fairest She,
Whom none surpass,
To love hath only right!
And such to me
Thy beauty was,
Till one I found more bright!
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not t' have done 't before!
Thomas Stanley

The falling out of lovers, says the old proverb, is the renewing of love. Little circumstances will frequently happen, from the weakness of human nature, to break in upon the calm state of mutual affection:—nay, I rather think that the heart, devoted to one object, becomes, by insensible degrees, more easily affected by any untoward action, however trifling in proportion as that devotion increases. We form expectations oftentimes, of the most uninteresting nature; these are not gratified, and uneasiness ensues—The one party, having dwelt long upon them, has already raised them into matters of importance: the other having never considered them at all, cannot be brought to think

The English in Love

the neglect of them as an offence worthy of reproaches. Thus a mutual dissatisfaction takes place, 'till they find the want of each other's smiles and caresses; and then the one begins to think the requisition too much, while the other is satisfied that it ought to have been granted,—and they fly into each other's arms, more fond and enamoured than ever. These are rapturous moments! But when love is matured by time and experience,—when mutual confidence is fixed upon the firm and unalterable basis of steady affection,—then the heaven of this world commences; and they who have arrived at this state of united love, go on, like the sun, through a cloudless sky, and set in the serene of a summer's day.

Sterne (?)

. . . Love, from its very nature, must be transitory. To seek for a secret that would render it constant, would be as wild a search as for the philosopher's stone, or the grand panacea; and the discovery would be equally useless, or rather pernicious to mankind. . . .

This is, must be, the course of nature. Friendship or indifference inevitably succeeds love. And this constitution seems perfectly to harmonise with the system of government which prevails in the moral world. Passions are spurs to action, and open the mind, but they sink into mere appetites, become a personal and momentary gratification when the object is gained, and the satisfied mind rests in enjoyment.

Mary Wollstonecraft

Love's Uncertainties

In vain we supplicate the Powers above;
There is no resurrection for the Love
That, nursed in tenderest care, yet fades away
In the chilled heart by gradual self-decay
Coleridge

Don't you remember a carpet-weaver,
Whose daughter loved a youth so true?
He promised one day he never would leave her,
Down in the vale where violets grew.

He flatter'd and vow'd when she sat beside him,
Soft tales telling of loves long ago;
He vow'd to her, but can you tell if she her love
denied him,
Down in the vale where violets grow.

Never, he told her, he would be a rover,
She fondly thought he told her true;
But how shall the maid his truth discover,
Ah, will he plight his vows anew?

If never, never her voice deceived him,
Now while telling of loves long ago,
Can he forget the girl who believed him,
Down in the vale where violets grow?

Anon.

Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart,
Give back mine own to me,
Or bid thine image thence depart,
And leave me lone, but free.

The English in Love

Yet no! this mournful love of mine
I would not from me cast!
Let me but dream 'twill win me thine
By its deep truth at last.

Can aught so fond, so faithful live
Through years without reply?
Oh! if thine heart thou wilt not give,
Give me a thought, a sigh?

Mrs. Hemans

“Thou wilt forget me.” “Love has no such word.”
The soft Spring wind is whispering to the trees,
Among lime-blossoms have the hovering bees
Those whispers heard?

“Or thou wilt change.” “Love changeth not,” he
said.
The purple heather cloys the air with scent
Of honey. O'er the moors her lover went,
Nor turn'd his head.

W. J. Linton

After all, do I know that I really cared so about
her?
Do whatever I will, I cannot call up her image;
For when I close my eyes, I see, very likely, St.
Peter's,
Or the Pantheon facade, or Michel Angelo's figures,
Or, at a wish, when I please, the Alban hills and the
Forum,—

Love's Uncertainties

But that face, those eyes,—ah, no, never anything
like them;
Only, try as I will, a sort of featureless outline,
And a pale blank orb, which no recollection will
add to.
After all, perhaps there was something factitious
about it;
I have had pain, it is true: I have wept, and so have
the actors.

Clough

When, lull'd in passion's dream my senses slept,
How did I act?—e'en as a wayward child;
I smiled with pleasure when I should have wept!
And wept with sorrow when I should have
smiled;

When Gracia, beautiful but faithless fair,
Who long in passion's bonds my heart had kept,
First with false blushes pitied my despair,
I smiled with pleasure!—should I not have wept?

And when, to gratify some wealthier wight,
She left to grief the heart she had beguiled;
The heart grew sick, and saddening at the sight,
I wept with sorrow!—should I not have smiled?

W. T. Moncrieff

One year I lived in high romance,
A soul ennobled by the grace
Of one whose very frowns enhance
The regal lustre of the face,

The English in Love

And in the magic of a smile
I dwelt as in Calypso's isle.

One year, a narrow line of blue,
With clouds both ways awhile held back:
And dull the vault that line goes through,
And frequent now the crossing rack;
And who shall pierce the upper sky,
And count the spheres? Not I, not I!

Sweet year, it was not hope you brought,
Nor after toil and storm repose,
But a fresh growth of tender thought,
And all of love my spirit knows.
You let my lifetime pause, and bade
The noontide dial cast no shade.

If fate and nature screen from me
The sovran front I bowed before,
And set the glorious creature free,
Whom I would clasp, detain, adore;
If I forego that strange delight,
Must all be lost? Not quite, not quite.

Die, little Love, without complaint,
Whom Honour standeth by to shrive:
Assoilèd from all selfish taint,
Die, Love, whom Friendship will survive.
Nor heat nor folly gave thee birth;
And briefness does but raise thy worth.

Let the grey hermit Friendship hoard
Whatever sainted Love bequeathed,
And in some hidden scroll record
The vows in pious moments breathed.

Love's Uncertainties

Vex not the lost with idle suit,
Oh lonely heart, be mute, be mute.

William Cory

I play my sweet old airs—
The airs he knew
When our love was true—
But he does not balk
His determined walk,
And passes up the stairs.

I sing my songs once more,
And presently hear
His footstep near
As if it would stay;
But he goes his way,
And shuts a distant door.

So I wait for another morn,
And another night
In this soul-sick blight;
And I wonder much
As I sit, why such
A woman as I was born!

Hardy

A little while my love and I,
Before the mowing of the hay,
Twined daisy-chains and cowslip balls,
And carroll'd glees and madrigals,
Before the hay, beneath the may,
My love (who loved me then) and I.

The English in Love

For long years now my love and I
Tread sever'd paths to varied ends;
We sometimes meet, and sometimes say
The trivial things of every day,
And meet as comrades, meet as friends
My love (who loved me once) and I.

But never more my love and I
Will wander forth, as once, together,
Or sing the songs we used to sing
In spring-time, in the cloudless weather:
Some chord is mute that used to ring,
Some word forgot we used to say
Amongst the may, before the hay,
My love (who loves me not) and I.

Mary Montgomerie

A thing that is loved is, in the long run, to no eye so clearly revealed in all its appalling defects as to the thing that absolutely loves it. The lover has the best guarantee of the fidelity of his vision. If he has seen there what ravishes him, he has also seen there what tortures him. No doubt a large part of the fascination and the piquancy of love lies in the fantastic association, in one little person, of such a wild variety of qualities to worship and defects to damn.

Havelock Ellis

I am frightened, sweetheart—that's the long and
short
Of the bad mind I bear: the scent comes back
Of an unhappy garden gone to wrack,

Love's Uncertainties

The flower-beds trampled for an idiot's sport,
A mass of vermin batt'ning there, a mort
Of weeds a-fester, all the green turned black,
And through the sodden glades of loss and lack
The dead winds blown of hate and false report.

There was a music in the early air,
When our young love was virgin as we were,
Ripe for the rose, new to the nightingale;
But now two ghosts walk showing each to each
The empty grace of ceremonious speech,
And I am frightened and the air is stale.

Gerald Gould

I said I splendidly loved you; it's not true.
Such long swift tides stir not a land-locked sea.
On gods or fools the high risk falls—on you—
The clean clear bitter-sweet that's not for me.
Love soars from earth to ecstasies unwist.
Love is flung Lucifer-like from Heaven to Hell.
But—there are wanderers in the middle mist,
Who cry for shadows, clutch, and cannot tell
Whether they love at all, or, loving, whom:
An old song's lady, a fool in fancy dress,
Or phantoms, or their own face on the gloom;
For love of Love, or from heart's loneliness.
Pleasure's not theirs, nor pain. They doubt, and
sigh,
And do not love at all. Of these am I.

Rupert Brooke

'But can't you understand,' that was what he
would have liked to say, what he would have said
if he had had the courage, 'can't you understand

The English in Love

that it isn't the same as it was, that it can't be the same? And perhaps, if the truth be told, it never was what you believed it was—our love, I mean—it never was what I tried to pretend it was. Let's be friends, let's be companions. I like you, I'm very fond of you. But for goodness sake don't envelop me in love, like this; don't force love on me. If you knew how dreadful love seems to somebody who doesn't love, what a violation, what an outrage. . . .'

But she was crying. Through her closed eyelids the tears were welling out, drop after drop. Her face was trembling into the grimace of agony. And he was the tormentor. He hated himself. 'But why should I let myself be blackmailed by her tears?' he asked, and, asking, he hated her also. A drop ran down her long nose. 'She has no right to do this sort of thing, no right to be so unreasonable. Why can't she be reasonable?'

'Because she loves me.'

'But I don't want her love, I don't want it.' He felt the anger mounting up within him. She had no business to love him like that; not now, at any rate. 'It's a blackmail,' he repeated inwardly, 'a blackmail. Why must I be blackmailed by her love and the fact that once I loved too—or did I ever love her, really?'

Marjorie took out a handkerchief and began to wipe her eyes. He felt ashamed of his odious thoughts. But she was the cause of his shame; it was her fault. She ought to have stuck to her husband. They could have had an affair. Afternoons in a studio. It would have been romantic.

'But after all, it was I who insisted on her coming away with me.'

Love's Uncertainties

'But she ought to have had the sense to refuse. She ought to have known that it couldn't last for ever.'

But she had done what he had asked her; she had given up everything, accepted social discomfort for his sake. Another piece of blackmail. She blackmailed him with sacrifice. He resented the appeal which her sacrifices made to his sense of decency and honour.

Aldous Huxley

The mist is on the meadows,
Breast-high in the moon;
And woodsmoke rises silver
O'er cold roofs of the town.

Now is the hour we longed for,
The solitude we planned.
But oh, this frozen passion
Was not by us designed!

Richard Church

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SUCH SWEET SORROW

*Of love that never found his earthly close,
What sequel? Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?
Or all the same as if he had not been?*

TENNYSON

*Can Love die without its dear farewell on which
it feeds, away from the light, dying by bits?*

MEREDITH

*O, my heart! and O, my heart,
It is so sore!
Since I must needs from my Love depart;
And know no cause wherefore!*

HENRY VIII

*Since all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be:
That thou mayest never guess nor ever see
The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.*

LYTTON



What should I say?
Since Faith is dead,
And Truth away
From you is fled?
Should I be led
With doubleness?
Nay! Nay! mistress.

I promised you,
And you promised me,
To be as true
As I would be.
But since I see
Your double heart,
Farewell my part!

The English in Love

Thought for to take
'Tis not my mind;
But to forsake
One so unkind;
And as I find
So will I trust.
Farewell, unjust!

Can ye say nay
But that you said
That I alway
Should be obeyed?
And—thus betrayed
Or that I wist!
Farewell, unkist!

Wyatt

Is it possible?
And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles out dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu

Such Sweet Sorrow

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Shakespeare

Since then some higher Destinies command,
Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand
What is past help. The longest date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief:
Fold back our arms; take home our fruitless loves,
That must new fortunes try, like turtle-doves
Dislodged from their haunts. We must in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself.—So, thou again art free:
Thou in another, sad as that, resend
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each: so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorced soul from her body parts.

Henry King, D.D.

My love bound me with a kiss
That I should no longer stay;
When I felt so sweet a bliss,
I had less power to part away.
Alas! that women doth not know
Kisses make men loath to go.

Yes, she knows it but too well,
For I heard when Venus' dove
In her ear did softly tell
That kisses were the seals of love;
O muse not then though it be so,
Kisses make men loath to go.

The English in Love

Wherefore did she thus inflame
My desires, heat my blood,
Instantly to quench the same
And starve whom she hath given food?
I the common sense can show,
Kisses make men loath to go.

Had she bid me go at first
It would ne'er have grieved my heart,
Hope delayed had been the worst;
But ah to kiss and then to part!
How deep it struck, speak, god, you know
Kisses make men loath to go.

Anon.

Grieve not, dear Love! although we often part:
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up, with tender art,
To brook the day when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us!

John Digby

Nothing that ever befell me in my life sunk so
deep into my heart as this farewell: I reproached
him a thousand times in my thoughts for leaving
me, for I would have gone with him through the
world, if I had begged my bread . . .

. . . I fell into a violent fit of crying, every now

and then calling him by his name, which was James. "O, Jemy!" said I, "come back, come back, I'll give you all I have; I'll beg, I'll starve with you!" And thus I ran raving about the room several times, and then sat down between whiles, and then walking about again called upon him to come back and then cried again; and thus I passed the afternoon till about seven o'clock, when it was near dusk in the evening, being August, when to my unspeakable surprise he comes back into the inn, and comes directly up into my chamber.

I was in the greatest confusion imaginable, and so was he too; I could not imagine what should be the occasion of it; and began to be at odds with myself whether to be glad or sorry; but my affection biased all the rest, and it was impossible to conceal my joy, which was too great for smiles, for it burst out into tears. He was no sooner entered the room but he ran to me and took me in his arms, holding me fast and almost stopping my breath with his kisses, but spoke not a word. At length I began, "my dear," said I, "how could you go away from me?" To which he gave no answer, for it was impossible for him to speak.

When our ecstasies were a little over he told me he was gone about fifteen miles, but it was not in his power to go any further without coming back to see me again, and to take his leave of me once more.

I told him how I had passed my time, and how loud I had called him to come back again.

He told me he heard me very plain upon Delamere Forest at a place about five miles off.

Defoe

The English in Love

“ ‘ O heavens ! ’ cried she, bursting into tears, ‘ can I bear to think that hundreds, thousands for aught I know, of miles or leagues, that lands and seas are between us ? . . . You will pay a few sighs, perhaps a few tears, at parting, and then new scenes will drive away the thoughts of poor Amelia from your bosom ; but what assistance shall I have in my affliction ? not that any change of scene could drive you one moment from my remembrance : yet here every object I behold will place your loved idea in the liveliest manner before my eyes. This is the bed in which you have reposed ; that is the chair on which you sat. Upon these boards you have stood. These books you have read to me. Can I walk among our beds of flowers without viewing your favourites, nay, those which you have planted with your own hands ? can I see one beauty from our beloved mount which you have not pointed out to me ? ’ — Thus she went on, the woman, madam, you see, still prevailing. — ‘ Since you mention it,’ says Miss Matthews, with a smile, ‘ I own the same observation occurred to me. . . . ’ ”

Fielding

I sat with one I love last night,
She sang to me an olden strain ;
In former times it woke delight.
Last night—but pain.

Last night we saw the stars arise,
But clouds soon dimmed the ether blue :
And when we sought each other's eyes
Tears dimmed them too !

Such Sweet Sorrow

We paced alone our fav'rite walk
But paced in silence broken-hearted:
Of old we used to smile and talk.
Last night—we parted.

George Darley

Could Love part thus? was it not well to speak,
To have spoken once? It could not but be well.
The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil, brought the night
In which we sat together and alone,
And to the want, that hollow'd all the heart,
Gave utterance by the yearning of an eye
That burn'd upon its object through such tears
As flow but once a life.

The trance gave way
To those caresses, when a hundred times
In that last kiss, which never was the last,
Farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died.
Then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words
That make a man feel strong in speaking truth;
Till now the dark was worn, and overhead
The lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd
In that brief night; the summer night, that paused
Among her stars to hear us; stars that hung
Love-charm'd to listen; all the wheels of Time
Spun round in station, but the end had come.

Oh then like those who clench their nerves to
rush
Upon their dissolution, we two rose,

The English in Love

There—closing like an individual life—
In one blind cry of passion and of pain,
Like bitter accusation, ev'n to death,
Caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,
And bade adieu for ever. . . .

Tennyson

Parted!—oh word pregnant with misery.

Never to see those heavenly eyes again, nor hear that silvery voice! Never again to watch that peerless form walk the minuet, nor see it lift the grey horse over a fence with the grace and spirit that seemed inseparable from it!

Desolation streamed over him at the thought. And next his forlorn mind began to cling even to the inanimate objects that were dotted about the place which held her. He passed a little farmhouse into which he and Kate had once been driven by a storm, and had sat together by the kitchen fire; and the farmer's wife had smiled on them for sweet-hearts, and made them drink rum and milk, and stay till the sun was fairly out. "Ah! good-bye, little farm," he sighed, "when shall I ever see you again?"

He passed a brook where they had often stopped together and given their panting horses just a mouthful after a run with the harriers. "Good-bye, little brook!" said he; "you will ripple on as before, and warble as you go; but I shall never drink at your water more, nor hear your pleasant murmur with her I love."

Such Sweet Sorrow

He sighed and crept away, still making for the sea.

In the icy depression of his heart, his body and his senses were half paralysed, and none would have known the accomplished huntsman in this broken man, who hung anyhow over his mare's neck, and went to and fro in the saddle.

When he had gone about five miles he came to the crest of a hill, he remembered that, once past that brow, he could see Peyton Hall no more. He turned slowly and cast a sorrowful look at it.

It was winter, but the afternoon sun had come out bright. The horizontal beams struck full upon the house, and all the Western panes shone like burnished gold—her very abode how glorious it looked! And he was to see it no more.

He gazed and gazed at the bright house till love and sorrow dimmed his eyes, and he could see the beloved place no more. Then his dogged will prevailed, and carried him away towards the sea, but crying like a woman now, and hanging all dislocated over his horse's mane.

Charles Reade

Mr. Carlyle released one of his hands, she had taken them both; and with his own handkerchief, wiped the death-dew from her forehead.

"It is no sin to anticipate it, Archibald. For there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven. Christ has said so, though we do not know how it will be. My sin will be remembered no more there, and we shall be together with our children

The English in Love

for ever and for ever! keep a little corner in your heart for your poor lost Isabel."

"Yes, yes," he whispered.

"Are you leaving me?" She uttered in a wild tone of pain.

"You are growing faint, I perceive. I must call assistance."

"Farewell, then; farewell, until eternity," she sighed, the tears raining down from her eyes. "It is death, I think, not faintness. Oh, but it is hard to part! Farewell, farewell, my once dear husband!"

She raised her head from the pillow, excitement lending her strength; she clung to his arm; she lifted her face in its sad yearning. Mr. Carlyle laid her tenderly down again, and suffered his lips to rest upon hers.

"Until eternity," he whispered.

She followed him with her eyes as he retreated and watched him from the room, then turned her face to the wall. "It is over. Only God now."

Mr. Carlyle took an instant's counsel with himself, pausing at the head of the stairs.

Mrs. Henry Wood

"Never," said he, as he ground his teeth, "never was anything so frail and so indomitable. A mere reed she feels in my hand!" (And he shook me with the force of his hold.) "I could bend her with my finger and thumb; and what good would it do if I bent, if I uptore, if I crushed her? . . . And it is you, spirit—with will, and energy, and virtue, and

purity—that I want; not alone your brittle frame. Of yourself you would come with soft flight and nestle against my heart if you would; seized against your will, you would elude the grasp like an essence—you will vanish ere I inhale your fragrance. Oh! come, Jane, come! ”

As he said this he released me from his clutch, and only looked at me. The look was far worse to resist than the frantic strain: only an idiot, however, would have succumbed now. I had dared and baffled his fury; I must elude his sorrow; I retired to the door.

“ You are going, Jane? ”

“ I am going, sir.”

“ You are leaving me? ”

“ Yes.”

“ You will not come? You will not be my comforter, my rescuer? My deep love, my wild woe, my frantic prayer, are all nothing to you? ”

What unutterable pathos was in his voice? How hard it was to reiterate firmly, “ I am going.”

“ Jane! ”

“ Mr. Rochester! ”

“ Withdraw, then—I consent; but remember you leave me here in anguish. Go up to your own room; think over all I have said, and, Jane, cast a glance on my sufferings—think of me.”

“ He turned away; he threw himself on his face on the sofa. “ Oh, Jane! my hope—my love, my life! ” broke in anguish from his lips. Then came a deep, strong sob.

I had already gained the door; but reader, I walked back—walked back as determinedly as I had retreated. I knelt down by him; I turned his face

The English in Love

from the cushion to me; I kissed his cheek; I smoothed his hair with my hand.

“God bless you, my dear master!” I said, “God keep you from harm and wrong—direct you, solace you—reward you well for your past kindness to me.”

“Little Jane’s love would have been my best reward,” he answered; “without it my heart is broken. But Jane will give me her love: yes—nobly, generously.”

Up the blood rushed to his face, forth flashed the fire from his eyes, erect he sprang; he held his arms out; but I evaded the embrace, and at once quitted the room.

“Farewell!” was the cry of my heart as I left him. Despair added, “Farewell, forever!”

Charlotte Brontë

“Oh, it is difficult—life is very difficult! It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feeling; but then, such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us—the ties that have made others dependent on us—and would cut them in two. If life were quite easy and simple, as it might have been in Paradise, and we could always see that one being first towards whom . . . I mean, if life did not make duties for us before love comes, love would be a sign that two people ought to belong to each other. But I see—I feel it is not so now; there are things we must renounce in life; some of us must resign love. Many things are difficult and dark to

me; but I seen one thing quite clearly—that I must not, cannot, seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural; but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still, and punish me if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me—help me, *because I love you.*”

Maggie had become more and more earnest as she went on; her face had become flushed, and her eyes fuller and fuller of appealing love. Stephen had the fibre of nobleness in him that vibrated to her appeal: but in the same moment—how could it be otherwise?—that pleading beauty gained new power over him.

“Dearest,” he said, in scarcely more than a whisper, while his arm stole round her, “I’ll do, I’ll bear anything you wish. But—one kiss—one—the last—before we part.”

One kiss—and then a long look—until Maggie said tremulously, “Let me go—let us make haste back.”

George Eliot

I came, I saw thee rise;—the blood
Came flooding to thy languid cheek.
Lock'd in each other's arms we stood,
In tears, with hearts too full to speak.

Days flew: ah, soon I could discern
A trouble in thine alter'd air.
Thy hand lay languidly in mine—
Thy cheek was grave, thy speech grew rare.

The English in Love

I blame thee not:—this heart, I know
To be long lov'd was never framed;
For something in its depths doth glow
Too strange, too restless, too untam'd.

And women—things that live and move
Min'd by the fever of the soul—
They seek to find in those they love
Stern strength, and promise of control.

They ask not kindness, gentle ways;
These they themselves have tried and known:
They ask a soul that never sways
With the blind gusts which shake their own.

I too have felt the load I bore
In a too strong emotion's sway;
I too have wish'd, no woman more,
This startling, feverish heart away.

I too have long'd for trenchant force,
And will like a dividing spear;
Have praised the keen, unscrupulous course,
Which knows no doubt, which feels no fear.

But in the world I learnt, what there
Thou too wilt surely one day prove,
That will, that energy, though rare,
Are yet far far less rare than love.

Go, then! till Time and Fate impress
This truth on thee, be mine no more!
They will: for thou, I feel no less
Than I, wert destin'd to this lore.

Matthew Arnold

It is but little that remaineth,
Of the kindness that you gave me,
And that little precious remnant you withhold.
Go free; I know that time constraineth,
Wilful blindness could not save me:
Yet you say I caused the change that I foretold.

At every sweet unasked relenting,
Though you tried me with caprice,
Did my welcome, did my gladness ever fail?
To-day not loud is my lamenting:
Do not chide me; it shall cease:
Could I think of vanished love without a wail?

Elsewhere, you lightly say, are blooming
All the graces I desire:
Thus you goad me to the treason of content:
If ever, when your brow is glooming,
Softer faces I admire,
Then your lightnings make me tremble and repent.

Grant this: whatever else beguileth
Restless dreaming, drowsy toil,
As a plaything, as a windfall, let me hail it.
Believe: the brightest one that smileth
To your beaming is a foil,
To the splendour breaking from you, though you
veil it.

William Cory

. . . "I shall never let him know that I do not
love him—never. If things had only remained as

The English in Love

they seemed to be, if you had really forgotten me and married another woman, I could have borne it better. I wish I did not know the truth as I know it now! But our life, what is it? Let us be brave, Edward, and live out our few remaining years with dignity. They will not be long! . . . Now, good-bye, good-bye! ”

“ I wish I could be near and touch you once, just once,” said Springrove, in a voice which he vainly endeavoured to keep firm and clear.

They looked at the river, then into it; a shoal of minnows was floating over the sandy bottom, like the black dashes on miniver; though narrow, the stream was deep, and there was no bridge.

“ Cytherea, reach out your hand that I may just touch it with mine.”

She stepped to the brink and stretched out her hand and fingers towards his, but not into them. The river was too wide.

“ Never mind,” said Cytherea, her voice broken by agitation, “ I must be going. God bless and keep you, my Edward! God bless you! ”

“ I must touch you, I must press your hand! ” he said.

They came near—nearer—nearer still—their fingers met. There was a long firm clasp, so close and still that each hand could feel the other’s pulse throbbing beside its own.

“ My Cytherea! my stolen pet lamb! ”

She glanced a mute farewell from her large perturbed eyes, turned, and ran up the garden without looking back. All was over between them. The river flowed on as quietly and unobtrusively as ever, and the minnows gathered again in their

Such Sweet Sorrow

favourite spot as if they had never been disturbed.

Nobody indoors guessed from her countenance and bearing that her heart was near to breaking with the intensity of the misery which gnawed there. At these times a woman does not faint, or weep, or scream, as she will in the moment of sudden shocks. When lanced by a mental agony of such refined and special torture that it is indescribable by men's words, she moves among her acquaintances much as before, and contrives so to cast her actions in the old moulds that she is only considered to be rather duller than usual.

Hardy

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbour in some bay,
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do,
But to kiss once again and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty,—you, your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

Oscar Wilde

The English in Love

Farewell, then. It is finished. I forgo
With this all right in you, even that of tears.
If I have spoken hardly, it will show
How much I love you. With you disappears
A glory, a romance of many years.
What you may be henceforth I will not know.
The phantom of your presence on my fears
Is impotent at length for weal or woe.
Your past, your present, all alike must fade
In a new land of dreams where love is not.
Then kiss me and farewell. The choice is made
And we shall live to see the past forgot,
If not forgiven. See, I came to curse,
Yet stay to bless. I know not which is worse.

Wilfred Scawen Blunt

“You are right not to speak. Summon all the pride which you possess, Zenobia, and obliterate the past from your mind—as I do. Let us be to each other as if we had never met.” He waited a moment, looking down at the masked face, and wondering faintly in his trouble at her silence; then he went on, “You may ask why this should be. I answer, because in the memory of the past there is danger for me, though there may and will be, I trust, none for you. But as for me, I could never see your face, never hear your voice, without a pang, without remembering that once you were the one woman in the world for me, the woman for whose love I would have died. So, Zenobia, let us part as friends if you will, but not to meet as friends. Heaven knows that in heart and soul

Such Sweet Sorrow

I am true to the girl who has given me her young heart, but"—he hesitated—"but I should not answer for myself if from the shadow of the past there rose the Zenobia whom I so passionately loved and whom I pray Heaven I may forget. Good-bye, Zenobia. In time to come, some years hence, perhaps, when you have found some man more worthy of you, we may meet on equal terms; but, till then, I pray Heaven that I may see your fair face no more."

Charles Garvice

"I cannot stand it any longer," Dick said, vehemently, clenching his hand and bringing it down like a sledge-hammer on the marble slab. "I must go, or I shall make a beast of myself. Nell! I'm sailing for India to-morrow; say one kind word to me before I go. Oh, Nell! Nell! you belonged to me before you belonged to him, damn him!"

Looking into his haggard, beautiful, terrible face, I forgot all I should have remembered; forgot virtue, and honour, and self-respect, my heart spoke out to his. "Oh, don't go!" I cried, running to him, "don't you know how I love you? For *my* sake stay; I cannot live without you!"

I clasped both hands on his rough coat sleeve, and my bowed head sank down upon them.

"Do you suppose I can live in England and see you belonging to another man?" he asked harshly; "the world is all hell now, as it is; but that would be the blackest, nethermost hell! No, let me go," he said fiercely, pushing me away from him

The English in Love

roughly, while his face was writhen and distorted.

... But I would not be put away: I clung about his neck in my bitter pain.

"I'd rather go to hell with you than to heaven with him!" I cried blasphemously. "Oh, don't leave me behind you! You're all I have in the world now. Oh, take me, take me with you!"

My hair fell in its splendid ruddy billows over his great shoulder, and my arms were flung about the stately pillar of his throat.

He set his teeth hard, and drew in his breath; it was a tough ordeal.

"I won't," he said hoarsely; "for God's sake stop tempting me. I'd sooner cut your throat than take you. Do you think it would be loving of me to bring you down to a level with the scum of the earth? Oh, Nell! Nell! You ought to be my good angel. Don't tempt me to kill my own soul and yours!"

The reproachful anguish of his tones smote me like a two-edged sword. I said no more; I lay passive as a log in the arms that must so soon loose me for ever, while the madness died slowly, frostily out of me.

Great tears are standing in his honest, tender agonized eyes—tears that don't disgrace his manhood much, I think.

"Go now," I whisper, huskily, "I can bear it. God bless you, darling!"

"My little Nell. My own little snow-drop!" he cries, and then he kisses me heartbrokenly; and as he so kisses and clasps me, a great blackness comes over my eyes, and I swoon away in his arms.

Such Sweet Sorrow

When I come back to life—come back with trouble, and sighing, and pain, I find myself lying in my heavy black draperies on the sofa; find the candles burning low, and the fire nearly out; find that he is gone and that I am alone—alone for evermore!

Rhoda Broughton

Like the touch of rain she was
On a man's flesh and hair and eyes
When the joy of walking thus
Has taken him by surprise:

With the love of the storm he burns,
He sings, he laughs, well I know how,
But forgets when he returns
As I shall not forget her "Go now."

Those two words shut a door
Between me and the blessed rain
That was never shut before
And will not open again.

Edward Thomas

If I could have put you in my heart,
If but I could have wrapped you in myself,
How glad I should have been!
And now the chart
Of memory unrolls again to me
The course of our journey here, here where we
part.

The English in Love

And oh, that you had never, never been
Some of your selves, my love, that some
Of your several faces I had never seen!
And still they come before me and they go,
And I cry aloud in the moments that intervene.

And oh, my love, as I rock for you to-night,
And have not any longer any hope
To heal the suffering, or to make requite
For all your life of asking and despair,
I own that some of me is dead to-night.

D. H. Lawrence

HEARTS GROWN FONDER

*Absence! Is not the heart torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death.*

CAMPBELL

*Love reckons hours for months and days for
years;
And every little absence is an age.*

DRYDEN

*Absence not long enough to root out quite
All love, increases love at second sight.*

THOMAS MAY

*Alas! when we most love the absent, when we
most desire to see her, we try in vain to bring her
image back to us. The troubled heart shakes and
confounds it, even as ruffled waters do with
shadows. Hateful things are more hateful when
they haunt our sleep: the lovely flee away, or are
changed into less lovely.*

LANDOR

*Love, however, is very materially assisted by a
warm and active imagination: which has a long
memory, and will thrive for a considerable time,
on very slight and sparing food. Thus it is that it
often attains its most luxuriant growth in separa-
tion and under circumstances of the utmost diffi-
culty.*

DICKENS



But lord, how shal I doon, how shal I liven?
When shall I next my dere herte see?
How shal this longe tyme a-wey be driven,
Til that thou be ayein at hir fro me?
Thou mayst answer, "a-byd, a-byd," but he
That hangeth by the neckke, sooth to seyne,
In grete disese abydeth for the peyne.

Chaucer

On thee she speakes, on thee she thinkes,
With thee she eates, with thee she drinkes,
With thee she talkes, with thee she mones,
With thee she sighes, with thee she grones,
With thee she saies farewell mine own
When thou God knowes full farre art gon,

The English in Love

And even to tell thee all aright,
To thee she saies full oft good night.
And names thee oft, her owne most dere,
Her comfort weale and al her chere,
And telles her pelow al the tale,
How thou hast doon her wo and bale,
And how she longes and plaines for thee,
And saies why art thou so from me? . . .
What wilt thou more? what canst thou crave?
Since she is as thou wouldest her have.
Then set this drivell out of dore,
That in thy braines such tales doth poore,
Of absence and of chaunges strange . . .

Surrey

Absence, the noble truce
Of Cupid's war,
Where, though desires want use,
They honoured are,
Thou art the just protection
Of prodigal affection;
Have thou the praise.
When bankrupt Cupid braveth,
Thy mines his credit saveth
With sweet delays . . .

Absence, like dainty clouds,
On glorious-bright,
Nature's weak senses shrouds
From harming light.
Absence maintains the treasure
Of pleasure unto pleasure,
Sparing with praise.

Hearts Grown Fonder

Absence doth nurse the fire,
Which starves and feeds desire
With sweet delays . . .

But thoughts, be not so brave
With absent joy;
For you with that you have
Yourself destroy.
The absence which you glory
Is that which makes you sorry,
And burn in vain;
For thought is not the weapon
Wherewith thought's cash men
cheapen,
Absence is pain.

Fulke Greville

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell,
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like: and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man.
It is as if a night should shade noon-day,
Or that the moon were here, but forced away;
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change men's days and hours,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
Alas! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter has come a quarter ere his time!
My health will leave me; and when you depart,
How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart?
You would restore it? No, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there:

The English in Love

O, keep it still; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me;
And so I spare it; come what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb;
Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you again.

Ben Jonson

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night that kept my rest away;
And daffed me to a cabin hanged with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.

“Farewell,” quoth she, “and come again
to-morrow.”

Fare well I could not, for I supped with
sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn of friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joyed to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither.
‘Wander’, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

Lord! how mine eyes throw gazes to the east;
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

Hearts Grown Fonder

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark, dismal, dreaming night:
The night so packed, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, and solace mixed
with sorrow;
For why, she sighed and bade me come
to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now
borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself
to-morrow.

Anon.

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away!

In vain, alas! For every thing
Which I have known belongs to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring;
And makes my old wounds bleed anew!

But vowed I have! and never must
Your banished Servant trouble you!
For if I break; you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too!

Waller

The English in Love

If to be absent were to be
 Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone,
 You or I were alone;
Then my *Lucasta* might I crave
Pity from blustering winde, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
 To swell my saile,
Or pay a teare to swage
 The foaming blew-Gods rage;
For whether he will let me passe
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though Seas and Land betwixt us both,
 Our Faith and Troth,
Like separated soules,
 All time and space controules:
Above the highest sphere wee meet
Unseene, unknowne, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we doe anticipate
 Our after-fate,
And are alive i' th' skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
Can speake like spirits unconfin'd
In Heav'n, their earthly bodies left behind.

Lovelace

What businesse calls thee hence, and calls not
 me?

My businesse ever is to wait on thee;

Hearts Grown Fonder

Therefore where e're you go
I must go too;
What e're your businessse is,
Bee't that or this:
Yet still my businessse is to wait on you;
Nay prethy, my *Dearest*, why
So coy and shie?
Yes, yes, you'l come agen,
But prethy when?
Here must I moap alone;
Whil'st you some other love,
Or in your Cabinet above,
Some letters doat upon,
Which teach you how to say me nay:
But know, *Amanda*, if too long you stay,
My soul shall vanish into aire,
And haunt and dodge thee ev'ry where.
'Tis fit when thou tak'st *Heav'n* from me,
Thou take at least my *soul* with thee.
Nathaniel Hookes

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroused,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of
life!

Neglected fortune flies; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorned affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd
sun

Loses his sight. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone

The English in Love

Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue
The unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes.

James Thomson

To him that in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch would give
Another day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh, come to my impatient arms,
Oh, come with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

Lord Lyttelton

With leaden foot Time creeps along
While Delia is away:
With her, nor plaintive was the song,
Nor tedious was the day.

Hearts Grown Fonder

Ah, envious Pow'r, reverse my doom;
Now double thy career,
Strain ev'ry nerve, stretch ev'ry plume,
And rest them when she's here.

Richard Jago

Here, ever since you went abroad,
If there be change, no change I see:
I only walk our wonted road,
The road is only walk'd by me.

Yes: I forgot; a change there is—
Was it of *that* you bade me tell?
I catch at times, at times I miss
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here?
Two shortest months? Then tell me
why
Voices are harsher than they were,
And tears are longer ere they dry.

Landor

Knight's experience was a complete disproof of the assumption that love always comes by glances of the eye and sympathetic touches of the fingers: that, like flame, it makes itself palpable at the moment of generation. Not till they were parted, and she had become sublimated in his memory, could he be said to have even attentively regarded her.

Thus, having passively gathered up images of

The English in Love

her which his mind did not act upon till the cause of them was no longer before him, he appeared to himself to have fallen in love with her soul, which had temporarily assumed its disembodiment to accompany him on his way.

She began to rule him so imperiously now that, accustomed to analysis, he almost trembled at the possible result of the introduction of this new force among the nicely adjusted ones of his ordinary life. He became restless: then he forgot all collateral subjects in the pleasure of thinking about her.

Hardy

When my love was away,
Full three days were not sped,
I caught my fancy astray,
Thinking if she were dead.

And I alone, alone:
It seemed in my misery
In all the world was none
Ever so lone as I.

I wept; but it did not shame
Nor comfort my heart: away
I rode as I might, and came
To my love at close of day.

The sight of her stilled my fears,
My fairest-hearted love:
And yet in her eyes were tears:
Which when I questioned of,

Hearts Grown Fonder

O now thou art come, she cried,
'Tis fled: but I thought to-day
I never could here abide,
If thou wert longer away.

Robert Bridges

He tried to recall her face, but he could not. When they were together he had not seen her; he had only felt her presence, only trembled at each slight movement of her hands. He always watched them when he was talking to her. He knew every movement of those strong, slender hands by heart. She had a little way of opening and shutting her left hand as she talked. He smiled even now as he thought of it. And she had a certain wave in her hair just above one ear, that was not the same over the other ear. But her face—no, he could not see her face.

He tried again. They were sitting once again, he and she, not very near, nor very far apart, in the low entresol room at Overleigh. He could see her now. She was arranging the lilies-of-the-valley, and he was saying to himself, as he watched her with his chin in his hands, "This is only the beginning. There will be many times like this, only dearer and sweeter than this."

Many times! That deep conviction had proved as false as all the rest—as false as everything else which he had trusted.

And all in a moment as he looked, as he remembered, was it endurance, was it principle, that seemed to snap?

He set his teeth and ground his heel into the

The English in Love

earth. Agony had come upon him. Passion, writhing its torment, rose gigantic without warning and seized him in a Titan grip. It was a duel to the death.

Mary Cholmondeley

If she would come to me here,
Now the sunken swaths
Are glittering paths
To the sun, and the swallows cut clear
Into the low sun—if she came to me here!

If she would come to me now,
Before the last mown harebells are dead,
While that vetch clump yet burns red;
Before all the bats have dropped from the bough
Into the cool of night—if she came to me now!

The horses are untackled, the chattering machine
Is still at last. If she would come
I would gather up the warm hay from
The hill brow, and lie in her lap till the green
Sky ceased to quiver, and lost its tired sheen.

I should like to drop
On the hay, with my head on her knee
And lie stone still, while she
Breathed quiet above me—we could stop
Till the stars came out to see.

I should like to lie still
As if I was dead—but feeling
Her hand go stealing
Over my face and my hair until
This ache was shed.

D. H. Lawrence

Hearts Grown Fonder

My lovely one, be near to me to-night.
For now I need you most, since I have gone
Through the sparse woodland in the fading light,
Where in time past we two have walked alone,
Heard the loud nightjar spin his pleasant note,
And seen the wild rose folded up for sleep,
And whispered, though the soft word choked my
throat,
Your dear name out across the valley deep.
Be near to me, for now I need you most.
To-night I saw an unsubstantial flame
Flickering along those shadowy paths, a ghost
That turned to me and answered to your name,
Mocking me with a wraith of far delight,
. . . My lovely one, be near to me to-night.

Edward Shanks

The people, the horses and carts, the cabs went on their way. Often it seemed that this figure must be Martin's—now this—now this. . . . And on every occasion Maggie's heart rose in her breast, hammered at her eyes, then sank again. Over and over she told to herself every incident of yesterday's meeting. Always it ended in that same wonderful climax when she was caught to his breast and felt his hand at her neck and then his mouth upon hers. She could still feel against her skin the rough warm stuff of his coat and the soft roughness of his cheek and the stiff roughness of his hair. She could still feel how his mouth had just touched hers and then suddenly gripped it as though it would never let it go; then she had been absorbed by him, into

The English in Love

his very heart, so that still now she felt as though with his strong arms and his hard firm body he was around her and about her.

Oh, she loved him! she loved him! but why did he not come? Had he been able only to pass down the street and smile up to her window as he went that would have been something. It would at least have reassured her that yesterday was not a dream, an invention, and that he was still there and thought of her and cared for her. . . .

Hugh Walpole

LOVE DESPAIRING

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*Love and Despair, like twins, possess
At the same fatal birth my breast;*

GRANVILLE

*"I thought LOVE had been a joyous thing," quoth
my uncle Toby—" 'Tis the most serious thing, an'
please your Honour (sometimes) that is in the
world."*

STERNE

*I find it hard to conceive any love worth the
name, any love, that is, with some power of per-
manence, that has not sometimes been experienced
as anguish.*

HAVELOCK ELLIS

*For of all the miseries attaching to miserable
love, the worst is the misery of thinking that the
passion which is the cause of them all may cease.*

THOMAS HARDY



There was never nothing more me pained,
Nor nothing more me moved,
As when my sweet Heart her complained
That ever She me loved!
Alas! the while!

With piteous look, She said and sighed,
“Alas! what aileth me
To love, and set my wealth so light
On him that loveth not me!
Alas! the while!

“Was I not well void of all pain,
When that nothing me grieved?
And now with sorrows I must complain,
And cannot be relieved!
Alas! the while!

The English in Love

“ My restful nights and joyful days,
Since I began to love,
Betake from me! All things decay!
Yet I cannot remove!
Alas! the while! ”

She wept and wrung her hands withal;
The tears fell on my neck:
She turned her face, and let it fall;
Scarcely therewith could speak.
Alas! the while!

Her pains tormented me so sore,
That comfort had I none;
But cursed my fortune more and more
To see her sob and groan.
Alas! the while!

Wyatt

The rolling wheele that runneth often round,
The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare:
And drizzling drops, that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
And long intreaty, soften her hard hart;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart;
But, when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
And, when I weep, she sayes, Teares are but water,
And, when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
And when I waile, she turns hir selfe to laughter.
So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
While she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

Spenser

Love Despairing

Ring out your belles, let mourning shewes
 be spread

For Love is dead:

 All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep disdaine:
 Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And Faith faire scorne doth gaine.

 From so ungratefull fancie,
 From such a femall franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us!

Weepe, neighbours, weepe; do you not
 heare it said

That Love is dead?

 His death-bed, peacock's follie;
His winding sheete is shame;
 His will, false-seeming holie;
His soule executor, blame.

 From so ungratefull fancie,
 From such a femall franzie,
 From them that use men thus,
 Good Lord, deliver us! . . .

Sidney

O love! I never before knew what thou wert, and
now hast thou made me that I know not what my
selfe am! Onely this I know, that I must endure
intolerable passions for unknowne pleasures. Dis-
pute not the cause, wretch, but yeeld to it; for it is
better to melt with desire than wrastle with love.

Lyly

The English in Love

Whilst Echo cries, " What shall become of me? "
And desolate my desolations pity,
Thou in thy beauty's carack sit'st to see
My tragic downfall, and my funeral ditty.
No timbrel, but my heart thou play'st upon,
Whose strings are stretched unto the highest
key;
The diapason, love; love is the unison;
In love my life and labours waste away.
Only regardless to the world thou leavest me,
Whilst slain hopes, turning from the feast of
sorrow,
Unto despair, their king, which ne'er deceives me,
Captive my heart, whose black night hates the
morrow.
And he in ruth of my distressed cry
Plants me a weeping star within mine eye.

Henry Constable

Biron. . . . By the Lord, this love is as mad as
Ajax: it kills sheep, it kills me, I am a sheep: well
proved again, o my side! I will not love: if I do,
hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by
this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes,
for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world
but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love:
and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melan-
choly; . . .

Shakespeare

Love Despairing

Great is the folly of a feeble brain,
O'er rul'd with love, and tyrannous disdain.
For love, however in the basest breast,
It breeds high thoughts that feed the fancy best:
Yet is he blind, and leads poor fools awry,
While they hang gazing on their mistress' eye.
The love-sick poet, whose importune prayer
Repulsed is with resolute despair,
Hopeth to conquer his disdainful dame,
With publick complaints of his conceived flame.
Then pours he forth in patched sonnettings,
His love, his lust, and loathsome flatterings:
As though the staring world hang'd on his sleeve,
When once he smiles, to laugh: and when he sighs,
to grieve.

Joseph Hall

I oft have heard men say there be
Some that with confidence profess
The helpful Art of Memory:
But could they teach Forgetfulness,
I'd learn; and try what further art could do
To make me love her and forget her too.

William Browne

If Love be life, I long to die!
Live they that list, for me!
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool, at least, shall be!
But he that feels the sorest fits,
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits!

The English in Love

Unhappy life they gain,
Which Love do entertain!

In day, by feigned looks they live;
By lying dreams in night!
Each frown, a deadly wound doth give;
Each smile, a false delight!
If 't hap their Lady pleasant seem;
It is for others' love! they deem:
If void She seem of joy,
Disdain doth make her coy!

Such is the peace that Lovers find!
Such is the life they lead!
Blown here and there, with every wind,
Like flowers in the mead!
Now, war! Now, peace! Then, war again!
Desire! Despair! Delight! Disdain!
Though dead, in midst of life!
In peace, and yet at strife!

A. W.

Nor Love, nor Fate, dare I accuse;
For that my Love did me refuse:
But, O, mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so mickle bliss!
It was too much, for me to love
A man so like the Gods above!
An angel's shape, and saint-like voice,
Are too divine for human choice.

O, had I wisely given my heart
For to have loved him, but in part!

Love Despairing

Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar grace
Of foot, of hand, of lip, or eye;
I might have lived; where now I die!
But I, presuming all to choose,
Am now condemned all to lose!

Richard Brome

Tell me no more, how fair She is!
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss,
I never shall come near.
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not, how fond I am,
To tempt a daring fate!
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late!
There is some hope, ere long, I may,
In silence dote myself away. . . .

Henry King, D.D.

So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move!
But that alone, the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs!

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep!
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep!
Postures which render him despised;
Where he endeavours to be prized!

Waller

The English in Love

There's no dallying with Love ;
Though he be a child and blind !
Then let none the danger prove ;
Who would to himself be kind !
Smile he does, when thou dost play
But his smiles to death betray !

Lately with the Boy I sported,
Love I did not ; yet love feigned.
Had not Mistress ; yet I courted.
Sigh I did ; yet was not pained.
Till at last, this love in jest,
Proved in earnest my unrest !

None who loves not, then make show !
Love's as ill deceived as Fate !
Fly the Boy : he'll cog and woo !
Mock him ; and he wounds thee straight !
Ah ! who dally, boast in vain ;
False love wants not real pain !
Sir Edward Sherburne

Estridge. . . . these good creatures, Women, are like cats, if once made tame, any one may play with 'um ; if not, there's no coming near 'um.

Modish. Thou think'st thou hast maul'd 'um now ; Why I tell thee, *Jack*, a Hector is not readier to pick a Quarrel with a sawcy Creditor, and swear he will never pay the Rascal, then a man is to have one with his Mistress towards the latter end of an Amour ; especially if it amounts to a handsom

Love Despairing

occasion of leaving her, 'tis the kindest thing she can do then: what think you *Estridge*.

Estridge. Faith, I'm of your mind, yet I have known some unconscionable Ladies make their Servants wait as long for a just Exception, and almost as impatiently, as they did for the first favour.

Sedley

One night, when all the village slept,
Myrtillo's sad despair,
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,
To tell the woods his care.

“ Be gone! ” said he, “ fond thought, be gone!
Eyes, give your sorrows o'er!
Why should you waste your tears for one
That thinks on you no more?

“ Yet all the birds, the flocks, and Powers,
That dwell within this grove,
Can tell how many tender hours
We here have passed in love!

“ Yon stars above (my cruel foes!)
Have heard how She has sworn,
A thousand times, that, like to those
Her flame should ever burn!

“ But since She's lost; O, let me have
My wish, and quickly die!
In this cold bank, I'll make a grave;
And there, for ever lie!

The English in Love

“ Sad nightingales, the watch shall keep;
And kindly here complain! ”
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep;
But never waked again!

Sir Carr Scrope

Break, break, my foolish heart,
Loaded with love, and with despair opprest.
How canst thou bear thy smart?
How rule the ferment of this lab’ring breast?
No more the swelling cloud’s black hoard retain;
Break, break, thou foolish heart, and vent th’
included pain.

How cruel is thy fate,
Doom’d to despair, tho’ meeting no disdain?
Thy nymph too soft to hate,
Shares all thy cares, and pities all thy pain.
In vain; for all moves not her rigid will;
The wish may be to save, but the resolve’s to kill.

How can I hope redress,
Sworn not so much as to request a cure?
Who, to preserve her peace,
Have vow’d despair, and chosen to endure;
Silent must be, in pity to her pain,
And never, never ask, for fear I should obtain.

The pulses of thy frame
Throb thick with pain, and strong with anguish
move;

The breath that fans thy flame,
In sighs now ventilates thy hopeless love;

Love Despairing

Each various aliment of the nat'ral life,
Now feeds but thy despair, and but foment's thy
grief.

Break then, thou foolish heart;
Wisely I'd die, since I can never live:
Make the bad bus'ness short;
Who'd thus still in continu'd death survive?
Come courage; 'twill but one strong pang require:
Die all at once, and in one mighty grief expire.
John Glanvill

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favourite passion.

Addison

Another, more happy, the maid
By fortune is destin'd to bless—
Tho' the hope has forsook that betray'd,
Yet why should I love her the less?

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

The English in Love

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia but chance on my tomb—
I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, "Poor Colin was true";
And mark if a heave of her breast
The thought of her Colin pursue.

Henry Mackenzie

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly
flow'rs—
Things that are made to fade and fall away,
When they have blossom'd but a few short hours.
Love not, love not!

Love Despairing

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.
Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may
change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange;
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! O warning vainly said
In present years, as in the years gone by!
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal—till they change or die!
Love not, love not!
Mrs. Norton

There was a time, when I could feel
All passion's hopes and fears;
And tell what tongues can ne'er reveal,
By smiles, and sighs, and tears.
The days are gone! no more, no more,
The cruel fates allow;
And though I'm hardly twenty-four,—
I'm not a Lover now.

Lady, the mist is on my sight;
The chill is on my brow;
My day is night, my bloom is blight;
I'm not a Lover now.

Anon.

The English in Love

A woman who is ice to his fire, is less pain to a man than the woman who is fire to his ice. There is hope for him in the one, but only a dreary despair in the other. The ardours that intoxicate him in the first summer of his passion serve but to dull and chill him in the latter time.

Ouida

'Twas at the cool and fragrant hour
When Evening steals upon the Sky,
When lovers seek the silent Bow'r
Young Henry taught the Grove to Sigh.

His heav'nly form and beauteous air,
Was like the flow'ry Vale,
Yet did he sigh and all for love
Of Mary of the Dale.

When o'er the mountains peeps the dawn
Oppress'd with grief he'd often stray,
O'er rising Hill and fertile Lawn
To sigh and weep his cares away.

Though he had charms to win each fair,
That dwelt within the Vale
Yet did he sigh and all for love
Of Mary of the Dale.

Anon.

" . . . I have seen much trouble caused by love affairs. After middle life most people decry them, especially those who have had superficial ones themselves; for there is seldom any love at all in the mutual attraction of two young people, and the elders know very well that if it is judiciously checked it can also be judiciously replaced by something else. But a real love which comes to nothing is more like the death of an only child than anything else. It is a death. The great thing is to regard it so. I have known women to go on year after year waiting, as we have been doing during the last two months, refusing to believe in its death; believing, instead, in some misunderstanding; building up theories to account for alienation; clinging to the idea that things might have turned out differently if only So-and-So had been more tactful, if they had not refused a certain invitation, if something they had said, which might yet be explained, had not been misconstrued. And all the time there is no misunderstanding, no need of explanation. The position is simple enough. No man is daunted by such things except in women's imaginations. What men want they will try to obtain, unless there is some positive bar, such as poverty. And if they don't try, remember the inference is *sure*, that, though they may not be positively unwilling, they don't really want it! . . .

"My child," she said, stretching out her soft old hand, and laying it on the cold clenched one, "a death even of what is dearest to us, and a funeral and a headstone to mark the place, hard as it, is as nothing compared to the death in life of an

The English in Love

existence which is always dragging about a corpse. I have seen that not once nor twice. I want to save you from that."

Di laid her face for a moment on the kind hand.
"I will bury my dead," she said.

Mary Cholmondeley

LOVE DISTRACTED

"I have gone mad. I love you: let me die."
TENNYSON

*For what mad lover ever died
To gain a soft and gentle bride,
Or for a lady tender-hearted,
In purling streams, or hemp departed?*
BUTLER



As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
From the far shore, thicke set with reedes and
Sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voyce, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave care, when I might well perceive
’Twas one that sung, and by the smallnesse of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceived not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the Reeds
Had so encompass it: I laide me downe
And listened to the words she sung, for then,
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher men,
I saw it was your Daughter. . . .

The English in Love

She sung much, but no sence; onely I heard her
Repeat this often: "*Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather Mulberies;
Ile finde him out to morrow. . . .
His shackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,
And what shall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe,
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roses,
And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his Pardon." Then she talk'd of you, Sir,
That you must loose your head tomorrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow," and be-
tweene

Ever was "*Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,"
And "*Palamon* was a tall young man." The place
Was knee deepe where she sat; her careless Tresses
A wreathe of bull-rush rounded; about her stucke
Thousand fresh water flowers of severall cullors,
That me thought she appeared like the faire
Nymph

That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt downe from heaven: Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies: "Thus our true love's tide,"
"This you may loose, not me," and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung againe, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her
hand.

Fletcher and Shakespeare

Love Distracted

Distracted with care
For Phyllis the fair,
Since nothing could move her,
Poor Damon, her lover,
Resolves in despair
No longer to languish,
Nor bear so much anguish:
But, mad with his love,
To a precipice goes,
Where a leap from above
Would finish his woes.

When in rage he came there,
Beholding how steep
The sides did appear
And the bottom how deep;
His torments projecting,
And sadly reflecting,
That a lover forsaken
A new love may get,
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set:
And, that he could die
Whenever he would,
But, that he could live
But as long as he could:
How grievous soever
The torment might grow,
He scorn'd to endeavour
To finish it so.
But bold, unconcern'd
At thoughts of the pain,
He calmly return'd
To his cottage again.

William Walsh

The English in Love

As I walk'd forth one summer's day,
To view the meadows green and gay,
A cool-retreating bower I spied,
That flourished near the river's side;
 Where oft in tears a maid would cry,
Did ever maiden love as I?

Then o'er the grassy fields she'd walk,
And nipping flowers low by the stalk,
Such flowers as in the meadows grew,
The deadman's thumb, the harebell blue;
 And as she pull'd them still cried she,
Alas, none ever lov'd like me!

Such flowers as gave the sweetest scent
She bound about with knotty bent;
And as she bound them up in bands,
She sigh'd and wept, and wrung her hands;
 Alas! alas! still sobbed she,
Alas! none ever loved like me!

When she had fill'd her apron full,
Of all the flowers that she could cull,
The tender leaves serv'd for a bed,
The scented flowers to rest her head;
 Then down she laid, nor sigh'd nor spake,
With love her gentle heart did break.

Anon.

There often wanders one, whom better days
Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.

Love Distracted

A serving-maid was she, and fell in love
With one who left her, went to sea and died.
Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.
She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
And never smiled again. And now she roams
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong day,
And there, unless when charity forbids,
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides a gown
More tattered still; and both but ill conceal
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful food,
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier
clothes,
Though pinched with cold, asks never.—Kate is
crazed!

Cowper

Emmelina:

Off, off! I will have way! ye shall not hold me:
I come to seek my lord; is he not here?
Tell me, ye virgins, have ye seen my love,
Or know you where his flocks repose at noon?
My love is comely—sure you must have seen him;
The perjur'd youth! who deals in oaths and breaks
them.
In truth he might deceive a wiser maid.

The English in Love

I lov'd him once; he then was innocent;
He was no murderer then, indeed he was not;
He had not kill'd my brother.

Rivers:

Nor has now;
Thy brother lives.

Emmelina:

I know it—yes, he lives
Among the cherubim. Murd'ers too will live;
But where? I'll tell you where—down, down,
down.

How deep it is! 'tis fathomless—'tis dark!
No—there's a pale blue flame—ah, poor Orlando.

Guildford:

My heart will burst.

Orlando:

Pierce mine, and that will ease it.

Emmelina (comes up to her father):

I knew a maid who lov'd—but she was mad—
Fond, foolish girl! Thank Heav'n, I am not mad;
Yet the afflicting angel has been with me;
But do not tell my father, he would grieve;
Sweet, good old man—perhaps he'd weep to hear it:
I never saw my father weep but once;
I tell you when it was. I did not weep;
'Twas when—but soft, my brother must not know
it,

'Twas when his poor fond daughter was refused.

Guildford:

Who can bear this?

Orlando:

I will not live to bear it.

Emmelina (comes up to Orlando):

Take comfort, thou poor wretch!

I'll not appear

Against thee, nor shall Rivers; but blood must,
Blood will appear; there's no concealing blood.

What's that? my brother's ghost—it vanished:

[*Catches hold of Rivers.*]

Stay, take me with thee, take me to the skies;

I have thee fast; thou shalt not go without me.

But hold—may we not take the murd'rer with us?

That look says—No. Why then I'll not go with
thee.

Yet hold me fast—'tis dark—I'm lost—I'm gone.

[*Dies.*]

Hannah More

The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger: she turned them now upon Harley. "My Billy is no more," said she: "do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry: and it burns, it burns, it burns!"—She drew nearer to Harley.—"Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in Heaven." "Is he, indeed? and shall we meet again? and shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there?—Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of Heaven: yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest I sing:—You shall hear me, hush!

*Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
And green the sod that wraps his grave."*

The English in Love

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again," said she: "I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

'Twas when the seas were roaring.

I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him."—She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—"Nay, this is Billy's ring," said she, "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold-thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl;—but my heart is harmless: my poor heart, it will burst some day; feel how it beats!"—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy's is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger.—"Farewell! I must leave you now."

Henry Mackenzie

Tho' Grief had nipp'd her early bloom,
Young Julia still was fair:
The rose indeed had left her cheek,
The lily still was there.

Love Distracted

Tho' of all other actions past
Her memory bore no part,
The dear remembrance of her love
Still linger'd in her heart.

Long in that heart had reign'd alone
A swain of equal youth,
Of equal beauty too with her's,
But not of equal truth.

Whole years her yielding breast he sooth'd
With passion's tender tale;
Till Avarice call'd him from her arms
O'er the wide seas to sail.

With many a vow of quick return
He cross'd the briny tide,
But when a foreign shore he reach'd,
Soon found a wealthier bride.

Poor Julia sicken'd at the news,
Yet never told her pain,
Long on her secret soul it prey'd,
And turn'd at last her brain . . .

From all, who near her chanc'd to stray,
With wild affright she ran;
Each voice that reach'd her scar'd her breast,
But most the voice of Man.

To me alone, when oft we met,
Her ear she would incline,
And with me weep, for well she knew
Her woes resembled mine . . .

Thomas Russell

The English in Love

Hush! 'tis the night-watch: he guards my lonely
cell;

He comes, he comes this way!

Yes, 'tis the night-watch; I mark his glimmering
lamp;

I see its dismal ray.

Oh, release me! oh, release me!

No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad!

I loved her sincerely, I loved her too dearly,

I loved her in sorrow, in joy, and in pain;

But my heart is forsaken, yet ever will waken

The mem'ry of bliss which will ne'er come again.

I see her dancing in the hall, I see her dancing in
the hall!

No, by Heaven—no, by Heaven, I am not mad! . .

For, lo, you! while I speak,

Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare!

He sees me now; with dreadful shriek

He whirls me in the air!

Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth

Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad.

Aye, laugh, ye fiends—laugh, laugh, ye fiends!

Yes, by Heaven—they've driven me mad!

I see her dancing in the hall!

Oh, release me—oh, release me!

Yes, by Heaven—yes, by Heaven, they've driven me
mad!

M. G. Lewis

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found,
'Twas vain, in cold ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lorn, bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
"Merciful God!"—such was his latest prayer—
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard-gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls! who'er you be;
And O, pray too for me!

Landor

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did
sing,

The English in Love

Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly
thus sung she,
I love my love because I know my love loves me.

Oh, cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea,
And cruel, cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me,
Yet I love his parents since they're his, altho'
they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love because I know my love loves
me.

O should it please the pitying powers to call me to
the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love
to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should
I be,
For I love my love because I know my love loves
me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns
from sea,
For I love my love because I know my love loves
me.

Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should
be;
For I love my love because I know my love loves
me.

Love Distracted

Oh, if I were an eagle to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze round with piercing eyes where I my love
 might spy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall
 see,
Yet I love my love because I know my love loves
 me.

Anon.

Why, fair maid, in every feature
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
Shun not, then, poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so.
For I loved, ah!—so sincerely
None could ever love again;
But the youth I loved so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart received him,
Which was doom'd to love but one.
He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believed him,
He was false—and I undone.
From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

The English in Love

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,
Still I slowly pace the plain;
While each passer-by, in pity,
Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane.

Anon.

Kiss no more the Vintages,
Thou hot-lipp'd sun!
Flow no more the merry wine
From the dark tun!

Above my head hang dull nightshade,
And o'er my brow the willow!
With maiden flowers from dewy bowers
Cover my last pillow!

Away! away to the green sward!
My young heart breaks:
Break the earth, and lay me deep!
Love my breath takes.

Angels! pity, and hear this ditty
Breath'd from a poor girl's lips:
O'er her lover ever hover,
Scattered earthly bliss.

Come, thou iron-crowned Death!
Into my stretched arms,
Bridegroom to my maiden breast;
End my sad alarms.

Love Distracted

Lead on, lead on, thou Love of Bone!
Over the heath wild;
And 'neath the grass secure fast
Thy melancholy child!

Charles Jeremiah Wells.

Oh, scanty white garment! they ask why I wear
you,

Such thin chilly vesture for one that is frail,
And dull words of prose cannot truly declare you
To be what I bid you be, love's coat of mail.

You were but a symbol of cleanness and rest,
To don in the summer time, three years ago;
And now you encompass a care-stricken breast
With fabric of fancy to keep it aglow.

For when it was Lammastide two before this,
When freshening my face after freshening my
lilies,

A door opened quickly, and down fell a kiss;
The lips unforseen were my passionate Willie's

My Willie was travel-worn, Willie was cold,
And I might not keep but a dear lock of hair.
I clad him in silk and I decked him with gold,
But welcome and fondness were choked in
despair.

I follow the wheels, and he turns with a sob,
We fold our mute hands on the death of the
hour;

For heart-breaking virtues and destinies rob
The soul of her nursling, the thorn of her flower

The English in Love

The lad's mind is rooted, his passion red-fruited,
The head I caressed is another's delight;
And I, though I stray through the year sorrow-
suited,
At Lammas, for Willie's sake, robe me in white.
William Cory

WHEN I AM DEAD

Those whom we love sometimes feel, when we have been or seemed to be unkind, even if they do not say: "You will be sorry when I am dead." It is a natural thing to feel and the thought that it has been felt cannot but bring a pang to our hearts. And yet—are we right to feel sorry?

HAVELOCK ELLIS

*Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not
save.*

*There let the winds sweep and the plover cry:
But thou, go by.*

TENNYSON

*Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



When by thy scorne, O murtheresse, I am dead,
And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from mee,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, fain'd vestall, in worse armes shall see:
Then thy sicke taper will begin to winke,
And he, whose thou art then, being tyr'd before,
Will, if thou stirre, or pinch to wake him, thinke

Thou call'st for more,
And in false sleepe will from thee shrinke,
And then poore Aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bath'd in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lye

A veryer ghost than I;
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'had rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

Donne

The English in Love

One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
And bring those *dew-drunk-offerings* to my
Tomb.

When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice:
Though paleness be the Livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan, or colourless for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye; or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
Cast on my girles a glance, and loving eye:
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.
Than these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.
Herrick

Dear Love, let me this evening die!
O, smile not, to prevent it!
Dead, with my rivals let me lie;
Or we shall both repent it!
Frown quickly then; and break my heart!
That so my way of dying
May, though my life was full of smart,
Be worth the World's envying!

Alas, how poorly these depart;
Their graves still unattended!
Who dies not of a broken heart,
Is not of Death commended!

When I am Dead

His memory is only sweet,
All praise and pity moving,
Who kindly, at his Mistress' feet,
Does die with over-loving!

And now, thou frown'st; and now, I die!
My corpse by Lovers followed:
Which, straight, shall by dead Lovers lie;
That ground is only hallowed!
If Priests are grieved I have a grave,
My death not well approving;
The Poets my estate shall have,
To teach them the Art of Loving.

And now, let Lovers ring their bells!
For me, poor Youth, departed;
Who kindly in his love excels,
By dying broken-hearted!
My grave, with flowers let Virgins strow;
Which, if thy tears fall near them,
May so transcend in scent and show,
As thou wilt shortly wear them!

Such flowers, how much will Florists prize;
Which, on a Lover growing,
Are watered with his Mistress' eyes,
With pity ever flowing!
A grave so decked, will (though thou art
Yet fearful to come nigh me!)
Provoke thee, straight, to break thy heart;
And lie down boldly by me!

Then everywhere all bells shall ring;
All light to darkness turning!
Whilst ev'ry Quire shall sadly sing;
And Nature's self wear mourning!

The English in Love

Yet we hereafter may be found,
By Destiny's right placing,
Making, like flowers, love underground;
Whose roots are still embracing!
D'Avenant

If I were dead, and, in my place,
Some fresher Youth designed
To warm thee, with new fires; and grace
Those arms I left behind:

Were he as faithful as the Sun,
That's wedded to the Sphere;
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run,
As April's mildest tear;

Or were he rich; and, with his heap
And spacious share of earth,
Could make divine affection cheap,
And court his golden birth:

For all these arts, I'd not believe,
(No! though he should be thine!)
The mighty Amorist could give
So rich a heart as mine!

Fortune and Beauty, thou might'st find;
And Greater Men than I:
But my true resolved mind,
They never shall come nigh!

For I, not for an hour did love;
Or for a day desire:
But, with my soul, had, from above,
This endless, holy fire!

Vaughan

When I am Dead

Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my
grave
Without one thought whose relics there
recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

My fondest; faintest—latest accents hear:
Grief for the dead not virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much
love!

Byron

Hesperus: Then thou shalt be mine own; but not
till death:
We'll let this life burn out, no matter how;
Though every sand be moistened with our tears,
And every day be rain-wet in our eyes;
Though thou shouldst wed some hateful avarice,
And I grow hoary with a daubed deceit,
A smiling treachery in woman's form,
Sad to the soul, heart-cankered and forlorn;
No matter, all no matter.
Though madness rule our thoughts, despair our
hearts,
And misery live with us, and misery talk,
Our guest all day, our bed-fellow all night;
No matter, all no matter.
For when our souls are born then will we wed;
Our dust shall mix and grow into one stalk,
Our breaths shall make one perfume in one bud,

The English in Love

Our blushes meet each other in a rose,
Our sweeter voices swell some sky-bird's throat
With the same warbling, dwell in some soft pipe,
Or bubble up along some sainted spring's
Musical course, and in the mountain trees
Slumber our deeper tones, by tempests waked:
We will be music, spring, and all fair things,
The while our spirits make a sweeter union
Than melody and perfume in the air.
Wait then, if thou dost love me.

Olivia: Be it so;
You'll let me pray for death, if it will bring
Such joys as these. Though once I thought to live
A happy bride; but I must learn new feelings.
Beddoes

He meditated profoundly, and asked her:
“Could you be such a saint among women?”
“I think I am a more than usually childish girl.”
“Not to forget me?”
“Oh! no.”
“Still to be mine?”
“I am yours.”
“To plight yourself?”
“It is done.”
“Be mine beyond death?”
“Married is married, I think.”
“Clara! to dedicate your life to our love! Never
one touch! not one whisper! not a thought, not a
dream! Could you?—it agonizes me to imagine
. . . be inviolate? mine above?—mine before all
men, though I am gone:—true to my dust? Tell

me. Give me that assurance. True to my name! —Oh! I hear them. ‘His relict.’ Buzzings about Lady Patterne. ‘The widow.’ If you knew their talk of widows! Shut your ears, my angel! But if she holds them off and keeps her path, they are forced to respect her. The dead husband is not the dishonoured wretch they fancied him, because he was out of their way. He lives in the heart of his wife. Clara! my Clara! as I live in yours, whether here or away; whether you are a wife or a widow, there is no distinction for love—I am your husband—say it—eternally. I must have peace; I cannot endure the pain. Depressed, yes; I have cause to be. But it has haunted me ever since we joined hands. To have you—to lose you!”

“Is it not possible that I may be the first to die?” said Miss Middleton.

“And lose you, with the thought that you, lovely as you are, and the dogs of the world barking round you, might . . . Is it any wonder that I have my feeling for the world? This hand!—the thought is horrible. You would be surrounded; men are brutes; the scent of unfaithfulness excites them, overjoys them. And I helpless! The thought is maddening. I see a ring of monkeys grinning. There is your beauty, and man’s delight in desecrating. You would be worried night and day to quit my name, to . . . I feel the blow now. You would have no rest from them, nothing to cling to without your oath.”

“An oath!” said Miss Middleton.

“It is no delusion, my love, when I tell you that with this thought upon me I see a ring of monkey-faces grinning at me: they haunt me. But you do

The English in Love

swear it! Once, and I will never trouble you on the subject again. My weakness! if you like. You will learn that it is love, a man's love, stronger than death."

"An oath?" she said, and moved her lips to recall what she might have said and forgotten. "To what? what oath?"

"That you will be true to me dead as well as living! Whisper it."

"Willoughby, I shall be true to my vows at the altar."

.

"Consent; gratify me; swear it. Say 'beyond death.' Whisper it. I ask for nothing more. Women think the husband's grave breaks the bond, cuts the tie, sets them loose. They wed the flesh—pah! What I call on you for is nobility: the transcendant nobility of a faithfulness beyond death. "*His widow!*" let them say; a saint in widowhood."

Meredith

Perhaps, long hence, when I have pass'd away,
Some other's feature, accent, thought like mine,
Will carry you back to what I used to say,
And bring some memory of your love's decline.

Then you may pause awhile and think, "Poor
jade!"

And yield a sigh to me—as ample due,
Not as a tittle of a debt unpaid
To one who could resign her all to you——

When I am Dead

And thus reflecting, you will never see
That your thin thought, in two small words convey'd,
Was no such fleeting phantom-thought to me,
But the Whole Life wherein my part was play'd;
And you amid its fitful masquerade
A Thought—as I in yours but seem to be.

Hardy

Bury me deep when I am dead,
Far from the woods where sweet birds sing;
Lap me in sullen stone and lead,
Lest my poor dust should feel the Spring.

Never a flower be near me set,
Nor starry cup nor slender stem,
Anemone nor violet,
Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—
Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—
Never, ah me, pass never there,
Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

Rosamund Marriott Watson

When I am dead, if I see
How you need me in the night,
I shall ask God to have pity on me
And take away my sight:
If I hear how your sobs swell
Where the lonely pillow is strange to your head,
I shall know too well
I ought not to be dead.

The English in Love

You understand, I want so much
To comfort you, to cherish you,
I fear to think that I might need to touch
And not be able to.

God is aware how much I can bear
Of pain, as of bliss
—Surely He will have a care
To spare me this.

Gerald Gould

When our sweet bodies moulder under ground,
Shut off from these bright waters and clear skies,
When we hear nothing but the sullen sound
Of dead flesh dropping slowly from the bone
And muffled fall of tongue and ears and eyes;
Perhaps, as each disintegrates alone,
Frail broken vials once brimmed with curious sense,
Our souls will pitch old Grossness from his throne
And on the beat of unsubstantial wings
Soar to new ecstasies still more intense.
There the thin voices of black horny things
Shall thrill me as girls' laughter thrills me here,
And the cold drops a passing storm-cloud flings
Be my strong wine, and crawling roots and clods
My trees and hills, and slugs swift fallow deer.
There I shall doat upon a sexless flower
By ghost-love planted in my dripping brain
And suck from those cold petals subtler power
Than drained from your warm flesh and clinging
 curls,
Most lovely, vile, adorable of girls.
But in your tomb the deathless She will reign

When I am Dead

And draw new lovers out of rotting sods
That your lithe body may for ever squirm
Beneath the strange embraces of the worm.

Edgell Rickword

When I am dead—I know, my dear,
They're rather morbid than sincere
Who thus begin their doleful verse
And ask, forsooth, that you'll rehearse
Your grief and shed a sample tear.

But see how custom can coerce:
I can't resist the poignant, terse,
Self-pitying words to catch your ear—
When I am dead.

I say them over, and immerse
Myself in gloom. Alas, no worse
Reflection come than this—though drear,
Though dark the future, this is clear,
The Norwich Union will disburse
When I am dead.

Anon

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LOVE DEATHLESS.

*Come, let us make love deathless, thou and I,
Seeing that our footing on the earth is brief—*
HERBERT TRENCH

*Who ever saw so fair a sight,
Love and Virtue met aright;
And that wonder Constancy,
Like a comet to the eye
Seldom ever seen so bright?
Sound out loud so rare a thing,
That all the hills and vales may ring.*
DANIEL



For there was never rooted tree
That stood so faste in his degree,
That I ne stonde more faste
Upon her love and may nought caste
Mine herte away, all though I wolde.
For god wote though I never sholde
Sene her with eye after this daie,
Yet stant it so, that I ne maie
Her love out of my breast remue.
This is a wonder retenue,
That malgre where she woll or none
Min herte is evermo in one,
So that I can no other chese,
But whether that I winne or lese
I must her loven till I deie

Gower

The English in Love

I wot full well that beauty cannot last;
No rose that springs but lightly doth decay,
And feature like a lily leaf doth waste,
Or as the cowslip in the midst of May;
I know that tract of time doth conquer all,
And beauty's buds like fading flowers do fall.

That famous dame, fair Helen, lost her hue
When withered age with wrinkles changed her
cheeks,
Her lovely looks did loathsomeness ensue,
That was the *A per se* of all the Greeks,
And sundry mo that were as fair as she,
Yet Helen was as fresh as fresh might be.

No force for that, I price your beauty light,
If so I find you steadfast in good will.
Though few there are that do in age delight,
I was your friend, and so do purpose still;
No change of looks shall breed my change of
love,
Nor beauty's want my first good will remove.
George Turberville

As I have been, so will I ever be,
Unto my death, and longer if I might.
Have I of love the friendly looking eye,
Have I of fortune favour or despite,
I am of rock by proof as you may see—
Not made of wax nor of no metal light,
As leef to die, by change as to deceive
Or break the promise made. And so I leave.
Anon.

Time wasteth years, and months and hours,
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit and
strength,
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers,
Time wears out youth and beauty's looks at
length,
Time doth convey to ground both foe and
friend,
And each thing else but love, which hath no
end.

Time maketh every tree to die and rot,
Time turneth oft our pleasures into pain,
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot,
Time clears the sky, which first hung full of rain,
Time makes an end of all humane desire,
But only this, which sets my heart on fire.

Time turneth into nought each princely state,
Time brings a flood from new resolved snow,
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late,
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below ;
And yet no time prevails in my behove,
Nor any time can make me cease to love.

Thomas Watson

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weake flame
Cannot retaine
His heat, in spight of absence or disdaine ;
But doth at once, like paper on fire
Burne and expire!

The English in Love

True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.

That noble flame which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soule's fled:
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead;
That shall waite on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urne
Shall, like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burne.

Carew

Dear, when I did from you remove,
I left my joy, but not my love.

That never can depart.
It neither higher can ascend,
Nor lower bend.
Fixt in the centre of my heart,
As in its place,
And lodged so, how can it change?
Or you grow strange?

Those are earth's properties and base;
Each where, as the bodies divine,
Heaven's lights to you and me will shine.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury

The sun its bright rays may withhold, love,
Unreflected the moonbeams may be;
But ne'er, till this bosom is cold, love,
Shall its pulse throb for any but thee:

Love Deathless

For thou are the joy of my heart, love,
Thy beauties all beauty outvie ;
And ere with thine image I'll part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
To autumn's sad colourless hue ;
The winter like summer may burn, love,
Ere my ardour it lessens for you :

For thou are the joy of my heart, love,
Thy beauties all beauty outvie ;
And ere with thine image I'll part, love,
Thy lover, thy husband, would die.

Dibdin

As a fair maid walk'd in a garden
A brisk young sailor she chanc'd to spy.
He stept up to her thinking to have her,
And said—" Fair maid, can you fancy I? "

" You appear to be a man of honour,
A man of honour you appear to be,
How can you impose upon a poor woman
Who is not fit your servant to be? "

" If you are not fit to be my servant,
I have a sincere regard for you,
I would marry and make you a lady,
For I have servants to wait on you."

" I have a true sweet-heart of my own.
It is seven years since he has gone,
And seven more I will wait for him,
For if he's living he will return."

The English in Love

“ If it’s seven years since your lover left you,
I’m sure he’s either dead or drowned.
If he’s living I love him dearly :
If he’s dead with glory he’s crown’d.”

When he perceiv’d her love was loyal,
“ It is a pity true-love should be cross’d,”
Says he—“ I’m thy poor and single sailor,
Who has often been on the ocean toss’d.”

“ If you are my poor and single sailor,
Show me the token I gave to thee ;
For seven years it makes an alteration,
Since my true love parted from me.”

He pull’d his hand out of his bosom,
His fingers being long and small,
Saying—“ There’s the ring we broke between us!”
When she saw it, down she did fall.

Then he lifted her up, clasp’d in his arms,
And gave her kisses, one, two, three,
Saying—“ Thy poor and single sailor
Is just returned to marry thee.”

Anon.

When I am in hell or some such place,
A-groaning over my sorry case,
What will those seven women say to me
Who, when I coaxed them answered “ Aye ” to me?
“ I did not understand your sign! ”
Will be the words of Caroline ;
While Jane will cry, “ If I’d had proof of you,
I should have learnt to hold aloof of you! ”

“ I won’t reproach : it was to be ! ”
Will dryly murmur Cicely ;
And Rosa : “ I feel no hostility,
For I must own I lent facility.”

Lizzy says : “ Sharp was my regret,
And sometimes it is now ! But yet
I joy that, though it brought notoriousness,
I knew Love once and all its gloriousness.”

Says Patience : “ Why are we apart ?
Small harm did you, my poor Sweet Heart !
A manchild born, now tall and beautiful,
Was worth the ache of days undutiful.”

And Anne cries : “ O the time was fair,
So wherefore should you burn down there ?
There is a deed under the sun, my Love,
And that was ours. What’s done is done, my Love.
These trumpets here in Heaven are dumb to me
With you away. Dear, come, O come to me ! ”

Hardy

“ You will get me out of your thoughts in a week.”

“ Out of my thoughts ! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded even then. You have been in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the clouds, in the light, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in

The English in Love

the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life, you cannot choose but remain part of my character, part of the little good in me, part of the evil. But, in this separation, I associate you only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me feel now what sharp distress I may. Oh, God bless you, God forgive you! ”

Dickens

Miss Gryll. . . . observing your invariable cheerfulness, I should not have thought it possible that you could have been crossed in love, as your words seem to imply.

Miss Ilex. I was, my dear, and have been foolish enough to be constant all my life to a single idea ; and yet I would not part with this shadow for any attainable reality.

Peacock

“ Are you angry, Willie? Ah, do not be angry! ”

“ Angry? No, surely, I am not angry, Carrie. I am scarcely surprised. I—I have seen it coming for weeks past. Last night I felt that the blow to my hopes had already fallen or was about to fall.”

“ Ah! ” she said, with a gesture of pain. “ How so? Was—was it so palpable? ”

He smiled sadly. “ A lover’s eyes are keen, and jealousy is all eyes, you know, Carrie, and I saw, perhaps, more than the rest of them, not feeling as I did, could see. I saw that I had little hope of winning you. So, having said my say,” he continued with a wan smile, that in a woman would melt to tears, “ I will go. But Carrie, though I—I am not to be your husband ”—his voice quivered—“ you will still let me be your friend—I will say your lover; for while life lasts I shall love you, Carrie.”

“ No—no,” she murmured, the tears rolling down her cheeks.

“ Yes,” he said, with a smile; “ always, while life lasts, and I shall always think of you as the little girl whom I loved as a playmate, and who, as she grew up, almost hand in hand with me, became the sole queen of my heart! You will reign there still, Carrie. Though another will call you wife, you will still be enshrined in that corner of my heart, Carrie, while this heart beats! ”

Charles Garvice

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WEDDED LOVE

*"Non other lyf," sayd he, "is worth a bene;
For wedlock is so esy and so clene."*

CHAUCER.

What remains then but to join them in marriage? . . . They may then kiss and coil, lie and look babies in one another's eyes, as their sires before them did; they may then satiate themselves with love's pleasures, which they have so long wished and expected.

BURTON

"Marriage is the mere ladle of affection, that cools it when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over."

DRYDEN

Marriage is the great puzzle of our day. It is our Sphinx-riddle. Solve it, or be torn to bits, is the decree.

D. H. LAWRENCE

If there is no possibility of sexual relations with any other than one's wife, most men will make the best of this situation, and except in abnormally bad cases, will find it quite tolerable. The same thing applies to wives, especially if they never imagine that marriage should bring much happiness. That is to say, a marriage is likely to be what is called happy if neither party ever expected to get much happiness out of it.

BERTRAND RUSSELL



And whan the knight saugh verrailly al this,
That she so fair was, and so yong there-to,
For joye he hente hir in his armes two,
His herte bathes in a bath of blisse;
A thousand tyme a-newe he gan hir kisse.
And she obeyed him in every thing
That mighte doon him plesance or lyking.

And thus they live, un-to hir lyves ende,
In parfit joye; and Jesu Crist us sende
Housbondes meke, youngen and fresshe a-bedde,
And grace t' overbyde hem that we wedde.
And eek I preye Jesu shorte hir lyves
That wol nat be governed by hir wyves;
And olde and angry nigardes of dispence,
God sende hem sone verray pestilence.

Chaucer

The English in Love

Good morrow good Gossip: now by my truly I am glad to see you in health. I pray you how doth master *Winchcombe*? What never a great belly yet? now fie: by my fa your husband is waxt idle.

Trust mee Gossip (saith mistresse *Winchcombe*) a great belly comes sooner than a new coate: but you must consider we have not beene long married: But truly gossip you are welcome: I pray you sit downe, and we will have a morsell of something by and by. . . .

I thanke you hartily good Gossip (saith the other). But good gossip I pray you tell me: doth your husband love you well, and make much of you?

Yes truly, I thanke God (quoth shee).

Now by my troth (said the other) it were a shame for him if he should not: for though I say it before your face, though he had little with you, you were worthy to be as good a mans wife as his.

Trust me, I would not change my John for my lord Marquesse (quoth shee) a woman can be but well, for I live at hearts ease, and have all things at will, and truly he will not see me lack any thing.

Thomas Deloney

. . . Madam, in those neere conjunctions of society, wherein death is the only honourable divorce, there is but one end, which is mutual joy in procreation; and to that end two assured ways: the one by cherishing affection with affection: the other, by working affection, while she is yet in her pride, to a reverence, which hath more power itself.

To which are required advantage, or at least equality: art, as well as nature. For contempt is else as neere as respect; the lovingest mind being not ever the most lovely. Now though it be true that affections are relatives, and love the surest adamant of love; yet must it not be measured by the untemperate ell of itself, since prodigality yields fullness, satiety a desire of change, and change repentance: but so tempered even in trust, enjoying, and all other familiarities, that the appetites of them we would please may still be covetous, and their strengths rich. Because the decay of either is a point of ill huswifery, and they that are first bankrupt shut up their doors.

Fulke Greville

The messenger made speed, and found Argalus at a castle of his own, sitting in a parlour with the fair Parthenia, he reading in a book the stories of Hercules, she by him, as to hear him read; but while his eyes stayed on the book, she looked on his eyes, and sometimes staying him with some pretty question, not so much to be resolved of the doubt as to give him occasion to look upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, but in herself because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double because they made a double life one; where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction bred satiety, he ruling because she would obey or rather, because she would obey she therein ruling.

Sidney

The English in Love

Mistress Touchwood. 'Twill be so tedious, sir, to live from you,

But that necessity must be obeyed.

Touchwood. I would it might not, wife, the tediousness

Will be the most part mine, that understand

The blessings I have in thee; so to part,

That drives the torment to a knowing heart.

But, as thou sayest, we must give way to need,

And live awhile asunder; our desires

Are both too fruitful for our barren fortunes.

How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures!

Some only can get riches and no children;

We only can get children and no riches:

Then 'tis the prudent'st part to check our wills,

And, till our state rise, make our bloods lie still.

Life, every year a child, and some years two!

Besides drinkings abroad, that's never reckoned;

This gear will not hold out.

Middleton

Viola. I am married to a man that has wealth enough and wit enough.

Fustigo. A linen-draper, I was told, sister.

Viola. Very true, a grave citizen, I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband: but here's the spite, he has not all the things belonging to a man.

Fustigo. God's my life, he's a very mandrake, or else (God bless us) one a' these wiblins, and that's worse, and then all the children that he gets lawfully of your body, sister, are bastards by a statute.

Viola. O, you run over me too fast, brother; I have heard it often said, that he who cannot be angry is no man. I am sure my husband is a man in print, for all things else save only in this, no tempest can move him.

Fustigo. 'Slid, would he had been at sea with us! he should ha' been moved, and moved again, for I'll be sworn, la, our drunken ship reeled like a Dutchman.

Viola. No loss of goods can increase in him a wrinkle, no crabbed language make his countenance sour, the stubbornness of no servant shake him; he has no more gall in him than a dove, no more sting than an ant; musician will he never be, yet I find much music in him, but he loves no frets, and is so free from anger, that many times I am ready to bite off my tongue, because it wants that virtue which all women's tongues have, to anger their husbands: brother, mine can by no thunder, turn him into a sharpness.

Fustigo. Belike his blood, sister, is well brewed then.

Viola. I protest to thee, Fustigo, I love him most affectionately; but I know not—I ha' such a tickling within me—such a strange longing; nay, verily I do long.

Fustigo. Then you're with child, sister, by all signs and tokens; nay, I am partly a physician, and partly something else. I ha' read Albertus Magnus, and Aristotle's Problems.

Viola. You're wide a' th' bow hand still, brother: my longings are not wanton, but wayward: I long to have my patient husband eat up a whole purcupine, to the intent, the bristling quills

The English in Love

may stick about his lips like a Flemish mustachio,
and be shot at me: I shall be leaner the new moon,
unless I can make him horn-mad.

Dekker

You are too amorous, too obsequious,
And make her too assured, she may command you.
When women doubt most of their husbands' loves,
They are most loving. Husbands must take heed
They give no gluts of kindness to their wives,
But use them like their horses; whom they feed
Not with a mangerful of meat together,
But half a peck at once; and keep them so
Still with an appetite to that they give them.
He that desires to have a loving wife,
Must bridle all the show of that desire:
Be kind, not amorous; nor bewraying kindness,
As if love wrought it, but considerate duty.

Offer no love rites, but let wives still seek them,
For when they come unsought, they seldom like
them.

Ben Jonson

... love in marriage cannot live nor subsist unless
it be mutual; and where love cannot be, there can
be left of wedlock nothing but the empty husk of
an outside matrimony, as undelightful and un-
pleasing to God as any other kind of hypocrisy. So
far is his command from tying men to the ob-
servance of duties which there is no help for, but
they must be dissembled. If Solomon's advice be
not over-frolic, "Live joyfully," saith he, "with the

Wedded Love

wife whom thou lovest, all thy days, for that is thy portion": how then, where we find it impossible to rejoice or to love, can we obey this precept? How miserably do we defraud ourselves of that comfortable portion, which God gives us, by striving vainly to glue an error together, which God and nature will not join?

Milton

Deceive not thyself by over expecting happiness in the married estate. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds; yea expect both wind and storm sometimes, which, when blown over, the air is clearer and wholesomer for it. Yet all the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.

Fuller

But if after all the fair deportments and innocent chaste compliances, the husband be morose and ungentle, let the wife discourse thus: If while I do my duty my husband neglects me, what will he do if I neglect him? and if she thinks to be separated by reason of her husband's unchaste life, let her consider, that then the man will be incurably ruined, and her rivals could wish nothing more than they might possess him alone.

Jeremy Taylor

The English in Love

Aurelia:

Why they say, 'tis the best marriage, when like is joyned to like; now we shall make a very even match, for neither you love me, nor I love you, and 'tis to be hoped we may get Children that will Love neither of us.

Truman:

Nay, by my soul I love you, but alas,
Not in that way that Husbands should their wives;
I cannot Toy, nor Kiss, nor do I know not what, . . .

Aurelia:

. . . If we should be marry'd to Night, what would you do for Sleep?

Truman:

Why, do not marry'd people sleep o' Nights?

Aurelia:

Yes! Yes! alas good innocence.

Truman:

They have a scurvy Life on't if they don't;
But wee'l not Live as other people do,
Wee'l find out some new handsome way of Love,
Some way of Love that few shall imitate,
Yet all admire; for 'tis a sordid thing,
That Lust should dare t' insinuate itself
Into the Marriage-bed; wee'l get no Children,
The worst of Men and Women can do that;
Besides too, if our issue should be Female,
They would all learn to flatter and dissemble.

Wedded Love

They would deceive with Promises and Vows
Some simple men, and then prove False and Kill
'em,
Would they not do't Aurelia?

Aurelia:

I, any thing Mr. Truman, but what shall we do, Sir,
When we are marry'd, pray?

Truman:

Why! Wee'l live very lovingly together,
Sometimes wee'l sit and talk of excellent things,
And laugh at all the Nonsense of the World;
Sometimes wee'l walk together,
Sometimes wee'l read, and sometimes eat, and
sometimes sleep;
And sometimes pray, and then at last wee'l dye,
And go to Heaven together; 'twill be rare!

Aurelia:

We may do all this (me-thinks) and never marry for
the matter.

Truman:

'Tis true, we may so!

Cowley

Palamede. O, now I have found it! you dislike
her for no other reason but because she's your
wife.

Rhodophil. And is not that enough? All that
I know of her perfection now, is only by memory.
I remember, indeed, that about two years ago I
loved her passionately; but those golden days are
gone, Palamede: Yet I loved her a whole half year,

The English in Love

double the natural term of any mistress; and I think, in my conscience, I could have held out another quarter, but then the world began to laugh at me, and a certain shame, of being out of fashion, seized me. At last, we arrived at that point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet still I set a good face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before company; but when we are alone, we walk like lions in a room; she one way, and I another. And we lie with our backs to each other, so far distant, as if the fashion of great beds was only invented to keep husband and wife sufficiently asunder.

Dryden

If a *Husband* behaveth himself sometimes with an *Indifference* that a *Wife* may think offensive, she is in the wrong to put the worst sence upon it, if by any Means it will admit a better. Some *Wives* will call it *Ill-humour* if their *Husbands* change their *Style* from that which they used whilst they made their first Addresses to them: Others will allow no *Intermission* or *Abatement* in the Expressions of Kindness to them, not enough distinguishing Times, and forgetting that it is impossible for Men to keep themselves up all their Lives to the height of some *extravagant Moments*. A Man may at some times be less careful in little things, without any cold or disobliging Reason for it; as a *Wife* may be too expecting in smaller matters, without drawing upon her-self the inference of being *unkind*.

Lord Halifax

Wedded Love

To various Climes of Tempers each are thrown,
The Frigid coupled to the Torrid Zone;
Like Curs of different Nature, in a Chain,
They're link'd in Fear, and wear their Bonds in
Pain.
Perhaps a cold Respect they both may shew,
As Impious Men to a kind Demon do,
Who when some skulking Wealth he does unfold,
Honour and dread him for their New-found
Gold.
But view, unrobe the bosom of Disguise,
Observe the strange aversion of their Eyes:
With palpitations of Regret They Twine,
Like Oil and Water their false Loves combine.
With feign'd Embrace they seem Love's Joys to
crave,
But with their Bed, converted to a Grave:
And whilst their backward Hearts like Load-stones
meet,
They wish their Linnen were their Winding-
sheet.

Sedley

The Morning rose bright as a blooming Bride,
Flush'd with Enjoyment from her Lover's Side;
So warm for Winter, and so like the Spring,
I thought to hear the foolish Cuckoo sing;
But see how soon the Blessing turn'd a Curse,
The Weather and the Ways grow worse and worse;
The Clouds look sullen in the faithless Skies;
And winds, like Jealousie, in Murmurs rise;

The English in Love

It Thunder'd in my Ears, and Lighten'd in my
Eyes.

Sometimes a flatt'ring Minute seem'd to smile,
But lasted but a very little while.

Such is the Morning of a married Life,
But such the dirty Journey with a Wife.

John Hanbury

. . . Tho' marriage be a lottery, in which there
are a wondrous many blanks; yet there is one
inestimable lot, in which the only heaven on earth
is written. Wou'd your kind fate but guide your
hand to that, tho' I were wrapt in all that luxury
itself could clothe me with, I still shou'd envy you.

Vanbrugh

Careless. I can't get an answer from her that
does not begin with her honour, or her virtue, her
religion, or some such cant. Then she has told me
the whole history of Sir Paul's nine years' court-
ship; how he has lain for whole nights together
upon the stairs before her chamber door; and that
the first favour he received from her was a piece
of an old scarlet petticoat for a stomacher, which
since the day of his marriage he has, out of a piece
of gallantry, converted into a nightcap, and wears
it still with much solemnity on his anniversary
wedding-night.

Mellefont. That I have seen, with the cere-
mony thereunto belonging: for on that night he
creeps in at the bed's feet, like a gulled bassa that
has married a relation of the Grand Signior, and

that night he has his arms at liberty. Did not she tell you at what distance she keeps him? He has confessed to me that but at some certain times, that is, I suppose, when she apprehends being with child, he never has the privilege of using the familiarity of a husband with a wife. He was once given to scrambling with his hands and sprawling in his sleep; and ever since she has him swaddled up in blankets, and his hands and feet swathed down, and so put to bed; and there he lies with a great beard, like a Russian bear upon a drift of snow.

Congreve

The Wits of this Island, for above fifty Years past, instead of correcting the Vices of the Age, have done all they could to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common Topicks of Ridicule that every Stage-Scribbler hath found his Account in; for whenever there is an Occasion for a Clap, an impertinent Jest upon Matrimony is sure to raise it. This hath been attended with very pernicious Consequences. Many a Country-Squire, upon his setting up for a Man of the Town, has gone home in the Gaiety of his Heart, and beat his wife. A kind Husband hath been looked upon as a Clown, and a good Wife as a domestick Animal, unfit for the Company or Conversation of the *Beau-Monde*. In short, separate Beds, silent Tables, and solitary Homes, have been introduced by your Men of Wit and Pleasure of the Age.

Steele

The English in Love

Mrs. Sullen. Law! what law can search into the remote abyss of nature? What evidence can prove the unaccountable disaffections of wedlock? Can a jury sum up the endless aversions that are rooted in our souls, or can a bench give judgment upon antipathies?

Dorinda. They never pretended, sister; they never meddle, but in case of uncleanness.

Mrs. Sullen. Uncleanness! O sister! casual violation is a transient injury, and may possibly be repaired, but can radical hatreds be ever reconciled? No, no, sister, nature is the first lawgiver, and when she has set tempers opposite, not all the golden links of wedlock nor iron manacles of law can keep 'em fast.

Farquhar

For I believe no woman who ever enter'd the pale of matrimony with sprightly hopes about her, found the possession (*sex only* consider'd) equal to her expectations. The maid may hope, may fancy much, in the commerce between the sexes, from her meditating on the heighten'd scenes which pernicious novels, and idle romances, the poison of female minds, abound with. But the widow *knows* 'tis all *free-masonry*, all empty hope, flashy, foolish, unworthy, unpermanent, and but for the law of nature, despicable.

Richardson

. . . as I was born with the disease of repletion, and had made a resolution not to fornicate, it was incumbent on me to have a sister and companion, with whom I might lawfully carry on the succession. As a friend to society, and passively obedient to the laws of my higher country, a wife for ever, I declared; for if on losing one, we can still be so fortunate as to get another, who is pretty without pride; witty without affectation; to virtue only and her friends a friend . . . If such a charmer should again appear, and ten thousand such there are among the sex, silly and base though the majority may be; what man could say he had had enough of wedlock, because he had buried seven such wives? I am sure I could not. And if, like the men who were but striplings at fourscore, in the beginning of this world, I was to live for ages, and by accidents lost such partners as I have described; I would with rapture take hundreds of them to my breast, one after another, and piously propagate the kind.

Thomas Amory

What is the world to them
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they
 look
Or on the mind, or mind-illuminated face—
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.

The English in Love

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces.

James Thomson

“I know not,” said the princess, “whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contest of disagreeing virtues where both are supported by consciousness of good intention, I am sometimes disposed to think, with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compact.”

Samuel Johnson

He never once reflected on what is perhaps really the case, that to prevent a husband's surfeit or satiety in the matrimonial feast, a little acid is now and then very prudently thrown into the dish by the wife.

Sarah Fielding

Next, with their boy, a decent couple came,
And call'd him Robert, 'twas his father's name;

Wedded Love

Three girls preceded, all by time endear'd,
And future births were neither hoped nor
fear'd:

Blest in each other, but to no excess,
Health, quiet, comfort, form'd their happiness;
Love all made up of torture and delight,
Was but mere madness in this couple's sight:
Susan could think, though not without a sigh,
If she were gone, who should her place supply;
And Robert, half in earnest, half in jest,
Talk of her spouse when he should be at rest:
Yet strange would either think it to be told,
Their love was cooling or their hearts were
cold.

Crabbe

Marriage, dear Mason, is a serious thing;
'Tis proper every man should think it so;
'Twill either every human blessing bring,
Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,
Neither supremely blest, nor deeply
cursed;
A stagnant pool of life, a dream of fate:
In my opinion, of all states the worst.
Chatterton

When my locks are grown hoary,
And my visage looks pale;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eyesight does fail;

The English in Love

Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old husband
To keep my back warm.

Anon.

Hail Matrimony, made of Love!
To thy wide gates how great a drove
On purpose to be yok'd do come;
Widows and Maids and Youths also,
That lightly trip on beauty's toe,
Or sit on beauty's bum.

Hail fingerfooted lovely Creatures!
The females of our human natures,
Formed to suckle all Mankind.
'Tis you that come in time of need,
Without you we should never breed,
Or any comfort find.

For if a Damsel's blind or lame,
Or Nature's hand has crook'd her frame,
Or if she's deaf, or is wall-eyed;
Yet, if her heart is well-inclin'd,
Some tender lover she shall find
That panteth for a Bride.

The universal Poultice this,
To cure whatever is amiss
In Damsel or in Widow gay!
It makes them smile, it makes them skip;
Like birds, just cured of the pip,
They chirp and hop away.

Wedded Love

Then come, ye maidens! come, ye swains!
Come and be cur'd of all your pains
In Matrimony's Golden Cage—

Blake

. . . I will go still further, and advance, without dreaming of a paradox, that an unhappy marriage is often very advantageous to a family, and that the neglected wife is, in general, the best mother.

Mary Wollstonecraft

What joys the happy pair await,
In Hymen's rosy fetters bound,
When, in the soft connubial state,
The lover in the husband's found!

'Tis female sweetness gives us joy,
Through ev'ry vary'd scene of life;
And marriage raptures never cloy,
Indulgent from a virtuous wife.

Anon.

Nature has so ordered it, that men shall become less ardent in their passion after the wedding day, and that women shall not. Their ardour increases rather than the contrary; and they are surprisingly quick-sighted and inquisitive on this score.

Cobbett

Ask the married man, who has been so but for a short space of time, if those blue eyes where,

The English in Love

during so many years of anxious courtship, truth, sweetness, serenity, seemed to be written in characters which could not be misunderstood—ask him if the characters which they now convey be exactly the same?—if for truth he does not *read* a dull virtue (the mimic of constancy) which changes not, only because it wants the judgment to make a preference?—if for sweetness he does not *read* a stupid habit of looking pleased at every thing;—if for serenity he does not *read* animal tranquillity, the dead pool of the heart, which no breeze of passion can stir into health? Alas! what is this book of the countenance for, which when we have read so long, and thought that we understood its contents, there comes a countless list of heart-breaking errata at the end?

Lamb

. . . It often happens that, if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness, they would be found, by those who were beyond their influence, to be of such a nature as rather to excite derision than sympathy. The waters of bitterness do not fall on his head in a cataract, but through a colander; one, however, like the vases of the Danaïdes, perforated only for replenishment.

Landor

“I have heard much of the torments of love,” said Lady Emily, “but I never heard it rated as a luxury before. I hope there is no chance of your

being made premier, otherwise I fear we should have a tax upon love-marriages immediately."

"It would be greatly for the advantage of the nation, as well as the comfort of individuals, if there was," returned the Doctor. "Many a pleasant fellow has been lost to society, by what you call a love-marriage. I speak from experience—I was obliged to drop the oldest friend I had, upon his making one of your love-marriages."

"What! you were afraid of the effects of evil example?" asked Lady Emily.

"No—it was not for that; but he asked me to take a family dinner with him one day, and I, without knowing anything of the character of the woman he had married, was weak enough to go. I found a very so so table-cloth, and a shoulder of mutton, which ended our acquaintance. I never entered his door after it. In fact, no man's happiness is proof against dirty table-cloths and bad dinners; and you may take my word for it, Lady Emily, these are the invariable accompaniments of your love-marriages."

Miss Ferrier

'Tis melancholy and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine
Although they both are born in the same clime.
Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour,
Down to a very homely household savour.

The English in Love

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a
rate;
For instance—passion in a lover's glorious,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

Byron

My husband conducted me to my chamber to-night, imprinted a kiss on my brow, and betook himself to his dressing-room that adjoins it, in which there is a small bed. How this delicacy and consideration for my feelings touches me, and endears him still more to my heart! I can hear him every time he moves in the next room, and I feel a confidence, a relief, in knowing he is so near me. He speaks—he seems to suffer. Shall I awake him? No, I have not courage to enter his room . . . Heaven bless and comfort him! . . . I, too, will seek my pillow.

I arose early this morn, and was dressed before my husband was awake. *My husband!* There is something sweet and comforting in the very sound of these two words. They assure me that I have a tender friend, a sure protector for life! . . . He came to me the moment he was dressed, and pressed me fondly in his arms. I wept on his breast, for my feelings were touched by his tenderness. . . . We descended to the breakfast-room. He placed me at the head of the table; my dear mother having had

a sleepless night, was now slumbering; and thus our first morning repast was partaken *tête-a-tête*. Every little incident gave him pleasure. The pouring out of his tea, the seasoning of it to his taste, called forth expressions of affection and gratitude, and we both felt that a *tête-a-tête* breakfast is a most delightful thing.

. . . Then came good Mrs Burnet to receive orders for dinner . . . and my dear husband told her that she must still be housekeeper as he intended to occupy my time so much as to leave me none for managing household concerns. Then followed his consultation about what I best liked for dinner. He remembered what he had seen me prefer in my own old home, and also our dear mother's favourite dishes. How thoughtful, how kind! Then I would insist on having *his*, and a little contest ensued, which ended by his saying that I should have it all my own way.

Lady Blessington

They spent their honeymoon in London, and tasted earthly felicity.

Yet they did not quarrel after it; but subsided into the quiet complacency of wedded life. . . .

For many years they did not furnish any exciting or even interesting matter to this narrator. And all the better for them; without these happy periods of dullness our lives would be hell, and our hearts eternally bubbling and boiling in a huge pot made hot with thorns. . . .

He was uxorious, and it used to come out after his first wine. This Mrs Gaunt permitted at

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first, but by-and-by says she, expanding her delicate nostrils, "You may be as affectionate as you please, dear, and you may smell of wine if you will, but please not to smell of wine and be affectionate at the same moment. I value your affection too highly to let you disgust me with it."

And the model husband yielded to this severe restriction and, as it never occurred to him to give up his wine, he forbore to be affectionate in his cups.

Charles Reade

I, while the shop-girl fitted on

The sand-shoes, look'd where, down the bay,
The sea glow'd with a shrouded sun.

'I'm ready, Felix; will you pay?'

That was my first expense for this

Sweet Stranger, now my three days' Wife.

How light the touches are that kiss

The music from the chords of life!

Coventry Patmore

"Do you know many wives, my dear Rachel, who respect and admire their husbands? And yet they and their husbands get on very well. How many brides go to the altar with hearts that would bear inspection by the men who take them there? And yet it doesn't end unhappily—somehow or other the nuptial establishment jogs on. The truth is, that women try marriage as a Refuge, far more numerously than they are willing to admit; and, what is more, they find that marriage has justified their confidence in it."

Wilkie Collins

But all the while his human love clung about her, showing itself in a thousand forms of watchful tenderness. And hers clung to him, closely, dependently; she let herself be taken care of, ruled and guided, as if with him she found helplessness restful and submission sweet. Many a little outward fondness, that when people have been long married drops into disuse, was revived again; he would bring her flowers out of the garden, or new books from the town; and many a time, when no one noticed, I have seen him stoop and press his lips upon the faded hand, where the wedding-ring hung so loosely—his own for so many years, his own till the dust claimed it, that well-beloved hand.

Mrs Craik

Man's nuptial half is kindlingly concerned in the launch of a new couple; it is the business of the fair sex: and man himself (very strangely, but nature quickens him still) lends a not unfavouring eye to the preparations of the matrimonial vessel for its oily descent into the tides, where billows will soon be rising, captain and mate soon discussing the fateful question of who is commander. We consent, it appears, to hope again for mankind; here is another chance! Or else, assuming the happiness of the pair, that pomp of ceremonial, contrasted with the little wind-blown candle they carry between them, catches at our weaker fibres. After so many ships have foundered, some keel up, like poisoned fish, at the first drink of water, it is a

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gallant spectacle, let us avow; and either the world perpetuating it is heroical or nature incorrigible in the species.

Meredith

The matrimonial ideal of the one love for life, beginning in youth, enduring through maturity to old age, and ending only with death, is, of course, the purest and noblest basis of the family.

Mrs. Lynn Linton

Other people, and unfortunately by far the greater number of those who get married, must be classed among the "other people", will inevitably go through a quarter or half an hour of greater or less badness as the case may be. Taking numbers into account, I should think more mental suffering had been undergone in the streets leading from St George's, Hanover Square, than in the condemned cells of Newgate. There is no time at which what the Italians call *la figlia della Morta* lays her cold hand upon a man more awfully than during the first half hour that he is alone with a woman whom he has married but never genuinely loved.

Samuel Butler

The landlord of the lodging, who had heard that they were a queer couple, had doubted if they were married at all, especially as he had seen Arabella kiss Jude one evening when she had taken a little cordial; and he was about to give them notice to

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quit, till by chance overhearing her one night haranguing Jude in rattling terms, and ultimately flinging a shoe at his head, he recognized the note of ordinary wedlock; and concluding that they must be respectable, said no more.

Hardy

Lo, if a man, magnanimous and tender,
Lo, if a woman, desperate and true,
Make the irrevocable sweet surrender,
Show to each other what the Lord can do,—

Each, as I know, a helping and a healing,
Each to the other strangely a surprise,
Heart to the heart in mystery revealing,
Soul to the soul in melancholy eyes,

Where wilt thou find a riving or a rending
Able to sever them in twain again?
God hath begun, and God's shall be the ending,
Safe in His bosom and aloof from men.

Her thou mayest separate but shalt not sunder,
Tho' thou distress her for a little while;
Rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder,
Stayed on the stedfast promise of a smile.

Scarcely she knoweth if his arms have found her—
Waves of his breath make tremulous the air—
Or if the thrill within her and around her
Be but the distant echo of his prayer. . . .

F. W. H. Myers

The English in Love

Suffer us likewise to remind you, that, though most men marry, few live happily; which manifestly proves that there is more art necessary to keep the affection alive than to procure its gratification. But, as this is a point of the highest importance, let us advise you to study it as the science of life. . . . Assure yourself, there are but very few steps between indifference, neglect, contempt, and aversion. And, therefore, if you have any respect for your own repose, let your first transports be moderate; and, when over, do not so much as with a look betray either satiety or repentance; but let the same cheerfulness appear on your brow, the same tenderness in your eyes, the same obliging turn in your behaviour, and give her daily and hourly proof, if possible, that she is as dear to you as ever. Above all things never let her imagine it is a penance to you to stay at home or that you prefer any company whatever to hers; but on the contrary, let her share with you in all your pleasures, and find frequent opportunities to induce her to think it will be her own fault if she is not the happiest woman in the world. . . .

As to what remains, have but one table, one purse, and one bed; either separate, will be attended with separate interests; and there cannot be too many ties to strengthen a union which, though calculated to last for life, is of such a cobweb texture, as often to wear out before the honeymoon.

Anon.

Now, facing her, he put his hands on her damp shoulders. She looked up at him over the towel, leaning her head forwards, and suspending action. Her nose was about a foot from his. She saw, as she had seen a hundred times, every detail of his large, handsome, and yet time-worn face, every hair of his impressive moustache, all the melting shades of colour in his dark eyes. His charm was coarse and crude, but he was very skilful, and there was something about his experienced, weather-beaten, slightly depraved air which excited her. She liked to feel young and girlish before him; she liked to feel that with him alone of all men, her modesty availed nothing. She was beginning to realize her power over him, and the extent of it. It was a power miraculous and mysterious, never claimed by her, and never admitted by him save in glance and gesture. This power lay in the fact that she was indispensable to him. He was not her slave—she might indeed have been considered the human chattel—but he was the slave of his need of her. He loved her. In him she saw what love was; she had seen it more and more clearly since the day of their engagement. She was both proud and ashamed of her power. He did not possess a similar power over herself. She was fond of him, perhaps getting fonder; but his domination of her sense was already at an end. She had passed through painful, shattering ecstasies of bliss, hours unforgettable, hours which she knew could never recur. And she was left sated and unsatisfied. So that by virtue of this not yet quite bitter disillusion, she was coming to regard herself as his superior, as being less naive

The English in Love

than he, as being even essentially older than he. And in speaking to him sometimes she would put on a grave and precociously sapient mien, as if to indicate that she had access to sources of wisdom for ever closed to him. . . .

She guessed herself to be his superior in certain qualities. He was revealed to her; she felt that she was not revealed to him, and that in spite of her whole-hearted surrender she had not given all because of his blindness to what she offered. She could not completely respect him. But she was his. She was naught apart from him. She was the wife. His existence went on mainly as before; hers was diverted, narrowed—fundamentally altered. Never now could she be enfranchised into the male world! . . .

Already she was disappointed with her marriage. Amid the fevers of bodily appetite she could clearly distinguish the beginning of lassitude; she no longer saw her husband as a romantic and baffling figure; she had explored and charted his soul, and not all his excellencies could atone for his earthliness. She wondered grimly where and under what circumstances he had acquired the adroitness which had charmed and still did charm her. She saw in front of her a vista of days and years in which ennui would probably increase and joy diminish. And she put her shoulders back defiantly, and thought: "Well, here I am anyhow! I wanted him, and I've got him. What I have to go through I shall go through!"

Arnold Bennett

Matters have become very wrong indeed when a caress is not enough to set all right at once; but things came to that shocking pass between Colonel and Mrs. Tempest, and went in the course of the next few years several steps further still, till they reached on her part, that dreary dead level of emaciated semi-maternal tenderness which is the only feeling some husbands allow their wives to entertain permanently for them; the only kind of love some men believe a virtuous woman is capable of.

Mary Cholmondeley

“Every good wife should commit a few infidelities to keep her husband in countenance. The extent to which married people strain their relations by pretending that there is only one man or woman in the world for them is so tragic that we have to laugh at it to save ourselves from crying.”

Bernard Shaw

Good husbands make unhappy wives;
so do bad husbands, just as often;
but the unhappiness of a wife with a good husband
is much more devastating
than the unhappiness of a wife with a bad husband.

D. H. Lawrence

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FROSTY BUT KINDLY

*Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.*

RALEGH

*And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.*

CAREW

*Ancient men will dote in this kind sometimes as
well as the rest; the heat of love will thaw their
frozen affections, dissolve the ice of age, and so far
enable them, though they be sixty years of age
above the girdle, to be scarce thirty beneath.*

BURTON

*The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.*

WALLER

*See some fit passion every age supply;
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.*

POPE

*Grown old in love from seven till seven times seven,
I oft have wish'd for Hell, for ease from Heaven.*

BLAKE



We olde men, I drede, so fare we;
Til we be roten, can we nat be rype;
We hoppen ay, whyl that the world wol pype.
For in oure wil ther stiketh ever a nayl,
To have an hoor heed and a grene tayl,
As hath a leek; for thogh our might be goon,
Our wil desireth folie ever in oon.
For whan we may nat doon, than wol we speke;
Yet in our asshen olde is fyr y-reke.

Chaucer

They flee from me, that sometime did me seke
With naked fote stalkyng within my chamber.
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meke,
That now are wild, and do not once remember
That sometyme they have put themselves in
danger,

The English in Love

To take bread at my hand, and now they range,
Busily sekynge in continuall change.

Thanked be fortune, it hath bene otherwise
Twenty tymes better: but once especiall,
In thynne aray, after a pleasant gyse,
When her loose gowne did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her armes long and small,
And therewithall, so swetely did me kysse,
And softly sayd: deare heart, how like you this?

It was no dreame: for I lay broade awakyng.
But all is turned now through my gentlenesse.
Into a bitter fashion of forsakyng:
And I have leave to go of her goodnesse,
And she also to use newfanglenesse,
But, sins that I unkyndly so am served:
Howlike you this, what hath she now deserved?

Wyatt

What breach of vows and oaths, fury, dotage,
madness, might I reckon up! Yet this is more
tolerable in youth, and such as are still in their hot
blood; but for an old fool to dote, to see an old
lecher, what more odious, what can be more
absurd? and yet what so common? Who so
furious? . . . Some dote then more than ever they
did in their youth. How many decrepit, hoary,
harsh, writhen, bursten-bellied, crooked, toothless,
bald, blear-eyed, impotent, rotten old men shall you
see flickering still in every place? One gets him a
young wife, another a courtesan, and when he can
scarce lift his leg over a sill, and hath one foot
already in Charon's boat, when he hath the
trembling in his joints, the gout in his feet, a per-

Frosty but Kindly

petual rheum in his head, a continue cough, "his sight fails him, thick of hearing, his breath stinks." all his moisture is dried up and gone, may not spit from him, a very child again, that cannot dress himself, or cut his own meat, yet he will be dreaming of, and honing after wenches; what can be more unseemly?

Burton

Alas! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (aged now)
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
And ere long, my Girles, shall see,
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

Herrick

Tell me not, Time hath played the thief
Upon her beauty! My belief
Might have been mocked; and I had been
A heretic, if I had not seen
My Mistress is still fair to me!

And now I all those graces see,
That did adorn her virgin Brow!
Her Eye hath the same flame in 't now,
To kill, or save! The chemist's fire
Equally burns; so my desire!
Not any rosebud less within
Her Cheek! The same snow on her Chin!
Her Voice, that heavenly music bears,
First charmed my soul; and in my ears
Did leave it trembling! Her lips are

The English in Love

The selfsame lovely twins they were!

After so many years, I miss
No flower in all my Paradise!
Time! I despise thy rage, and thee!
Thieves do not always thrive, I see!

Shirley

Scorn me not, fair, because you see
My hairs are white; what if they be?
Think not 'cause in your Cheeks appear
Fresh Springs of Roses all the year,
And mine, like Winter, wan and cold,
My love like Winter should be cold.
See in the garland which you wear
How the sweet blushing Roses there
With palest Lillyes do combine;
Be taught by them, and so let's joyn.

Anon.

Harpoole. Ha, Dol, thou hast a sweete paire of
lips, by the masse.

Doll. Truely you are a most sweet olde man, as
ever I sawe; by my troth, you have a face, able to
make any woman in love with you.

Harpoole. Fill, sweete, Doll; Ile drink to thee.

Doll. "I pledge you, sir, and thank you there-
fore,
And I pray you let it come."

Harpoole (imbracing her). Doll, canst thou love
me? A mad merry lasse! would to God I had never
seene thee!

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my

Frosty but Kindly

thoughts this twelvemonth; truly you are as full of favour, as a man may be. Ah, these sweete grey lockes! by my troth, they are most lovely.

Constable. Gods boores, maister Harpoole, I will have one busse too.

Harpoole. No licking for you, Constable! hand off, hand off!

Doll. Oh, you are an od boie; you have a wanton eie of your owne! ah, you sweet sugar lipt wanton, you will winne as many womens hearts as come in your company.

Anon.

Love, like Spring-tides full and high,
 Swells in every youthful vein:
But each tide does less supply,
 Till they quite shrink in again.
 If a flow in Age appear;
 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear!

Dryden

Ah, Phillis! that you would combine
A way to keep my love alive!
But all your other charms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail!
Alas! no less than you, I grieve
My dying flame has no reprieve!
For I can never hope to find
(Should all the Nymphs I court, be kind!)
One Beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoyed in you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our breasts and veins with fire!

The English in Love

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
That heart, which merits your disdain!
But Second Love has still allay!
The joys grow agèd, and decay!
Then, blame me not for losing more
Than Love and Beauty can restore!
And let this truth thy comfort prove!
I would, but can no longer, love!

Etherege

Scrape no more your harmless Chins,
Old Beaux, in hope to please;
You shou'd repent your former Sins,
Not study their Increase;
Young awkward Fops, may shock our Sight,
But you offend by Day and Night.

In vain the Coachman turns about,
And whips the dappl'd Greys;
When the old Ogler looks out,
We turn away our Face.
True Love and Youth will ever charm,
But both affected, cannot warm.

Summer-fruits we highly prise,
They kindly cool the Blood;
But Winter-berries we despise,
And leave 'em in the Wood;
On the Bush they may look well,
But gather'd, lose both taste and smell.

That you languish, that you dye,
Alas, is but too true;

Frosty but Kindly

Yet tax not us with Cruelty,
Who daily pity you.
*Nature henceforth alone accuse,
In vain we grant, if she refuse.*

Sedley

Vain are the charms of white and red,
Which divide the blooming Fair!
Give me the Nymph, whose snow is spread
Not o'er her breast, but hair!

Of smoother cheeks, the winning grace
As open forces I defy!
But in the wrinkles of her face,
Cupids, as in ambush, lie!

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire;
Through glass who darts her pointed rays
Lights up a fiercer fire!

Nor happy Rivals, nor the train
Of num'rous years, my bliss destroys!
Alive, she gives no jealous pain;
And then, to please me, dies!

William Pulteney

The fire of love in youthful blood
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;
It crackles, and to vapour turns,
And soon itself destroys.

The English in Love

But, when crept into aged veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a silent heat,
Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong.

Anon.

How blessed has my time been! what days have I
known!
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own.
So joyful my heart is; so easy, my chain;
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain!

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play.
How pleasing their sport is, the wanton ones see;
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper, sometimes am I seen
In Revels all day with the Nymphs of the Green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she be-
guiles,
And meets me, at night, with compliance and
smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue;
Her ease and good humour bloom all the year
through!
Time still, as he flies, brings increase to her truth;
And gives to her mind, what he steals from her
youth!

Edward Moore

Frosty but Kindly

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate:—in a country town
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day:
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when
mellow,
“He’s gone, and has left not behind him his
fellow:

For he governed his passions with absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.”
Walter Pope

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
You’ve often regarded with wonder!
He is dropsical, she is sore-eyed;
Yet they’re ever uneasy asunder!
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And, at night, when old Darby’s pot ’s out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff more!

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smother;
Then, What are the charms, can you guess?
That make them so fond of each other?

The English in Love

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of Youth,
The endearments which that did bestow!
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of our blessings below!

Those traces for ever will last,
Where Sickness and Time can't remove!
For when Youth and Beauty are past,
And Age brings the Winter of Love,
A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these!
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepit Old Age cannot freeze!
Anon.

When last we parted, thou wert young and fair,
How beautiful let fond remembrance say!
Alas! since then old time has stol'n away
Full thirty years, leaving my temples bare—
So has it perish'd like a thing of air,
The dream of love and youth!—now both are grey,
Yet still remembering that delightful day
Tho' time with his cold touch hath blanch'd my
hair,
Tho' I have suffer'd many years of pain,
Since then; tho' I did never think to live
To hear that voice or see those eyes again,
I can a sad, but cordial greeting give,
And for thy welfare, breathe as warm a pray'r,
--As when I lov'd thee young and fair!

Joanna Baillic

Died in 1778, at Wednesfield, near Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, William Iven, aged one hundred and fifteen years; he retained all his mental faculties till the day of his death, was remarkably cheerful, and frequently heard singing. He married four wives, the last in his one hundred and fifth year, through principle, as he declared, when interrogated by the clergyman, as he had always led a virtuous life, and always would.

Dodsley's Register, 1778

If I were young as I have been,
And you were only gay sixteen,
I would address you as a goddess,
Write loyal cantos to your bodice,
Wish that I were your cap, your shoe,
Or anything that's near to you.
But I am old, and you, my fair,
Are somewhat older than you were.
A lover's language in your hearing
Would sound like irony and jeering.
Once you were fair to all that see,
Now you are only fair to me.

Hartley Coleridge

"The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet in reply, "is a thoroughly fine woman. Consequently she is like a thoroughly fine day. Gets finer as she gets on. I never saw the old girl's equal. But I never own it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

Dickens

The English in Love

... and I must own
A faintly sentimental tone
Stole o'er my reminiscences,
As we passed, repassed the bees;
I said her child recalled her so,—
Revived in me the long ago—
The age was just about the same
When we once played a charming game . . .
The gravel crunched beneath her tread
While she went on, and thus she said:
“ Your memory's good for long ago,
I often wish that mine were so,
But when a girl is wed like me,
And carried quite away to town,
The rest soon fades away, you see
The birds gone, soon the nest blows down:
Your brother James, now gone, and I
Had some flirtations certainly,
He was the red-haired one, and tall:—
I can't remember you at all.”

I made reply, some sidelong mutter;
We turned, we joined the rest at tea,
She ate three folds of bread and butter,
She had *never* thought at all of me!

William Bell Scott

I cannot love as I have loved,
And yet I know not why;
It is the greatest woe of life
To feel all feeling die.

P. J. Bailey

Frosty but Kindly

I cannot kiss thee as I used to kiss;
Time who is lord of love must answer this.
Shall I believe thine eyes are grown less sweet?
Nay, but my life-blood fails on heavier feet.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

I cannot hold as once I held your hand;
Youth is a tree whose leaves fall light as sand.
Hast thou known many trees that shed them so?
Ay me, sweetheart I know, ay me, I know.
Time goes, my bird, time goes.

I cannot love thee as I used to love.
Age comes, and little Love takes flight above.
If our eyes fail, have his the deeper glow?
I do not know, sweetheart, I do not know.
Time goes, old girl, time goes.

Why, the gold cloud grows leaden, as the eve
Deepens, and one by one its glories leave.
And, if you press me, dear, why this is so,
That this is worth a tear is all I know.
Time flows and rows and goes.

In that old day the subtle child-god came;
Meek were his eyelids but his eyeballs flame,
With sandals of desire his light feet shod,
With eyes and breath of fire, a perfect god
He rose, my girl, he rose.

He went, my girl, and raised your hand and sighed,
"Would that my spirit always could abide."

The English in Love

And whispered "Go your ways and play your day.
Would I were god of time but my brief sway
Is briefer than a rose."

Old wife, old love, there is a something yet
That makes amends, tho' all the glory set;
The after-love that holds thee trebly mine,
Tho' thy lips fade, my dove, and we decline,
And time, dear heart, still goes.

Lord de Tabley

Dr. South, when he resided at Caversham, in Oxfordshire, was, one very cold winter's morning, called out of his bed to marry a couple, who were then waiting at church. He hurried on his habiliments, and went shivering to the church; but seeing only an old man of seventy, and a woman about the same age, asked his clerk in a pet, where the bride and bridegroom were, and what those old folks wanted? The old man replied, that they came there to be married. The doctor, looking sternly at them, exclaimed, MARRIED! "Yes, *married*," said the old man hastily, "*better marry than do worse*." "Get you gone, you silly old fools," said the doctor, "*get home, and do your worst*"; and then hobbled out of church, abusing his clerk for disturbing him on so silly an occasion.

Recreative Review

Behold, O Nature, this pair!
See them to-night where they stand,
Not with the halo of youth

Frosty but Kindly

Crowning their brows with its light,
Not with the sunshine of hope,
Not with the rapture of spring,
Which they had of old, when they stood
Years ago at my side
In this self-same garden and said;
“ We are young and the world is ours. . . . ”

Well I know what they feel.
They gaze, and the evening wind
Plays on their faces: they gaze;
Airs from the Eden of Youth,
Awake and stir in their soul:
The past returns; they feel
What they are, alas! what they were.
They, not Nature, are changed.
Well I know what they feel.

Hush! for tears
Begin to steal to their eyes.
Hush! for fruit
Grows from such sorrow as theirs.

And they remember
With piercing untold anguish
The proud boasting of their youth.
And they feel how Nature was fair.
And the mists of delusion,
And the scales of habit,
Fall away from their eyes.
And they see, for a moment,
Stretching out, like a desert,
In its weary, unprofitable length,
Their faded ignoble lives. . . .

Matthew Arnold

The English in Love

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, " Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin! "

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Hardy

To him
The wrinkled patriarch, who sits and suns
His shrunken form beneath the boughs he climbed
A lissom boy; whence comes that brooding smile,
Whose secret lifts his cheeks, and overflows
His sight with tender dew? What through his
frame
Melts langour sweeter than approaching sleep
To one made weary by a hard day's toil?
It is the memory of primal love,
Whose visionary splendour steeped his life
In hues of heaven. . . .

Thomas Woolner

Frosty but Kindly

What hands, eyes, image will console me now?
Francesca and I no longer read and kiss:
I have grown weary, she old, yet both
Regret that dreaming should have come to this.

Jasmine, rose, hyacinth and lotus,
And breasts meticulously white, and sung
To rich accompaniment of lute and viol,
Were threads from which those lovely puppets
hung.

Ave Maria! once virginity's flower
Pendant in darkness from a mystic frail
Stem of the giant tree, inveigled lust
To seek an innocuous, elusive grail.

Till luckless Perceval at length surprising
Heavy-limbed Blancheflor stooping to piss,
Suddenly renounced his quest and his armour,
And sought assuagement in hypostasis.

Douglas Garman

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JANUARY AND MAY

Let there be no great disproportion of age. They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

FULLER

Since thou wilt needs, bewitch'd with some ill charms,

*Be buryed in those monumental arms,
All we can wish is, may his Earth lye light
Upon thy tender limbs, and so good night.*

ANON.



And Januarie hath faste in armes take
His fresshe May, his paradys, his make.
He lulleth hir, he kisseth hir ful ofte
With thikke bristles of his berd unsofte,
Like to the skin of houndfish, sharp as brere,
For he was shave al newe in his manere.
He rubbeth hir aboute hir tendre face,
And seyde thus, "allas! I moot trespass
To yow, my spouse, and yow gretly offende,
Er tyme come that I wil down descende.
But nathelees, considereth this," quod he,
"Ther nis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,
That may bothe werke wel and hastily;
This wol be doon at leyser and parfitly.
It is no fors how longe that we pleye;
In trewe wedlok wedded be we tweye;
And blessed be the yok that we be inne,

The English in Love

For in our actes we mowe do no sinne.
A man may do no sinne with his wyf,
Ne hurt himselven with his owene knyf;
For we han leve to pleye us by the lawe."
Thus laboureth he til that the day gan dawe;
And than he taketh a sop in fyn clarrce,
And upright in his bed than sitteth he,
And after that he sang ful loude and clere,
And kiste his wyf, and made wantoun chere.
He was al coltish, ful of ragerye,
And ful of jargon as a flekked pye.
The slakke skin aboute his nekke shaketh,
Whyl that he sang; so chaunteth he and craketh.
But god wot what that May thoughte in hir herte,
Whan she him saugh up sittinge in his sherte,
In his night-cappe, and with his nekke lene;
She preyseth nat his pleying worth a bene.

Chaucer

Though you are young and I am old,
Though your veins hot and my blood cold,
Though youth is moist and age is dry,
Yet embers live when flames do die.

The tender graft is easily broke,
But who shall shake the sturdy oak?
You are more fresh and fair than I,
Yet stubs do live when flowers do die.

Thou, that thy youth doth naively boast,
Know, buds are soonest nipped with frost.
Think that thy fortune still doth cry:
"Thou fool, to-morrow thou must die."

Campion

A pretie rounde faced wench was it, with blacke eie browes, a high forehead, a little mouth, and a sharpe nose, as fat and plum everie part of her as a plover, a skin as slike and soft as the backe of a swan, it doth me good when I remember her. Like a bird she tript on the ground, and bare out her belly as majesticall as an Estrich. With a licorous rouling eie fixt piercing on the earth, and sometimes scornfully darted on the tone side, she figured forth a high discontented disdaine, much like a prince puffing and storming at the treason of some mightie subject fled lately out of his power. Her very countenance repiningly wrathfull, and yet cleere and unwrinkled, would have confirmed the cleernes of her conscience to the austerest judge in the worlde. If in anie thing shee were culpable, it was in being too melancholy chast, and shewing her self as covetous of her beautie as hir husband was of his bags. Many are honest, because they know not howe to bee dishonest: she thought there was no pleasure in stolne bread, because there was no pleasure in an olde mans bed.

Nashe

Eugenia:

His slippers must be warm'd, in August too,
And his gown girt to him in the very dog-days,
When every mastiff lolls out's tongue for heat.
Would not this vex a beauty of nineteen now?
Alas! I should be tumbling in cold baths now,
Under each armpit a fine bean-flower bag,
To screw out whiteness when I list—

The English in Love

And some sev'n of the properest men in the dukedom
Making a banquet ready i' the next room for me;
When he that gets the first kiss is envied,
And stands upon his guard a fortnight after.
This is a life for nineteen! 'tis but justice:
For old men, whose great acts stand in their minds,
And nothing in their bodies, do ne'er think
A woman young enough for their desire;
And we young wenches, that have mother-wits,
And love to marry muck first, and man after,
Do never think old men are old enough,
That we may soon be rid o' them; there's our
quittance.
I've waited for the happy hour this two years,
And, if death be so unkind to let him live still,
All that time I have lost.

Massinger

Why, Nais, stand ye nice,
Like to a well-wrought stone,
When Dorus would you kiss?
Deny him not that bliss,
He's but a child (old men be children twice)
And even a toothless one;
And when his lips yours touch in that delight,
Ye need not fear he will those cherries bite.

Drummond of Hawthornden

No, worldling, no, 'tis not thy gold,
Which thou dost use but to behold,
Nor fortune, honour, nor long life,
Children, or friends, nor a good wife,

January and May

That makes thee happy: these things be
But shadows of felicity.

Give me a wench about thirteen,
Already voted to the queen
Of lust and lovers; whose soft hair
Fann'd with the breath of gentle air,
O'erspreads her shoulders like a tent,
And is her veil and ornament;
Whose tender touch will make the blood
Wild in the aged and the good;
Whose kisses, fasten'd to the mouth
Of three-score years and longer slouth,
Renew the age, and whose bright eye
Obscured those lesser lights of sky;
Whose snowy breasts (if we may call
That snow which never melts at all,)
Makes Jove invent a new disguise,
In spite of Juno's jealousies;
Whose every part doth re-invite
The old decayed appetite;
And in whose sweet embraces I
May melt myself to lust and die.

This is true bliss, and I confess
There is no other happiness.

Carew

" . . . they're good apples, but my teeth are gone,
I cannot bite them; but for all that though
Ile warrant you I can love a young Fellow
As well as any of them all; I that I can,
And kisse him too as sweetly. . . ."

Cowley

The English in Love

“ I have consider'd that point too, and am convince'd that an old man can never love an old woman, that's for certain. Age is a sore decayer, and renders men backward in their duty, therefore I marry a woman so young, that she may be a temptation to me when I am old. You may talk of Amber-cawdles, Chocolate, and Jelly-broth's, but they are nothing comparable to youth and beauty, a young woman is the only provocation for old age, I say.”

Ravenscroft

Ancient Person, for whom I
All the flatt'ring Youth defie;
Long be it e'er thou grow Old,
Aking, shaking, crasie, cold.
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

On thy withered Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lie;
Brooding Kisses I will pour,
Shall thy youthful Heart restore.
Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a second Spring recall:
Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

Thy Nobler Part, which but to name,
In our Sex wou'd be counted shame,
By Ages frozen grasp possest,
From their Ice shall be releast:

January and May

And, sooth'd by my reviving Hand,
In former Warmth and Vigour stand.
All a lover's Wish can reach,
For thy Joy my love shall teach :
And for thy Pleasure shall improve
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet still I love thee without Art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

Rochester

Aquilina. Tell him I am gone to bed : Tell him I am not at home ; tell him I've better company with me, or anything ; tell him, in short, I will not see him, the eternal, troublesome, vexatious fool : he's worse company than an ignorant physician—I'll not be disturbed at these unreasonable hours.

Maid. But madam ! He's here already, just entered the doors.

Aquilina. Turn him out again, you unnecessary, useless, giddybrained ass ! If he will not begone, set the house a-fire and burn us both : I had rather meet a toad in my dish than that old hideous animal in my chamber to-night.

Enter Antonio.

Antonio. Nacky, Nacky, Nacky—how dost do, Nacky ? Hurry durry. I am come, little Nacky ; past eleven o'clock, a late hour ; time in all conscience to go to bed, Nacky—Nacky, did I say ? Ay, Nacky ; Aquilina, lina, lina, quiline, quilina, Aquilina, Naquilina, Naquilina, Acky, Acky, Nacky, Nacky. Queen Nacky—come let's to bed—you Fubbs, you Pugg you—you little Puss—Purree Tuzzey—I am a Senator.

The English in Love

Aquilina. You are a fool, I am sure.

Antonio. May be so too, sweetheart. Never the worse Senator for all that. Come Nacky, Nacky, let's have a game at rump, Nacky.

Aquilina. You would do well, signor, to be troublesome here no longer, but leave me to myself: be sober and go home, sir.

Antonio. Home, Madonna?

Aquilina. Ay, home, sir. Who am I?

Antonio. Madonna, as I take it you are my—you are—thou art my little Nicky Nacky . . . that's all!

Aquilina. I find you are resolved to be troublesome, and so to make short of the matter in few words, I hate you, detest you, loathe you, I am weary of you, sick of you—hang you, you are an old, silly, impertinent, impotent, solicitous coxcomb, crazy in your head, and lazy in your body, love to be meddling with everything, and if you had not money, you are good for nothing.

Otway

My case is as follows: I am kept by an old bachelor who took me so young that I know not how he came by me. He is a bencher of one of the inns of court, a very gay healthy old man, which is a very lucky thing for him: who has been, he tells me, a scowerer, a scamperer, a breaker of windows, and invader of constables, in the days of yore, when all dominion ended with the day, and males and females met helter-skelter, and the scowerers drove before them all who pretended to keep up order or

rule to the interruption of love and honour. This is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he visits me; but as his former knowledge of the town has alarmed him into an invincible jealousy, he keeps me in a pair of slippers, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and my own hair wove in ringlets, after a manner, he says, he remembers. I am not mistress of one farthing of money, but have all necessaries provided for me, under the guard of one who procured for him when he had any desires to gratify. I know nothing of a wench's life but the reputation of it: I have a natural voice, and a pretty untaught step in dancing. His manner is to bring an old fellow who has been his servant from his youth, and is grey-headed. This man makes on the violin a certain jiggish noise to which I dance, and when that is over I sing to him some loose air that has more wantonness than music in it. You must have seen a strange windowed house near Hyde-Park, which is so built that no one can look out of any of the apartments, my rooms are after this manner, and I never see man, woman or child, but in company with the two persons above mentioned. He sends me all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas and songs that come out, and his utmost delight in me, as a woman, is to talk over his old amours in my presence, to play with my neck, say "the time was", give me a kiss, and bid me be sure to follow the directions of my guardian (the above-mentioned lady) and I shall never want. The truth of my case is, I suppose, that I was educated for a purpose he did not know he should be unfit for when I came to years.

Steele

The English in Love

Nature, justice, decency, and every branch of human prudence, plead strongly against the union of lively youth with maturer years. *Her* temper may be very agreeable; so, indeed, is *yours*—But may they be so to *each other*, when they meet together in so close an union? You are yet bless'd with a good state of *health*; but can you expect that it will be *always* so? Or rather, will not *every* year take from *your* constitution, what it will add to *hers*, for several years to come? Your years make you serious and solemn, and you are past a *relish* for those pleasures and amusements, which are but suitable to *hers*, and which at the *same age* you yourself delighted in. Can you recall *time past*? Will it become you to *resume* the part which *judgment* has made you quit? How awkwardly, if you attempt it, will you do this?

Richardson

THE ICY HAND

*Ah, Christ! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be!*

TENNYSON



Allas, the wo! allas the peynes stronge,
That I for yow have suffred, and so longe!
Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye!
Allas, departing of our companye!
Allas, myn hertes quene! allas my wyf!
Myn hertes lady, endere of my lyf!
What is this world? what asketh men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone, with-outen any companye.
Far-wel, my swete fo! myn Emeyle!
And softe tak me in your armes tweye,
For love of God, and herkneth what I seye.
Chaucer

O, no more! no more! Too late
Sighs are spent! The burning tapers
Of a life (as chaste as Fate;

The English in Love

Pure as are unwritten papers!)
Are burnt out! No heat, no light
Now remains! 'Tis ever night!

Love is dead! Let Lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams
(Th' extremes of all extremes!),
Ope no more! for now Love dies!
Now Love dies, implying
Love's Martyrs must be ever, ever, dying!
Ford

How near me came the hand of Death,
When at my side he struck my dear,
And took away the precious breath
Which quicken'd my beloved peer!
How helpless am I thereby made!
By day how grieved, by nights how sad!
And now my life's delight is gone,
—Alas! how am I left alone!

The voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key,
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen;
But what I once enjoy'd in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

Wither

Pitiful mouth, saith he, that living gavest
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish,
O! be it lawful now, that dead thou havest
This sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss;
And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
 Motives of love, born to be matched never,
 Entombed in your sweet circles, sleep for ever.

Ah, how methinks I see death dallying seeks
To entertain itself in love's sweet place;
Decayed roses of discoloured cheeks
Do yet retain dear notes of former grace;
And ugly death sits fair within her face,
 Sweet remnants resting of vermilion red,
 That death itself doubts whether she be dead.

Wonder of beauty, O receive these plaints,
These obsequies, the last that I shall make thee;
For lo! my soul that now already faints
(That loved thee living, dead will not forsake
 thee)
Hastens her speedy course to overtake thee.
 I'll meet my death, and free myself thereby,
 For, ah! what can he do that cannot die?

Yet ere I die, this much my soul doth vow,
Revenge shall sweeten death with ease of mind;
And I will cause posterity shall know
How fair thou wert above all women-kind,
And after ages monuments shall find
 Showing thy beauty's title, not thy name,
 Rose of the world, that sweetened so the same.

Daniel

The English in Love

Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted!
My last goodnight! Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.

Henry King, D.D.

Widow. Oh, that ever I was borne, that ever I was borne!

Sir Godfrey. Nay, good Sister, deare sister, sweete sister, bee of good comfort; shew your selfe a woman, now or never.

Widow. Oh, I have lost the deerest man, I have buried the sweetest husband that ever lay by woman.

Sir Godfrey. Nay, give him his due, hee was indeed an honest, vertuous, discreet, wise man,—he was my Brother, as right as right.

Widow. O, I shall never forget him, never forget him; hee was a man so well given to a woman . . . oh!

Sir Godfrey. Nay, kinde Sister, I could weepe as much as any woman, but, alas, our teares cannot call him againe: me thinkes you are well read, Sister and know that death is as common as *Homo*, a common name to all men:—a man shall bee taken when he's making water.—Nay, did not the learned Parson, Maister *Pigman*, tell us een now, that all Flesh is fraile, wee are borne to dye, Man he's but a

The Icy Hand

time: with such like deepe and profound perswasions as hee is a rare fellow, you know, and an excellent Reader and for example (as there are examples aboundance), did not Sir *Humfrey Bubble* dye t'other day? There's a lustie Widdow; why, shee cryed not above halfe an houre—for shame for shame! then followed him old Maister *Fulsome*, the Usurer: there's a wise Widdow; why, shee cryed nere a whitte at all.

Anon.

To these whom Death again did wed;
This grave's their second Marriage Bed.

Peace, good Reader! do not weep!
Peace, the Lovers are asleep!
They, sweet turtles, folded lie,
In the last knot Love could tie!
And though they lie as they were dead
(Pillow hard; and sheets not warm!);
Love made the bed! They'll take no harm!

Let them sleep! Let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone;
And th' eternal morrow dawn!

Then, the curtains will be drawn!
And they wake into that Light;
Whose Day shall never die in Night!

Crashaw

Then though Death's sad night doe come,
And we in silence sleepe,
'Lasting Day agen will greet
Our ravisht Soules, and then there's none

The English in Love

Can part us more, no Death, nor Friends,
Being dead, their power o'er us ends,
Thus there's nothing can dissever,
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

Cowley

Forecast: Pray, Mr. *Wildish*, is she so concern'd for her late Husband as the world talks?

Wildish: Ten times more; looks upon his Picture all day long, as earnestly as if she were to copy it; since he dy'd, has us'd no Pocket-Handkerchers, but what was made of his old Shirts, and wets two a day of 'um with her tears; because he dy'd on a Monday, fasts that day of the week; takes none into her Service but *Thoniases*, because 'twas his Christian Name, and has now sent into *Wales* for a *Thomas ap Thomas* to be her Gentleman-usher.

Sedley

“The wind doth blow to-day, my love,
And a few small drops of rain;
I never had but one true-love,
In cold grave she was lain.

“I'll do as much for my true-love
As any young man may;
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
For a twelvemonth and a day.”

The twelvemonth and a day being up,
The dead began to speak:
“Oh, who sits weeping on my grave,
And will not let me sleep?”

The Icy Hand

“ ’Tis I, my love, sits on your grave,
And will not let you sleep;
For I crave one kiss of your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I seek.”

“ You crave one kiss of my clay-cold lips;
But my breath smells earthy strong;
If you have one kiss of my clay-cold lips,
Your time will not be long.

“ ’Tis down in yonder garden green,
Love, where we used to walk,
The finest flower that e’er was seen
Is withered to a stalk.

“ The stalk is withered dry, my love,
So will our hearts decay;
So make your heart content, my love,
Till God calls you away.”

Anon.

When I thought myself within a fortnight of being married to Miss Noel, and thereby made as completely happy in every respect as it was possible for a mortal man to be, the small pox stepped in and in seven days’ time, reduced the finest human frame in the universe to the most hideous and offensive block. The most amiable of human creatures mortified all over, and became a spectacle the most hideous and appalling . . . the paradise I had in view, sunk into everlasting night.

My heart, upon this sad accident, bled and mourned to an extreme degree. All the tender

The English in Love

passions were up in my soul, and with great difficulty could I keep my ruffled spirits in tolerable decorum. I lost what I valued more than my life, more than repeated millions of worlds, if it had been possible to get them in exchange.

Thomas Amory

If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain.
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou could'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there—I lay thee in thy grave,
And I am now alone!

The Icy Hand

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

Charles Wolfe

Duke: Now Death, thou shadowy miser,
I am thy robber; be not merciful,
But take me in requital. There is she then;
I cannot hold my tears, thinking how altered.
O, thoughts, ye fleeting, unsubstantial family!
Thou formless, viewless, and unuttered memory!
How dare ye yet survive that gracious image,
Sculptured about the essence whence ye rose?
That words of her should ever dwell in me,
Who is as if she never had been born
To all earth's millions, save this one! Nay, prithee,
Let no one comfort me. I'll mourn awhile
Over her memory.

Thorwald: Let the past be past,
And Lethe freeze unwept-on over it.
What is, be patient with: and, with what shall be,
Silence the body-bursting spirit's yearnings.
Thou say'st that, when she died, that day was spilt
All beauty flesh could hold; that day went down
An oversouled creation. The time comes
When thou shalt find again thy blessed love, .
Pure from all earth, and with the usury
Of her heaven-hoarded charms.

The English in Love

Duke: Is this the silence
That I commanded? Fool, thou say'st a lesson
Out of some philosophic pedant's book.
I loved no desolate soul: she was a woman,
Whose spirit I knew only through those limbs,
Those tender members thou dost dare despise;
By whose exhaustless beauty, infinite love,
Trackless expression only, I did learn
That there was aught yet viewless and eternal;
Since they could come from such alone. Where is
she?

Where shall I ever see her as she was?
With the sweet smile, she smiled only on me;
With those eyes full of thoughts, none else could
see?

Where shall I meet that brow and lip with mine?
Hence with thy shadows! But her warm fair body,
Where's that? There, mouldered to the dust. Old
man,

If thou dost dare to mock my ears again
With thy ridiculous, ghostly consolation,
I'll send thee to the blessings thou dost speak of.

Beddoes

When the folk of my household
Suppose I am sleeping,
On the cold sod that's o'er you
The lone watch I'm keeping.
My fondest! my fairest!
We may now sleep together!
I've the cold earth's damp odour,
And I'm worn from the weather.

The Icy Hand

Remember that lone night
I last spent with you, Love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree
When the icy wind blew, Love.
High praise to thy Saviour
No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly around you!

The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding
That I love a young maiden
In life not abiding.
O! I'd shelter and shield you
If wild storms were swelling—
And O, my wreck'd hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling!
Edward Walsh

They owned their passion without shame or fear,
And every household duty counted less
Than that one spiritual bond, and men severe
Said they should sorrow for their wilfulness.

And truth the world went ill with them; he knew
That he had broken up her maiden life,
Where only pleasures and affections grew,
And sowed it thick with labour, pain and strife.

What her unpractis'd weakness was to her
The presence of her suffering was to him;
Thus at Love's feast did Misery minister,
And fill their cups together to the brim.

The English in Love

They asked their kind for hope, but there was none,
Till death came by and gave them that and more;
Then men lamented—but the earth rolls on,
And lovers love and perish as before.

Lord Houghton

It is only in later days, perhaps, when the treasures of love are spent, and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress. The ears may no longer hear, which would have received our word of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope those fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be to a gravestone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears.

Thackeray

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
And could not hear him; but I heard him say:
“Poor child, poor child”: and as he turned
away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
That hid my face, or take my hand in his,

The Icy Hand

Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
He did not love me living; but once dead
He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

Christina Rossetti

... Humphrey nearly broke his honest heart when he lost his sweetheart. Kate was not clever, but had transferred a very warm, affectionate heart into her cousin's keeping; she succumbed to a fever she had caught in nursing her little pupils. The pretty head was shorn of its long, fair tresses, when Humphrey next saw it, and the rosy lips were dry and blackened with fever. "Ah, well, I shall see my girl in heaven," he said, as he turned away.

Rosa Nouchette Carey

Now I am dead you sing to me
The songs we used to know,
But while I lived you had no wish
Or care for doing so.

Now I am dead you come to me
In the moonlight, comfortless;
Ah, what would I have given alive
To win such tenderness!

When you are dead, and stand to me
Not differenced, as now,
But like again, will you be cold
As when we lived, or how?

Hardy

The English in Love

Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
Clay-cold and sadly still,
My happy face felt thrill.
How much her dear, dear mouth expressed!
And now are closed and set
Lips which my own have met!
Her eyelids by the damp earth pressed!
Damp earth weighs on her eyes;
Damp earth shuts out the skies.
My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

.

Earth had one quarter turned before
My miserable fate
Pressed down with its whole weight.
My sense came back; and shivering o'er
I felt a pain to bear
The sun's keen cruel glare,
Which shone not warm as heretofore;
And never more its rays
Will satisfy my gaze:
No more; no more; O, never any more.

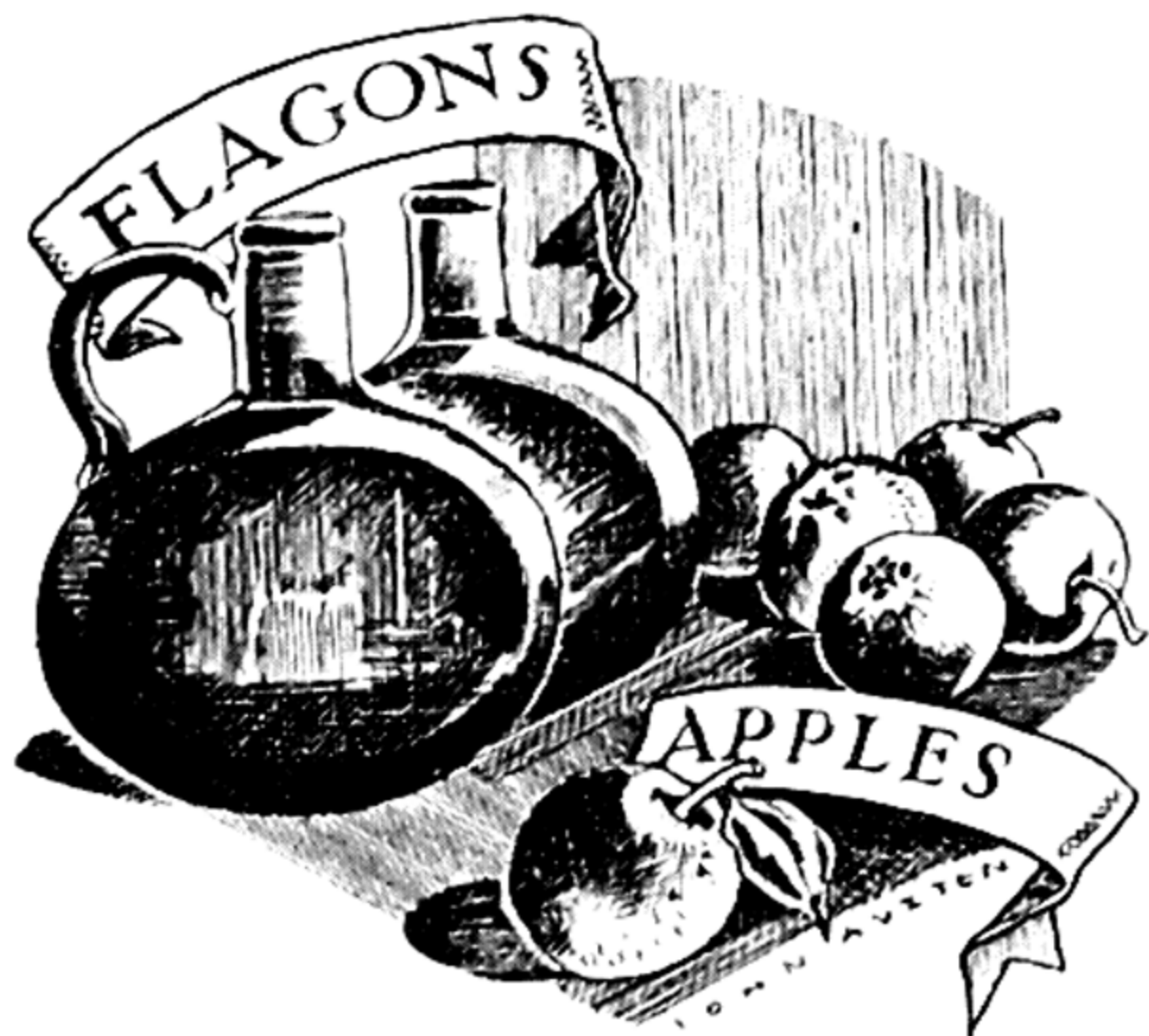
Thomas Woolner

. . . The prospect of immeasurable boredom opened before her. Steppes after steppes of ennui, horizon after horizon, for ever the same. She looked again to the right and again to the left. Finally she decided to go to the left. Slowly walking along her private knife-edge between her personal abysses, she walked towards the left. She remembered suddenly one shining day like this in the summer of 1917,

The Icy Hand

when she had walked along this same street, slowly, like this, on the sunny side, with Tony Lamb. All that day, that night, it had been one long good-bye. He was going back the next morning. Less than a week later he was dead. Never again, never again: there had been a time when she could make herself cry, simply by saying those two words once or twice, under her breath. Never again, never again. She repeated them softly now. But she felt no tears behind her eyes. Grief doesn't kill, love doesn't kill; but time kills everything, kills desire, kills sorrow, kills in the end the mind that feels them; wrinkles and softens the body while it still lives, rots it like a medlar, kills it too at last. Never again, never again. Instead of crying, she laughed aloud.

Aldous Huxley



*And that's enough, for love is vanity,
Selfish in its beginning as its end,
Except where 'tis a mere insanity,
A maddening spirit which would strive to blend
Itself with beauty's frail inanity,
On which the passion's self seems to depend;
And hence some heathenish philosophers
Make love the main-spring of the universe.*

BYRON

*Love is only one of many passions and it has no
great influence on the sum of life.*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE HENRY P. COLLIER
SPRINGFIELD

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